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A FRENCH BORGIA.

WHO has not read De Balzac's novel "Le Curé de Village"? If any have not read it, they should do so, for De Balzac never wrote anything more searching than the anguish of remorse which tortured Véronique Graslin's soul; and those who have read it will wish to do so again after perusing this history of the events on which the novel was founded.

Auvergne may, speaking roughly, be called the Wales of France. Brittany is really the French Wales: a kindred language is spoken on both sides of the Channel; traditions are the same; bards occupied as high a position in one as in the other province. Numerous other points of resemblance might be indicated. Auvergne's configuration of soil is much more like the geological structure of Wales. Its valleys are few. Mountains rise everywhere. The winters are long. The inhabitants pass for the Bæotians of France. They are tall, laborious, patient, painstaking, frugal, thrifty. They may be said to monopolize the fuel-trade of France. They are the water-carriers of Paris; but this trade daily disappears, as water-pipes are laid in every house of the French capital. They are considered extremely dirty. It is of them that the story is told of a fuel-dealer who discovered one of his wooden clogs in his soup, and only exclaimed: "Pon my word, if here ain't one of my clogs! I don't say it is dirty, but it does take up a great deal of room." He continued to eat the soup with unabated appetite. The point of this joke can be seen in all its sharpness only by those who have witnessed a fuel-dealer in his shop. The floor is earthen, and black as soot with the dust of charcoal and coal. Husband, wife, and children are ebony negroes with accumulations of the same dust. They never wash face or hands; if they did, they would no more be recognized than an Ethiopian who had changed his swarthy for a white skin. They are considered thoroughly dishonest and

deceitful, and denounced as brutal and vindictive. The virulent feud which attracted so much public attention during the Second Empire's whole duration, and influenced many measures of that epoch—the feud which still exists between M. Rouher and M. de Parieu—has often been instanced as an example of Auvergnat vindictiveness. These gentlemen are both Auvergnats. They ought to free their native province from the reproach of begetting none but stupid children; which certainly ought not to be made against a region which gave birth to Pascal. The particle *de* is evidence of aristocratic birth. Messrs. Rouher and de Parieu were lawyers at the same bar, the Riom bar. M. de Parieu treated disdainfully the plebeian Rouher, and the former's family refused to visit the latter's house. As Riom was a town of only eleven thousand nine hundred and seventy-six inhabitants, this slur was more acutely felt than it would have been in a larger place. As the ladies of the families took part in the feud, it was all the more bitter. When M. Rouher entered public life, his great object seemed to be the humiliation of the De Parieus. His friends say that he confesses the highest delight he ever knew was when he had driven M. de Parieu from the presidency of the Council of State (if I remember rightly), and taken possession of his official residence. M. Rouher, who soon rose to be considered "Vice-Emperor," had many similar opportunities to gratify vengeance. They could not glut it—"increase of appetite grew with what it fed on."

The Auvergnats are very handsome. The men generally have olive complexions, large, lustrous, black eyes, and a great deal of black but very coarse hair. The women, when under thirty, are the most attractive I have seen in France. They have the short waists and low foreheads which so greatly disfigure all Frenchwomen, their hair, too, is extremely stiff, and coarse as

a horse's tail; but it is very abundant, very long, and very black. Their bosoms are the largest and most beautifully formed in the world; their limbs are plump and firm; their eyes are large, black, and lustrous, though they lack expression; but their skin is white as marble. As they recede from thirty, they grow dowdy, a mustache appears on their upper lips, the lily of the skin fades away, and it becomes very coarse. Frenchmen (who are extremely amorous) detest them, and describe them as stupid, soulless, mercenary masses of lubber. The French saw expresses pointedly this opinion: "There was not a man or a woman present—they all were Auvergnats." I hope this preface may not have been found long. I have thought it necessary to the full comprehension of the following family history. It occurred in Auvergne. All the actors were Auvergnats.

The De la Roche Neglys are as ancient and as noble as any family in France. The De Chamblas family were not their inferiors in ancient and noble lineage. There was greater difference in the estates of the two families. Nobody, however, dreamed of thinking, or of saying, that a disproportionate marriage had been concluded when M. de Chamblas led Mademoiselle de la Roche Negly to the bridal altar; although her dowry was five hundred thousand francs, and his whole fortune was but little more than a hundred thousand francs. Mademoiselle de la Roche Negly revealed her character soon after marriage. She was extravagant, doted on fine clothes, devoted to pleasure in every form, unable to live out of company, greedy of admiration, adroit in playing upon men's vanity, and absolutely without moral sense or moral principle, while affecting the appearance of devout piety, and taking a bustling part in all charitable and other societies. Her social authority was great. Her influence in parsonages, churches, and convents was unbounded. Cardinal de Bonald, Archbishop of Lyons, was her uncle or her first cousin. She was notoriously unfaithful to her husband (else she could not have led her expensive life), whose dishonor was published to the world in the most scandalous manner by the tragical rivalry of two of her lovers. In 1828 France was horrified to hear that M. de Planiolles had shot down M. Calemard de Lafayette at the portal of the Chamber of Deputies, and had immediately afterward blown out his own brains. M. de Chamblas, although the most wretched of men, forgave his wife all her wrongs, denied her no money, allowed her to live in Paris, or in Lyons, or even in his own house, as she pleased, although he was less miserable when she was absent from home. Her temper was as detestable as her character. Although the blood

of two men was on her hands, she did not change her mode of life. She was as frivolous, as fond of dress, and company, and admiration, as ever. She probably gloried in being the heroine of a sanguinary tragedy. There are women who are as eager as an Indian for scalps, and with him think their number bears testimony to their worth; but the Indian seeks only the scalps of his enemies—they of their friends.

There issued from this ill-assorted marriage one child, a daughter. Theodora de Chamblas had no mother's eye to keep watchful care over her, no mother's hand to guide her in the way she should go, no mother's voice to instill good lessons in her heart, and to teach her to pray for Heaven's protection. Madame de Chamblas a mother; Madame de Chamblas guiding a daughter, forming a girl's character, giving her the benefit of a mother's experience! One can not conceive such a picture without shuddering. Theodora de Chamblas grew up to be a tomboy. She was the terror of the whole neighborhood, of the boys as well as of the girls, and of their parents. Everybody kept clear of her—these because they stood in fear of her; those because they were afraid of injuring their own reputation by being suspected of flocking with a bird of such feathers. Her feathers were as ugly as ugly could be. She was a hunchback. She was stunted, almost dwarfish. She had a swarthy complexion. She had all her mother's obliquity of moral sense; all her mother's want of principle and want of heart; all her mother's execrable temper. Rumor had been busy with her reputation. This rumor will presently be mentioned.

Wealthy as she would one day be, she had no suitor for her hand. Her parents were convinced that none would appear in the neighborhood of Château de Chamblas. She was too well known there. She had grown to be thirty years old. It was evident that if she did not marry soon she could not marry at all. Her parents appealed to their kinsman, Cardinal de Bonald, Archbishop of Lyons, beseeching him to find her a husband. He promised to make his lawyers hunt for one. French marriages are not made in heaven. They are made in lawyers' offices. Their object is not to join hearts, but to unite money-bags.

The lawyers thought that a clerk in the Royal Tobacco Manufactory of Lyons would make a willing and a desirable husband. Louis de Marcellange was a man of aristocratic family (true it was, somewhat decayed), was master of fifty thousand francs, and had an annual salary of twenty-two hundred francs, which in those days was a larger income than five thousand francs are at present. He was thirty years old, had grown tired of bachelor's life, and thought it

would be lucky to marry the heiress of Château de Chamblas, who must, even after all the debts of both parents should have been discharged, be worth at least fifteen thousand francs a year. Louis de Marcellange was extremely avaricious and very selfish. Madame de Chamblas's bad reputation must have been known to him; but it is more than probable that he heard nothing of her daughter's character. Even with us, where young ladies are allowed great liberties, few lovers know the true character of their betrothed.

Theodora de Chamblas was married to Louis de Marcellange in 1835. Groom and bride were of the same age. The happiness of the marriage surprised and delighted those who negotiated it and who best knew Theodora's character. A complete change seemed to have come over it. Her husband's kindness seemed to melt it into something like feminine form. He was really happy. He loved Theodora. He found married life just the existence suited to his disposition, and he was so attentive to her, so genial, so serviceable, that she too tasted happiness, and, being happy herself, made others around her happy. The birth of two children increased the happiness of home, and seemed to give double security of its long continuance. Wise had Louis de Marcellange been had he let well enough alone!

When he found he had a wife and two children to support—a wife who was fond of show—he began to reckon how much cheaper it would be to live at Château de Chamblas, how much more money he could make as farmer than as government clerk. He broached the matter to his father-in-law. M. de Chamblas had his own reasons for *knowing* that Château de Chamblas was no home for his daughter. He refused to lease the place to his son-in-law. The latter was not rebuffed. He was so pertinacious in his appeals, and really did so clearly prove that the step would be advantageous to his wife and children, that at last M. de Chamblas agreed to grant the lease. Besides, what was there now to fear? Had not his daughter a husband to guide and to protect her? Was she not the mother of two children? Was she not some years older? Had not her character changed? Again, what was there to fear? Louis de Marcellange took possession of the estate. His wife and children were with him. He rode about the farm every day. He himself bought cattle to fatten. He even wore wooden clogs (the peasant's water-proof shoes) in inclement weather. All the family certainly were happy.

It was most unfortunate that, as soon as Louis de Marcellange was fairly settled in his new home, M. de Chamblas fell dangerously ill, rapidly grew worse, and, when the end showed it-

self to be inevitable, he summoned Louis de Marcellange to his death-bed side. He was ill at Le Puy.

When he saw his son-in-law he said to him: "My dear fellow, you now have before you a man who is delighted to quit this world for ever; therefore I shall not weary you with long complaints, or with fatiguing advice. I believe you to be in the true path which leads to happiness. Many people have tried to govern Theodora, but you are the only person who have succeeded in making her do what you please. None but a sharp fellow and a good husband could have done that. Therefore I have nothing to say to you on that subject. All I want to do is to give you a warning: fear Madame de Chamblas as you would fear an adder. She has been my wife these five-and-thirty years, and I know her thoroughly. There is no crime of which that woman is not capable. I myself fear her as I fear the cholera, and my sole last prayer to Heaven is that I may die before she hears of my illness. Were she to know me ill, she would post from Lyons to shed crocodile tears over me, or to kill me, if she thought she could do so without discovery. I repeat to you, fear that woman as you would fear an adder. This is the best advice your poor old father-in-law can give you on his death-bed."

Three days afterward M. de Chamblas died. He received all the consolations of religion before he expired.

I have said that it was most unfortunate for Louis de Marcellange that M. de Chamblas should have died just at this period of time. M. de Chamblas left an embarrassed estate. Louis de Marcellange inevitably fell into an entangled position. M. de Chamblas and his wife had each of them settled their respective estates upon themselves severally. He had further covenanted that she might at his death draw forty thousand francs cash from her jointure and an annual pension of two thousand francs, in addition to the revenue from her estate. Theodora de Chamblas had brought no dowry to her husband save the reversionary interest in her mother's property. M. de Chamblas had spent all his patrimony; his wife had devoured the better part of it; ill management of Chamblas had not only consumed the remnant his wife had left, but had gotten him into debt. Louis de Marcellange had resigned his clerkship in the Royal Tobacco Manufactory. He had not only spent all his money to stock Chamblas, but had actually gone in debt to buy cattle and farming implements. How was he to give Madame de Chamblas the forty thousand francs to which she was entitled and the annuity of two thousand francs, and at the same time pay the rent of twenty-five thousand francs which he had agreed

to give for Chamblas? After mature reflection it seemed to him he could do only one of two things—either surrender his lease of Chamblas, or persuade Madame de Chamblas to live with him and postpone satisfaction of her rights until he could free himself from present embarrassments. He explained his position to Madame de Chamblas, and added that he would adopt the course most agreeable to her. She elected to waive her rights and to live with him.

Madame de Chamblas had received intelligence of her husband's death with characteristic indifference. She said to everybody: "Old Chamblas invariably treated me well. It is true he sometimes carried to excess his passion for moralizing; but then he never refused to pay my mantuamakers' bills. To tell the truth, the poor dear soul disliked going into company, but I have always felt under obligations to him for it, as otherwise I should have been under the necessity of being accompanied by him." She ransacked the shops in Lyons to get mourning which she thought becoming to her. Her husband was mourned in the latest fashions.

Louis de Marcellange was not altogether pleased to see Madame de Chamblas resolve to live with him. His father-in-law's dying warning still rang in his ears. There was no help for it. She was all kindness. The servants idolized her. She visited and relieved the poor; her praises were sounded in every hovel of the neighborhood. Her grandchildren adored her. All her tastes, even that of dress, were simple. Louis de Marcellange had begun by fearing her as an adder; but she threw so much sunshine into that old manor-house, high perched in the solitudes of the mountains of Auvergne, that the mists of prejudice which filled his mind were gradually lifted, and the death-bed injunctions of M. de Chamblas were forgotten. I have said that Louis de Marcellange was avaricious. The load of debt which was upon him, the anxieties of the future, his eagerness to provide independence of fortune for his children, had made him still more close-fisted. He grew stingy, miserly. To reduce expenses to the lowest figure, he dismissed several servants, and undertook their duties himself. Early and late he was in the fields, or in the barnyard, and it often happened that when he returned to the drawing-room he was bespattered with mud, or his clothes were impregnated with the peculiar, acrid, and certainly very disagreeable odor of stabled cattle. As all the money his wife and mother-in-law required came from him; as he was averse to all unnecessary expense, and considered luxury as insane extravagance, their requests for money invariably led to bickerings. Neither wife nor mother-in-law considered his embarrassments of fortune, or re-

membered that those embarrassments were due to their father and husband, or excused his inelegance and his stinginess by thinking they would reap all the advantages of his industry and self-denial. In their eyes he was only a vulgar, soiled clodhopper, in no respect different from the peasants with whom he labored.

Accustomed to draw upon the purse of a husband who denied her nothing, who made her no reproaches (however extravagant she might be), these altercations embittered Madame de Chamblas against her son-in-law. She once more became the haughty, domineering, selfish woman she had appeared to her husband. She instilled her sentiments of hatred and loathing into Theodora's head and heart.

No difficult task, for she had reestablished her absolute influence over her daughter. The mother soon brought the daughter to agree to a common plan of action. When they had concerted their measures, Madame de Chamblas undertook to procure Louis de Marcellange's consent to them. So one evening as he rose to take a candle and go to bed, she begged him to be seated, for she had something to say to him. Her tone and manner were most affectionate (for she well knew how to assume any part to carry out her ends) as she went on to say: "Louis, I see you are engrossed by your cattle, sheep, and woods. I don't blame you, because I know you are working for your wife and for your children. But I am sure you will allow me to say to you that the life Theodora is leading here must be irksome to a young woman. I myself make no complaint, for I shall soon be an old woman. Leave me out of the question. 'Tis for Theodora I speak. Her present life is a burden to her; she has no amusement, no pleasures, nothing which makes life agreeable. Moreover, I am concerned for your children, my grandchildren. They are growing up. The village school can not give them suitable education. Remember, they are of noble birth on both sides of the house, and people in their position must know something more than reading, writing, and arithmetic. I am thinking of taking Theodora and the children to Le Puy for a few weeks. Don't make any objections. I'll not call on you for a franc. I myself will defray all expenses. Your wife and I will go out a little into company (for I don't want the world to forget me), while you will continue to pursue your favorite avocations and make Chamblas bloom like Eden." Le Puy was the capital of the department of Haute-Loire. It then had twelve or fifteen thousand inhabitants.

Louis de Marcellange did make some objections. He was devoted to his wife and children; and while it was true that he had observed and deplored his wife's increasing coldness to him, he

attributed it entirely to Madame de Chamblas's influence, and he persuaded himself that his constant warm affection would insensibly draw her nearer himself. He was devoted to his wife and children—but he was devoted to money, too. He had grown miserly, and his mother-in-law's promise to defray all expenses touched him on his weakest point. He mentally reckoned the money he should save by having no wife and children to support; he saw how profitable the scheme would be to him, and he consented to his mother-in-law's plan. A few days afterward Madame de Chamblas, Theodora, and the two children quitted Château de Chamblas. Who could have suspected that of these four persons—grandmother, mother, and children—not one was destined ever to cross that threshold again? Such, nevertheless, was their doom. This was the first step toward it. Adieu, Chamblas, for ever!

It was six weeks before Louis de Marcellange found time to pay his family a visit. He discovered them installed in a large, antique mansion, whose rank and age were alike avouched by the sculpture which adorned its front. He was amazed to see that his mother-in-law had taken so large a house and had furnished it in so splendid a manner. His wife's bedchamber was hung with silk damask, its chairs were covered with the same costly material. All the furniture of the house was in the same expensive style. He was not only amazed, he was puzzled. What was his mother-in-law's object in launching out on this extravagant footing? He guessed in vain. Accustomed to keep early hours, he asked for his bedchamber (French husbands and wives rarely occupy the same room) soon after night-fall. He was shown to the garret (where the servants slept), and ushered into a closet, without fireplace, and whose only furniture was a pine-wood cot, a pine-wood washstand, and one rush-bottomed chair. He could not help contrasting aloud his and his wife's chamber, and asking the chambermaid in attendance the meaning of this difference. She replied in a most insolent tone: "Sir, I have but executed the orders I have received. I was told to prepare this room for you. Besides, it is the only unoccupied chamber in the house."

This insolent servant was Marie Bourdon. She will figure more than once in the coming tragedy. Let us introduce her to the reader. She was an old acquaintance of Louis de Marcellange. She was born on the Chamblas estate. Madame de Chamblas had taken her into service at a very early age. Marie Bourdon had traveled everywhere with Madame de Chamblas—had heard and seen a great deal more than servants usually hear and see (for Madame de Chamblas's conduct was the subject of much comment, and

her chambermaid was necessarily taken into confidence many times: vice needs an accomplice), and her native astuteness had been greatly sharpened by all this attrition with the world. She consequently was looked up to by the servants at Chamblas who had never quitted their native village. Marie Bourdon had only one object in life—to get rich. She was ready for money to go anywhere, say anything, do everything. Her appearance was decidedly prepossessing. She was tall, a brunette, with black hair and large eyes. Her travels had effaced her peasant appearance, and had given her ease, grace, self-confidence. She at once saw that she might turn the quarrel between mother, wife, and husband to such good use as to be sure of making her fortune out of it. She lived for nothing else. When any person, even an uneducated, lowly person, concentrates his whole mind upon any one object and pursues it with tenacious patience, it is wonderful what power he acquires. The mind seems to put forth tentacles in every direction, which extend its power far and near.

When Louis de Marcellange went down stairs next morning, he gently complained to his mother-in-law of being relegated to the servants, and placed in a wretchedly furnished closet, while his wife was lodged in gilded furniture and silk damask. Madame de Chamblas pretended to be deeply wounded, and sharply replied: "My dear Louis, I did not know that you could not live except with gilded furniture and damask-silk hangings. I had forgotten that you were accustomed to such luxury when you were a clerk in the Royal Tobacco Manufactory."

How the dying warning of his father-in-law rang in his ears! He became sensible that Madame de Chamblas now meant war, though he could not divine what object she sought, except gratification of mere malignant temper. He still believed his wife had no share in her mother's feelings, and that a little sooner, or a little later, she would awake to a sense of her duties to him and to her children. Louis de Marcellange's reflections led him to conclude that his best policy was to say nothing and to trust to time to redress all his grievances. He quietly returned to Chamblas, and gave his whole attention to his duties there. He was not destined to enjoy peace even there.

Madame de Chamblas now quitted her husband's and reassumed her maiden name. Countess de la Roche Negly sounded more aristocratic to her ears. She most assiduously exerted herself to turn public opinion against her son-in-law. She denounced him everywhere as an impostor. She declared that he had foisted himself upon her and her daughter as a man of aristocratic family when in good truth he was simply Louis Vilhardin. (His

name was Louis Vilhardin de Marcellange.) She depicted him as a man completely uneducated, and so deficient in natural abilities as to be contented to remain an obscure clerk on a miserable pittance in the Royal Tobacco Manufactory at Lyons. She vowed he was in the domestic circle the most disagreeable man she had ever met. He was never accurately clean; if by accident he did wash his hands, he was sure to be uncombed, and his face and water were on terms of perpetual non-intercourse. His feet perspired, even in midwinter, and the odor from them was—imagine! He was the stingiest fellow that ever lived; a more selfish fellow never was seen. He refused to allow his wife to buy soap; what was the use of soap? If she purchased gloves, he stormed. Wooden clogs were good enough for anybody's feet; muslin caps were a hundred times handsomer than bonnets; if a woman could not garter her stockings with twine, she ought to wear socks. "Countess de la Roche Negly" spread these and kindred rumors so pertinaciously, so widely, so passionately, so skillfully, that public opinion at Le Puy believed him to be a boor, a brute, an impostor, and a fool. Having public opinion now on her side, "Countess de la Roche Negly" brought suit against him to recover the allowance stipulated in the marriage contract. He contested her claims upon the ground that it was the common interest of all concerned that the arrangement into which she had entered upon her husband's death should be carried out. The Court sustained this view. "Countess de la Roche Negly" went half frantic at loss of her suit, and, if such a thing were possible, her hatred of Louis de Marcellange became more virulent than ever. Her war on him did not end here, nor were words her only weapons. This was but her first campaign.

She made her daughter bring suit for separation of estate against him, on the ground that he was a blundering fellow, ignorant of business, "penny-wise and pound-foolish," who was too avaricious even to give the estate that necessary outlay which repays with usurious interest the money spent. Passion is a bad counselor. Passion alone could have instituted so silly a suit. Great as were the pains taken by Theodora's lawyer, this suit too was lost. Thereupon her mother resolved that she should bring suit for separation from bed and board. Of course such an action would not lie unless some good reason for it could be found; so "Countess de la Roche Negly" procured a wily fallen woman in Le Puy and sent her, upon some pretext, to Château de Chamblas to exert all her arts to allure Louis de Marcellange to vicious life. She managed to get into the house, but she failed to go further. This suit had to be abandoned.

A public reaction in Louis de Marcellange's favor began to take place. When the rumors which "Countess de la Roche Negly" had so actively disseminated came to the neighborhood of Château de Chamblas, everybody protested against them as being libelous. The return waves of gossip brought back with them these protests of impartial judges. He had greatly endeared himself to all his neighbors. "Countess de la Roche Negly's" history was familiar to everybody. He was pitied. The reaction in his favor which had taken place led several influential families to intervene, and exert their good offices to restore harmony to the family. They led even Cardinal de Bonald, Archbishop of Lyons, to interfere actively and to bring his influence as kinsman and as prelate to heal the irritation. All these efforts proved vain. It became evident to these good people that the great if not the sole obstacle to family harmony was "Countess de la Roche Negly," and that if her daughter could be withdrawn from her influence all would be well. Louis de Marcellange (probably by their advice) brought suit for restoration of conjugal rights. It was certain he would win this suit, and force Theodora to return to Château de Chamblas, where, removed from the detestable promptings of her mother, and taught by fulfillment of her duties to her children, she would once more love her husband and occupy her proper place at his hearth.

Notice of this suit had scarcely been served, when *the two children fell ill and died within a few hours of each other.* No intelligence of their illness or death was communicated to Louis de Marcellange until *after they had been buried.*

This double bereavement was a crushing blow to Louis de Marcellange. He had toiled, he had practiced self-denial, he had lived only for those darling little ones; and now they were lost, and he had not had even the last melancholy satisfaction of closing their eyes, of seeing them as they lay in their last bed, of kissing the last, long adieu on their cold brows. They gone, life seemed worth nothing to him. He lost interest in everything. He fell into a deep melancholy, from which nothing could rouse him.

Winter comes early in Auvergne. There is more than one valley in that mountain-locked province from which the sun is absent six of the twelve months, and where the snow that falls and the ice which is formed accumulate till the returning sun dissolves them. But, early as winter comes in Auvergne, nobody remembered such a tempestuous and inclement day as was the first day of September, 1840. As the sun went down the tempest increased in violence, the wind howled in the chimneys, sighed most mournfully through the crevices of the best-closed doors.

and shook every window, till they all rattled in their frames. The rain mingled with many a snowflake, came down in torrents and hissed as the wind dashed it against the window-panes. Striking was the contrast presented that evening between the scene out of doors and the scene in the kitchen of Château de Chamblas. It was an antique mansion, and, like all its contemporaries, its dimensions were vast. The kitchen was at the same time the dining-room of the farm-laborers and of the house-servants. The fireplace was immense, at least six feet wide by as many high. Three round logs, which were really pieces of huge trees with all their bark on, sang merrily as their sap exuded from each end, crackled cheerily, sending showers of sparks in every direction, flamed high in many a fantastic tongue of light, and threw a soft, genial heat into every part of the kitchen, large as the room was. Two dogs basked at full length on the hearth, their heads nestling on their dovetailed legs as their body formed a sort of circle before the glowing embers. The steam which rose from them added evidence of the weather which reigned out of doors. It was nine o'clock. There were some twenty servants, men and women, seated around the long table. The day's toils were over, and they were merrily supping. Jeanne Chabrier, the cook, was removing the emptied tureens, when some noise at the door attracted every eye toward it. The door was opened. Louis de Marcellange entered. He lifted his hat and said, "Good evening, friends." All the servants took off their caps as their master entered. It was his habit (it is quite a general habit among French farmers) to enter the kitchen every evening at supper-time, to talk with the farm-laborers about the day's work and to give orders for the morrow. He took his usual seat in the chimney-corner, drew pipe and tobacco-pouch from his pocket, filled the bowl, lighted it, and, as soon as it began to draw, stretched out his legs, thrust his hands into his pantaloons, and evidently began to enjoy rest and the contrast which the genial, companionable, glowing fire formed to the weather out of doors. The radiant chimney, throwing its beams full on Louis de Marcellange, brought out distinctly all the characteristics of his personal appearance. He was thirty-four years old. To tell the truth, he was unprepossessing; but then it should be remembered that the farmer of Château de Chamblas and the master of a drawing-room at Lyons were very different-looking men, and if at that hour his hands were dirty, his hair uncombed, his linen soiled, and his clothes slovenly, the fault lay with his wife. Had she been in her proper place by his side, and had she exerted her due influence, he would not have been in the kitchen,

but in the château's drawing-room and attired to suit his position. She, and especially her mother, had depicted him to all their friends as a hideous fellow, which he was not, although his countenance was not winning. His forehead was low, and the expression of his face revealed obstinacy and avarice; but it showed too a kind, good-natured man at heart. A judicious wife could have molded him in what form she pleased. Supper was nigh ended. The later comers alone were busy with the last vestiges of the favorite Auvergne dish—a salad of cold Irish potatoes. Pierre Souchon, the plowman, who was the foreman of the farm, broke silence:

"How wet you are, master! What weather! what weather! If winter comes on at this rate, we shall see All-hallows in October!"

M. de Marcellange replied without turning, and without ceasing to gaze on the fire:

"I shall not be in Auvergne to see All-hallows."

All the servants exclaimed:

"Not in Auvergne at All-hallows? How will that be, master?"

M. de Marcellange replied in an abrupt, vexed tone:

"I am going to quit Chamblas in a few days, and" (he fetched a deep-drawn sigh as he spoke) "I shall never set my foot here again. I had intended to let you know this evening my resolution, and to tell you who your new master is going to be. I have leased Chamblas, and henceforward I shall live at Moulins with my own family."

Had a thunderbolt fallen in the kitchen it would not have caused more astonishment than this announcement. Stupefaction reigned at that table. Five-and-thirty years ago estates rarely changed hands in France. The owner of an estate was the great man of its neighborhood, and to see a stranger take his place was as wonderful to the peasants of the vicinity as a change of dynasty was to Parisians. It was some minutes before silence was broken. At last Pierre Souchon asked, but in a timid, despondent tone which strangely contrasted with the easy familiarity of the accent in which he had first spoken, "Might we be so bold, master, as to ask why you leave us?"

M. de Marcellange answered: "The reason is a very plain one. I quit Chamblas because I am worried here out of my life. You all know that my mother-in-law does everything she can to make me wretched. She has enticed my wife from me. She has brought against me suit after suit, every one of which she has lost. Ah! what a wicked creature that woman is! How truly did my father-in-law, on his death-bed, predict to me everything that has happened!"

One of the farm-laborers exclaimed, "Oh, your father-in-law was really a good man!"

It was in a tone of deep melancholy that M. de Marcellange went on to say: "What makes my fate so terrible is, that I have never wronged my mother-in-law in any way. I do not know why she detests me. I do not know with what she reproaches me. I do not know what she wants. All I know is that she bears to me a virulent, rancorous, malignant hatred. After stripping me of my wife, my children, my fortune; after ruining my health (for I have lost my health in these harassing lawsuits after lawsuits), she now strives with might and main to drive me from Chamblas, that she may never hear my name mentioned. Well, it has come to pass" (he drew a thick cloud of smoke from his pipe as he spoke) "that I am no longer of an age, or health, or humor, to struggle incessantly with such a virago, especially as she is protected (so she boasts she is) by a half-dozen bishops. I give up the fight, and leave the field to her!"

Silence followed this speech. His history was known to everybody present, and they all were conscious how truthfully he had spoken. Moreover, he was warmly loved by all his servants, and they were sad to think they were so soon to part for ever. Besides, who knew what changes the new master would make? What servants would be dismissed? What kind of person would rule them? Maybe they too were going to lose bread and home, to be driven forth to new roofs, among strange faces, to find the fight for life harder than it had been in familiar scenes. Every head was moodily hung down, absorbed by its own thoughts. The room, too, had lost its cheerful air. The glow had faded away, for the logs had burned out, the flames had disappeared, and there were even more ashes than live embers on the hearth.

The dozing dogs suddenly leaped up, uttered low growls, turned glaring eyes to the window, stared a moment, and then, as suddenly as they had risen, fell into their old position.

Had some coming, imminent peril forecast its shadow on that window? Or had some fearful dream startled the drowsy dogs? Dogs, as well as men, have their dreams.

Nobody heeded the dogs—or, rather, nobody seemed to heed them. Their startled leap and glaring stare were, however, observed, and were afterward remembered.

Silence was nevertheless unbroken, save by the raging elements without, whose melancholy sounds were in keeping with the mournful thoughts which filled every mind in the kitchen. Not a head changed its moody position. Saddest face of all was Louis de Marcellange's, as he sat gazing vacantly on the dying fire, chewing

the cud of bitter fancy: his wrecked life, his dead children, his estranged wife, his desolate hearth, the unhappy hours he had known—

Then there came a flash—an explosion—a crash, a jingle, as the window-panes, driven in, fell on the floor; screams of terror from every lip—another crash, as the table and glass- and earthenware were knocked over and were shattered; fearful howling of the dogs; uproar by the sighing wind, as it moaned through the paneless casement. All lights were extinguished. Dense clouds of smoke filled the kitchen.

Confusion, bewildering terror, and darkness lasted for some moments. Then a lamp was lighted. This done, the screams were more heart-rending than ever, and the dogs bayed most dolefully.

Louis de Marcellange lay on the floor. His breast was pierced. Torrents of blood poured from the gaping wound. The back of the chair in which he had been sitting was broken by a bullet. The women applied vinegar to his wound, and by other means tried to restore him to consciousness. The men took lanterns and explored the whole grounds around the house. They discovered nothing. They returned to see Louis de Marcellange die. He had not uttered a word. He had not recovered consciousness. That night nobody in Château de Chamblas slept except its dead master.

The tempest raged with unabated fury all night long; but returning morning brought a cloudless day. The sun bathed in full light all the landscape. At daybreak a servant went to the neighboring village, St.-Etienne-Lardeyrol, to let the mayor know what tragedy had occurred. His worship instantly summoned the law officers from Le Puy, and informed Madame de Marcellange and Madame de Chamblas of their bereavement.

The law officers reached Château de Chamblas at ten A. M. They found Louis de Marcellange's body lying on the kitchen-table. The blood had been washed from his wound, but nobody had dared to close his eyes. All the women of the neighborhood, attired in their Sunday clothes, were seated around the corpse, and were weeping. The prosecuting attorney was accompanied by the examining magistrate, the latter's clerk, a physician, and by three mounted constables. The prosecuting attorney was a man on the early side of middle life, grave, earnest, thoughtful, reserved, conscientious. The examining magistrate was an old man, astute, inquisitive, talkative, restless, free and easy. The prosecuting attorney ordered everybody, except Pierre Souchon, the head laborer, and Jeanne Chabrier, the cook, to leave the room. Pierre Souchon and Jeanne Chabrier were the oldest servants of the

house, and were more familiar than anybody else with Louis de Marcellange's habits of life. The kitchen cleared of all persons, except those mentioned, the examining magistrate went up to the corpse, scanned its face closely, studied the position of the hands, opened them, felt them, closed them. Then he asked Pierre Souchon and Jeanne Chabrier to place the corpse on the chair, and in the position occupied when the fatal shot was fired. They shrank in terror from such a task. Two constables executed the magistrate's orders. It was a shocking sight to see that bloody, stiff corpse, with staring eyes, forcibly seated in front of the paneless window, through which the sunbeams were darting. The physician himself found the sight intolerable; he hastily rose and closed the eyes, an action which gave unconcealed annoyance to the examining magistrate, who was engaged in studying the direction taken by the fatal shot. When he had completed this preliminary examination, he asked the physician to make the autopsy. The corpse was replaced on the supper-table. The physician soon drew from the heart three slugs. The slug which had broken the chair in which Louis de Marcellange was sitting had been given the examining magistrate. The four slugs were compared, and were found to be alike.

The prosecuting attorney said: "The shot must have been fired near at hand; for nobody could have put slugs so near together had he been distant. They would have scattered."

The examining magistrate replied: "That's beyond doubt. Moreover, the kitchen was filled with the smoke of the discharge. I am persuaded that the assassin aimed deliberately, and must have rested his gun on the window's balustrade. Bold as he may have been, he must have trembled as he took aim."

The prosecuting attorney rejoined: "The facts indicate the assassin to be somebody thoroughly acquainted with M. de Marcellange's habits—somebody who knew that he, after dinner, regularly came every evening at nine to smoke his pipe in the kitchen's chimney-corner, while the servants supped. But whom can we accuse? M. de Marcellange had no enemies here. Moreover, he was about to leave the neighborhood for ever. Was the assassin some one who was furious to see the estate occupied by a new-comer? That could not be; for everybody interested in this change was seated around this table when the murder was committed."

Pierre Souchon abruptly exclaimed: "But it must have been somebody connected with the farm, for the dogs, that were sleeping on the hearth, leaped to their feet just before the shot was fired, glared at the window, evidently recognized the person there as one be-

longing to the estate, ceased to growl, and slept again."

The prosecuting attorney and examining magistrate exchanged significant glances. These indications narrowed the field of search.

Their silence, and still more their attitude, emboldened Pierre Souchon to add: "Besides, when we went out with our lanterns to hunt for the assassin, Jupiter, the watch-dog, did not make his appearance. Had he been here, he would have flown at us. He returned only this morning, and his collar was gone. The assassin must have taken his collar."

The examining magistrate thought a moment, then said: "This is the most important information we have received. And yet there is no very valuable induction to be drawn from it, except that the criminal, who, after committing the murder, took the dog's collar, must belong to the lowest and most ignorant class of peasants. Evidently he believed the brass collar valuable."

The law officers thought they had now obtained all the information likely to be had at this stage of the proceedings. They were about to retire to another room to draw up the record of their proceedings, when somebody knocked at the kitchen-door. A constable answered. He returned and said: "There is a man at the door. He is Madame de Chamblas's and Madame de Marcellange's confidential agent. They have sent him here. He wishes to speak to the law officers."

The examining magistrate exclaimed rather peevishly, "Show him in!"

The new-comer entered. He was dressed like a peasant in easy circumstances of fortune. He wore a black velvet roundabout and pantaloons of olive-colored velvet. His gray, flexible hat had a crape band around it. He bowed to the law officers and said, in a tone of great simplicity: "Gentlemen, I am Jacques Besson, the confidential agent of Madame de Chamblas and of Madame de Marcellange. They have sent me this morning from Le Puy to represent them here and to see that you have in the château everything you want. I have already taken care that luncheon be served you. You will please excuse me if you be not served as well as the ladies desire, but this misfortune has upset us all. I myself have just left my sick-bed, and am scarcely able to walk." He pointed to his feet to show that they still were in list slippers.

The law officers briefly expressed their thanks for the courteous attention of the ladies.

Jacques Besson then went up to M. de Marcellange's corpse. He exclaimed: "Ah ha! Here is the master of Chamblas!"

The tone in which he uttered these words made all the magistrates look up and at him.

There was such concentrated hatred in his voice and in the look he gave the corpse, that all the officials were struck by it, so much so that one of them could not help saying to Jeanne Chabrier, the cook, "That man does not seem to regret M. de Marcellange's death, although he has crape around his hat."

She replied: "No wonder! Besson is the ladies' confidential agent, and they never liked poor M. de Marcellange; but Besson is an excellent fellow for all that, and there is no harder worker in this neighborhood."

Besson invited them to luncheon. Everybody went into the dining-room, where a table was spread. The law officers found in the dining-room the Mayor of St.-Etienne-Lardeyrol and the family notary, who had been ordered to put everything under seal. They took seats at the table. There was no conversation. The murder, the assassin, the means of discovering him, his motive—hate, vengeance, jealousy, cupidity, love—engrossed all thoughts. Besson stood in a corner of the room, attentive to the guests and taking care that the servants anticipated every one's wants. Besson quitted the room for a moment, and then the examining magistrate asked: "Who is that crane sent us by Madame de Chamblas? I don't fancy his face."

The Mayor of St.-Etienne-Lardeyrol replied: "He is a very intelligent fellow, and a most valuable servant to Madame de Chamblas. His origin is very low, for he formerly was hog-drover on this estate. M. de Chamblas made him his body-servant, and he now manages all the business of these ladies."

The examining magistrate rejoined, "He, nevertheless, has a most disagreeable physiognomy!"

The mayor responded: "No wonder. He has been for the last three weeks in bed, ill with the small-pox."

The examining judge added, "Ah! that explains it."

The notary said: "It seems to me, too, that I have never laid eyes on a more repulsive countenance. When he changed my plate just now I could scarcely conceal my aversion."

The mayor replied: "It is the small-pox. Nothing disfigures a man more; but in time the traces of it will be less marked."

When luncheon ended, the mayor, notary, and constables went to attend to M. de Marcellange's funeral. As soon as they were left alone the examining magistrate asked the prosecuting attorney, "Have you formed any opinion about the case?"

He answered: "No; and I do not think it possible to form one until we have talked with the widow and mother-in-law. How happens it

that neither of them has deigned to come here to pay him the last tribute of respect?"

The examining magistrate replied, "You know there was bitter enmity between them."

The carriage was ordered. Soon afterward the prosecuting attorney and examining magistrate were rolling toward Le Puy. As they quitted Château de Chamblas the church-bells of St.-Etienne-Lardeyrol tolled for the funeral of Louis de Marcellange.

The examining magistrate had no sooner reached Le Puy than he issued summons to Madame de la Roche Negly (it will be remembered that this was the name assumed by Madame de Chamblas), Madame de Marcellange, and Jacques Besson, to attend him in chambers. He appointed the following morning for their appearance. They came. All three of them were in deep mourning. When the examining magistrate was told that they were waiting in his antechamber, he ordered Madame de la Roche Negly to be introduced. He said to her: "Madame, justice would most willingly have spared you, plunged into deep mourning as you are now, this intrusion upon your privacy, but it could not do otherwise. You know we have as yet been unable to arrest the assassin of your son-in-law. We consequently are obliged to ask you to give us all the information which you think may be likely to guide us to the discovery of the criminal."

Madame de la Roche Negly. "I believe that all I may say to you will be of little service. You doubtless have heard that for a long time past my daughter and I have had no relations with M. de Marcellange. We rarely heard so much as mention of his name, except by peasants from Chamblas, who came occasionally to see us. We were ignorant how he lived and what he did. Tidings of his death consequently astounded us as much as it did you."

Magistrate. "How did you hear of his death?"

Madame. "The morning after his death the Mayor of St.-Etienne-Lardeyrol sent us intelligence of it by a servant."

Magistrate. "What impression did the announcement make on you and on your daughter?"

Madame (coldly). "Why, really, your question greatly embarrasses me. Our impression was, as I have already said, surprise. I should speak untruly were I to say that we shed many tears over my son-in-law. All ties between us had long since been broken. His children were dead. He had none of our views of things, none of our tastes. He held me in horror. My daughter and he had never been able to agree. She and I had often said, 'Ah! if he were no longer on earth we should be far happier!'"

Magistrate. "With what did you reproach M. de Marcellange?"

Madame. "We reproached him with avarice, selfishness, ignorance. He had no sort of education. He would never have married my daughter had we known him before he proposed as well as we knew him afterward. The Archbishop of Lyons, who made the match, now thinks of him just as we do, and so does everybody in Le Puy."

Magistrate. "There is a very delicate subject on which I am obliged to question you. I allude—"

Madame (haughtily interrupting him). "Proceed! I came here to listen to and answer your questions."

Magistrate (fixing his keen little gray eyes on her. She bore that searching look without embarrassment; on the contrary, the person embarrassed was the examining magistrate, who thought again and again before he could find the proper form of question; at last, he asked in a hesitating tone). "It is said that Madame de Marcellange was in her childhood—how shall I express it?—on friendly—intimate terms with her foster-brother, Jacques Besson, who is now in your service?"

Madame. "That is all true."

Magistrate. "It is said that this intimacy became in time attachment, warm affection?"

Madame. "Which is true. Jacques is an excellent, hard-working, intelligent servant. He is devoted to our family. Servants like him are rare. Really, I can't see anything delicate in this subject!"

Magistrate (after a long pause). "Did not M. de Marcellange dismiss him from Château de Chamblas before he entered your service?"

Madame. "Yes. Moreover, he detested M. de Marcellange, which was natural enough, for M. de Marcellange never knew how to turn him to good account."

Magistrate. "Had M. de Marcellange any enemies?"

Madame. "I really don't know whether he had friends or enemies."

Magistrate. "How do you explain his tragic end?"

Madame. "He was griping in business. I am inclined to think he was assassinated by somebody he overreached in trade, and who resolved to avenge himself."

When Madame de la Roche Negly withdrew, Madame de Marcellange was ushered into chambers. Her testimony was uninteresting. It was little more than an echo of her mother's. She was followed by Jacques Besson. He entered with a calm, with almost a smiling countenance. It was still freshly blotched with small-pox.

Examining Magistrate. "Why did M. de Marcellange dismiss you from Château de Chamblas?"

Besson (unaffectedly). "I was M. de Chamblas's body-servant. Madame de Chamblas and her daughter had confidence in me. When M. de Marcellange took possession of Château de Chamblas, he put me out of the house and made me attend to the barnyard. I was fit for something better than that. This humiliation soured me. One day M. de Marcellange called me a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow. I made an impertinent reply. He dismissed me."

Magistrate. "Thereupon you warmly espoused the hatred borne by the ladies to M. de Marcellange?"

Besson. "And naturally enough. M. de Chamblas brought me up. I learned to read with his daughter. No member of the family ever breathed one word of complaint of me. M. de Marcellange was the first to reproach me. When he dismissed me as a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow, I found employment in Madame de Chamblas's house, and became her business man. The ladies now never do anything without consulting me."

Magistrate. "Are you not devoted to Madame de Marcellange?"

Besson (ingenuously). "Indeed I am devoted to her."

Magistrate. "What do you think was the cause of M. de Marcellange's murder?"

Besson. "I have not the remotest idea of it. The night he was shot, I was ill in bed, barely entering convalescence. I had a severe attack of small-pox. When I went to Château de Chamblas yesterday—you may remember to have seen me there—'twas I who had luncheon served—that was the first time that I had set foot out of doors for weeks. I should not have quitted bed then, had not the ladies ordered me to go to Château de Chamblas."

Magistrate. "It is lucky for you that you were ill. You would, but for that, have been accused of being the assassin—for you are the only known enemy of M. de Marcellange."

Besson (smiling good-naturedly). "That's just what I have been told."

Jacques Besson was dismissed. Justice was baffled. True, witnesses were daily examined, but not one of them threw the least glimmer of light upon the path which led to the assassin. While the examining magistrate was questioning the hundredth witness, the prosecuting attorney entered chambers and said:

"We have discovered the assassin!"

The examining magistrate leaped from his seat and eagerly asked:

"Good gracious! And who is he?"

Prosecuting Attorney. "A man named Devaux—a general agent and collector living in Le Puy—who once rented land belonging to the Chamblas estate. His reputation has long been detestable."

Devaux's reputation was not only detestable, but he had many and malignant enemies. It is wonderful that he had not been arrested at first, for many circumstances pointed to him as the criminal. His business was disreputable. He was a usurer, the worst of all usurers—a usurer of the poor. He, by resorting to the pettifogger's vilest tricks, screened fraudulent bankrupts. He bought up claims, and pushed them without mercy. It was notorious that he hated M. de Marcellange, for the latter had called the attention of the police to him as being a dangerous man, and M. de Marcellange was, at the moment of his death, plaintiff in a suit to recover rent due, which suit was then pending in the court. Moreover, he expressed delight at M. de Marcellange's death, and had exclaimed, "It has come too late"; besides, he was absent from Le Puy the night of the murder. The law officers made sure he was the assassin until he proved beyond doubt that it was physically impossible for him to have committed the murder. He was discharged. Justice again confessed itself baffled. Nevertheless, it did not abandon search for the assassin. The prosecuting attorney brooded over the case, and slowly but confidently came to the conclusion that many people knew the murderer. The peasants trembled and grew confused when questioned. Evidently they feared to talk. There were, therefore, secret influences exerted. These influences were powerful. Who exerted them? Why were they exerted? The authors must be the criminals. Justice was all attention, watching to discover the least indication which might lead to revelation of the authors of these occult influences. Justice is patient. It knows how powerful an ally time is, and trusts to it. Justice was not deceived.

A warrant for Jacques Besson's arrest was issued. He smiled when he saw the constables come to arrest him, and went quietly to jail. It is impossible to describe the intense excitement raised by Jacques Besson's arrest. France was roused from one end to the other. Justice had seemed baffled, and the murderer had appeared to have secured immunity for his crime. The aristocracy and the clergy ardently contended that Besson was an innocent man, had been arrested solely to minister to vulgar hatred of ladies of noble birth, and that M. de Marcellange's family had spent twenty thousand francs in bribing false witnesses. The middle class and the people throughout France denounced Madame

de la Roche Negly, Madame de Marcellange, and Jacques Besson, as the guilty parties. When the ladies mortgaged Château de Chamblas to procure thirty thousand francs, it was everywhere said that this money was distributed among people who testified in Jacques Besson's favor. Jacques Besson continued calm and confident in prison. Whenever he appeared before the examining magistrate, he frankly answered every question, and said that justice was deceived, but that sooner or later his innocence would be acknowledged, for he never would have been dreamed of as the assassin had not the ladies been on bad terms with the murdered man. Madame de la Roche Negly and Madame de Marcellange openly showed themselves to be deeply affected by the accusation made against their servant, and ostentatiously protected him by their influence and by their money. They took care that he had a good bed, an excellent table, and plenty of books and newspapers. They and their friends visited him frequently.

A year and a half after the assassination of Louis de Marcellange his presumed murderer was arraigned for trial. An incident which arose soon after the prosecution was opened, caused the trial to be postponed. Excitement ran so high at the second trial that it was thought judicious to remove the prosecution to Puy-de-Dôme. A new trial was again ordered, this making the third arraignment of Jacques Besson. He was defended on the second trial by M. Rouher, who became the "Vice-Emperor" of Napoleon III. He was defended on the third trial by M. Lachaud, who had just leaped into reputation by his brilliant defense of Madame Lafarge. Each of the trials was marked by dramatic incidents. Failing space forbids mention of them.

The chances seemed to favor Besson's acquittal. The indictment was timid, so uncertain did the evidence appear. Besson's bearing was so frank, so modest, and so quiet, that he won the sympathy of the audience. The De Marcellange family threw so much passion into the prosecution that they produced a strong reaction in favor of the accused. The clergy were unanimously of opinion that Besson was innocent; in those days the clergy had great influence in Auvergne.

The circumstances which led to the issue of the warrant for Jacques Besson's arrest were as follows: It reached the ears of the authorities that a peasant living on the Chamblas estate had said: "We will say nothing until we see Jacques Besson and Marie Bourdon in jail; for if we open our mouths we shall be shot down as M. Louis de Marcellange was." M. Turchy de Marcellange, the brother, and Madame de Tarade, the

sister, of the murdered man, had, some time before the latter's death, appealed confidentially to the prefect of their commune to see if their brother was in danger. The prefect, astounded by such a request, had asked them what had raised such fears, and they had replied: "Our unhappy brother is on bad terms with his wife and mother-in-law. They are very powerful in the commune, and he is persuaded they will have him assassinated. He has said to us time and again, 'If I die assassinated, I shall fall by the hand of Jacques Besson, who is ready to do anything my wife or mother-in-law may bid him do.' One evening, when he was still in the habit of visiting his wife, he reached Le Puy after everybody had dined. Marie Bourdon had made an omelette for him. He had been awakened during the night by severe pains in the stomach, high fever, and great thirst. He believed that poison had been put in the omelette. One day, while reading in the newspapers a report of the proceedings in Madame Lafarge's trial, he said, 'I hope the scandal this trial has made throughout France will deter my wife and mother-in-law from executing their intention to poison me.' He had constantly said to his intimate friends that he entertained no doubt that his two children, who had died within such short time of each other, had died by poison, administered by his mother-in-law."

Evidently Louis de Marcellange's assassin was, if not some devoted agent of Madame de la Roche Negly and Madame de Marcellange, at least some person known to them. True they proved that, on the night when the assassination was committed, they were in their drawing-room from seven to ten o'clock, playing whist with two clergymen, Abbés Cartal and Drouet. These priests declared that their bearing during the whole evening was calm, and gave no indication whatsoever that any fearful crisis was then at hand. Marie Bourdon proved that she had not quitted her kitchen that evening. Dr. Hurbe swore that Jacques Besson was in the early stages of convalescence after a violent attack of small-pox, and was absolutely incapable of walking ten paces, much less of walking two hours and a half, the time required to go from Le Puy to Chamblas. But Dr. Hurbe was very old, very religious, and devoted heart and soul to Madame de la Roche Negly, whom he was proud to have for one of his patients.

I have said that Jacques Besson was tried three times. The excitement rose from one end of France to the other as the trials began, went on, were interrupted, were ordered anew. One day M. Bac (the lawyer employed by the De Marcellange family) fell suddenly ill. Everybody was certain that he had been poisoned by Ma-

dame de la Roche Negly. M. de Marcellange (the murdered man's brother), armed to the teeth, kept by his side all the time he was out of the court-room. Just before she was to be heard as witness, Marie Bourdon had been spirited out of France and sent to Italy by Madame de la Roche Negly. The Court severely reprimanded her for this attempt to defeat justice; the Court could only reprimand, for then there was but suspicion, no proof, that she had made away with this important witness. Madame de la Roche Negly and Madame de Marcellange had braved public opinion by appearing at the first and second trial; but they could not be found (though important witnesses) when the third trial commenced. They themselves were desirous to brave public opinion again; but Jacques Besson begged that they would not appear to bear witness in his favor. He was persuaded that they would be arrested in the court-house. They would probably have disregarded his prayer but for the following incident: While the law's officers were hunting everywhere in vain for them, they were concealed in the archiepiscopal palace of Lyons by their kinsman, Cardinal Archbishop de Bonald. A formidable mob appeared before the palace, and intended to sack it. Their bearing was so hostile, that Madame de la Roche Negly and her daughter deemed it prudent to fly by a back door and take refuge in a neighboring convent. As soon as the excitement had somewhat abated they fled at night to Switzerland; thence they joined Marie Bourdon in Italy.

Long imprisoned, twice tried for life, united with great anxiety, had worn out Jacques Besson. He had grown very thin, and all his old confidence was gone. Nevertheless, whenever any attempt was made to make him confess anything likely to compromise Madame de la Roche Negly or Madame de Marcellange, he became his former self again, and answered in such a way as to baffle judges and jury. During his long imprisonment he had been attentively watched with the hope of discovering his secret. His conduct was strange in prison. Now he was resigned, and was desirous to die in peace; then he flew into paroxysms of anger, and became almost a maniac. During this frenzy he would mutter words whose meaning nobody could catch. When he saw he was watched, the paroxysm instantly ended, and he became cool and reserved.

The principal evidence against Jacques Besson was as follows:

Claude Reynaud, who lived near Château de Chamblas, swore: "At sunset, on the 1st of September, I was in the fields gathering potatoes. I saw a man go by. He wore a smock-shirt, and carried a gun. I at once took him to be Jacques Besson, but I was not perfectly sure of it. I ad-

vanced three paces to get nearer him. He threw a stone into some bushes, as a hunter would do to start a hare; then he turned back, and I lost sight of him. I said to myself, 'That man is after something.' I quitted my field and hid myself in the woods. He almost instantly came out of the woods, crossed my field again, and went on. He soon came back. He stopped. I hid myself. He then grounded arms, and leaned with his left hand on his gun. I said to myself, 'I want to know who you are and where you are going.' I put my basket of potatoes on the ground and crossed his path, following the brook, looking first on one side and then on the other, to see what had become of the man I was looking after. I soon saw him standing some five or six paces in front of me. How he came there I can not imagine. He began to walk again, and jumped over the brook. I distinctly recognized him, and I even said to myself: 'You are a fool for having walked so far to see him again. It is nobody but him.' I was not mistaken. He did not see me. I saw him distinctly. His face, his lips especially, were swollen as with the smallpox. I had plenty of time to see who he was—to see that he was Jacques Besson and nobody else."

Another witness was Marguerite Maurin. She was an aunt of Arzac, a shepherd, of whom more presently.

The presiding judge (after she had been sworn) said to her, "Come, Marguerite, tell us what you know."

Marguerite. "I have nothing to say except that I have come near being poisoned by my nephew and by him" (she gave a furtive glance at Jacques Besson). "Maybe I am wrong to say that, but I have found poison in my nephew's pockets thirteen times." (She wept.) "Yes, sir, thirteen times. That was hard for me who have brought him up, who have always treated him with kindness, who have never failed to press him to tell the truth, nothing but the truth—"

Judge (interrupting). "Did not Arzac show you a cup in which there was poison?"

Marguerite. "One day I found in his pocket a cup covered with a small card. There was some white powder in it. As I lifted it to my mouth, Arzac stopped me, saying: 'Oh, don't put that in your mouth; you will poison yourself if you do. It is a powder given me to throw into M. de Marcellange's soup.'"

M. Rouher (Jacques Besson's defender). "This is the first time you have mentioned any such thing."

Marguerite. "You are right; but it was heavy on my conscience and I spoke about it to my confessor and he urged me to tell it." (Sensation in court.)

Judge. "Did Arzac tell you who was the person who gave him the powder?"

Marguerite. "Yes, sir. Madame de Marcellange gave it to Besson, and Besson gave it to my nephew."

Judge. "Didn't your nephew give you the chain of M. de Marcellange's dog the day after the murder?"

Marguerite. "No; I found it in one of his pockets. I did not then know that M. de Marcellange had been shot, and so did not think anything about it. I said to Arzac, 'Give me that chain, it would be an excellent halter for our goat'; but he refused to give it to me, and four days afterward came and took it away lest my husband should have given it up."

Judge. "Did you not find balls, too, in your nephew's pockets?"

Marguerite. "Yes, sir. As he never goes hunting, I asked what he wanted them for. He made no reply at first, but, as I pressed him, he at last exclaimed, 'Well, it was with balls like those that M. de Marcellange was killed.'"

M. Rouher. "These are details which have never been mentioned before."

Judge. "But you know perfectly well that she makes these revelations now only because her confessor has exhorted her to tell the truth."

M. Rouher. "She is crazy."

Prosecuting Attorney. "We can no longer allow the imputation of insanity to be laid on this witness. Her evidence is too important. We have had inquiry made, and every witness has declared that she has as sound sense as anybody. I am convinced (as I have already said) that this witness tells the truth, though maybe she does not tell the whole truth, and—"

Marguerite (interrupting abruptly the prosecuting attorney). "Well! No!—no!—no! I have not told the whole truth! But I'm going to tell it now!" (Breathless silence in court.)

Prosecuting Attorney (with earnest solemnity). "Marguerite Maurin, in the name of our Saviour, whose image on the cross is before you, I adjure you to tell us all you know—to speak the whole truth! Fear naught! Justice and all good people are with you!" (Intense excitement in the court-room. The jurors stood up to hear better the coming evidence. Jacques Besson himself was unable to hide evidence of his anxiety. You might have heard a pin drop, so breathless was the silence.)

Marguerite. "No!—no! I have not yet told the whole truth! I tell it now! When Jacques Besson went to kill M. de Marcellange (I am now repeating what my nephew told me), he, Jacques Besson, went to Arzac's fold, where he knew he would find my nephew keeping sheep, and he aimed his musket at him, putting its muzzle to

his breast, and swore he would kill him unless Arzac went with him to hold the watch-dog. When they reached Château de Chamblas, Arzac held the dog, which knew him. Besson wanted him to shoot at M. de Marcellange, but Arzac replied that he did not know how to take aim, and thereupon Besson fired."

Judge. "Who told you that?"

Marguerite. "Who told me that? Great Heavens! I had it from the mouth of my own nephew—Arzac told me that. I should never have told you all that, but, at the last jubilee, I told my confessor that I had revealed everything except one. He told me to reveal it, and I have done so. I have told you all I know." (She fetched a deep-drawn sigh, as if she breathed more freely now that her conscience was relieved of the load which had oppressed it.)

Arzac the shepherd was a man about twenty-four years old. He passed for a simpleton in the neighborhood. He was, however, no fool. He had no timidity about him, and, during his innumerable examinations by the magistrate, the latter found it impossible to get anything out of him. The magistrate tried to intimidate him by menaces, whereupon he pretended to be frightened almost to death, and sobbed as if his last hour was at hand. Then the magistrate tried to tempt him to disclose what he knew by promising him a great deal of money if he gave satisfaction; thereupon he pretended to be half frantic with delight, and capered up and down the magistrate's chamber to the great embarrassment of the official, who felt very foolish, as he was satisfied Arzac was laughing in his sleeve at the law and its officers. Whenever a question was put him, he would wink and giggle, and, when he answered, it would be some droll reply of this sort: "Arzac, what were you doing the night the murder was committed?" "Judge, I was doing just what you were doing then." The magistrate was at first inclined to arrest Arzac and keep him in prison till the trial, but, upon reflection, he thought it more judicious to give him liberty and to keep watch on what he did and said. At the first trial of Besson, this witness was of course called, and his testimony was so evidently false that he was arrested on the spot for perjury. The Court hoped to intimidate him by this measure, and make him retract and confess the truth which, beyond peradventure, he was in possession of. The Court's expectations were disappointed. Arzac stuck to his first story—namely, that he knew nothing of the circumstances of the crime. He was tried in the summary manner familiar to French courts (to their disgrace), convicted, and sentenced to ten years of imprisonment in the penitentiary.

He nevertheless was brought up as a witness on each trial. On his last appearance on the witness-stand he came into court between two constables. He was a blonde, and his hair fell down over his forehead to his eyes, as is the fashion in Auvergne. He had a long, thin, sharp nose; thin, compressed lips; his complexion was pale; his eyes restless and cunning. He wore his Sunday clothes. He bowed to the Court and jury, grinning as he made his obeisance. His examination at once began.

Judge. "How old are you?"

Arzac. "Four-and-twenty years old."

Judge. "What was your occupation?"

Arzac. "Shepherd."

Judge. "Where did you live?"

Arzac. "Sometimes here, then there, just as shepherds do, you know." (Here Arzac ceased to speak in French, and in the dialect of Auvergne he declared himself to be ignorant of the former tongue and able to reply only in his native dialect.)

The lawyer of the De Marcellange family.

"The witness has always spoken French."

Arzac (speaking in dialect). "Eh! *Mon Dieu!* Not a bit of it. I don't know a single word of French."

Prosecuting Attorney. "You seek to deceive the Court. I visited you in jail. I spoke to you in dialect, you replied in French; you talked to me in French for at least a quarter of an hour."

Arzac (vivaciously and in excellent French). "A quarter of an hour! You did not stay ten minutes with me!"

Judge. "You are talking French now. Come, answer in French. Did you tell your aunt that Besson came to your sheepfold the night of the 1st of September?"

Arzac. "No."

Judge. "Did you tell your aunt that Besson put the muzzle of his gun on your breast to frighten you into obedience and so forced you to go with him to Château de Chamblas?"

Arzac. "No."

Judge. "But didn't you go with him to Château de Chamblas?"

Arzac. "No."

Judge. "Didn't you hold the dog while Besson fired the fatal shot?"

Arzac. "No—you may be sure I didn't."

Judge. "Did not Besson at first try to make you shoot?"

Arzac. "No."

Judge. "Did not you tell him to fire the shot himself, as you did not know how to take aim?"

Arzac. "No! no! I never said any such thing."

Judge. "How did it happen that you had in

your possession the chain of the watch-dog of Château de Chamblas?"

Arzac. "I found it near my fold and I picked it up." (Addressing the prosecuting attorney:) "You would have done the same thing, my fine gentleman, whom I have not the honor to know. I was walking around my fold. I saw the chain at my feet." (Getting excited.) "I did not want to pick it up. But I was sorry I did not, so I went back and did pick it up, and it has been the curse of me." (He took up the chain and threw it violently on the table where lay the gun and other material evidence.) "There it is! There is that chain! There it is! *Pardine!* is it not a handsome piece of jewelry?"

The lawyer of the De Marcellange family. "Arzac, did you not ask Madame de Marcellange not to prosecute you for having taken some wood from her forest?"

Arzac. "Yes, I did, and she promised she would not have me prosecuted."

The lawyer of the De Marcellange family. "Did she offer you any reward?"

Arzac. "All she said was that I must not lie as Aunt Maurin has done, but must tell the truth."

Prosecuting Attorney. "Arzac, reflect maturely on your situation. Above a hundred witnesses have given evidence against you, and it is now clear that you are bearing false witness in this cause. Although you have already been sentenced to the penitentiary for a long term of years, you would greatly deceive yourself were you to fancy that you have nothing else to fear but that prolonged captivity. I warn you that, maybe, you are at this moment menaced with a still graver and a still more terrible punishment. *Arzac*, I exhort you to tell the Court and jury the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, about the incidents of that evening of the 1st of September, when M. de Marcellange was murdered. No human being entertains any sort of doubt that you were an eye-witness of everything that then took place. *Arzac*, rest assured that, if I tell you that no human being has any doubt on this subject, I speak advisedly, deliberately. I am convinced that you took an active part in all the incidents of that fatal night—that you helped Jacques Besson to commit that murder—that you held and kept quiet the watch-dog that knew you, and whose bark might have raised the alarm, put the inmates of Château de Chamblas on their guard, and perhaps have prevented the perpetration of the assassination. *Arzac*, I conjure you in God's name, tell us the truth!"

Arzac (coldly). "The truth is, I no more held the watch-dog than you hold him now."

Prosecuting Attorney. "You know that is false."

Arzac (becoming more and more excited as he speaks). "False? 'Tis not false! 'Tis true! I have told you the truth from the beginning—nothing but the truth. Good Heavens! When will there be on earth the same measure of justice for all men? I have confessed my faults—and what faults were they? Yes, I have done what everybody around me did. 'Twas tittle-tattle everywhere. Everybody babbled and jabbered and tattled. One said this, t'other knew that. Well, I did as everybody else was doing. I jabbered away in my turn. That's all I did. And when I confessed I had done so—bang! I was sentenced to the penitentiary for ten years—for ten years, God Almighty! When will there be on earth the same justice for us all—for poor folks as well as for the rich?"

Judge. "To which rich do you allude?"

Arzac (raising his voice to its highest pitch). "I speak of the rich whom you have seen in this witness-box, whom you have heard bear false witness, whom you have heard tell a different story from other witnesses, but you have not arrested them—you have not imprisoned them; while I, poverty-stricken—I, I who have not one friend on earth, I have been sentenced to the penitentiary for ten years—for ten years! Do you hear that, Judge? Well, these ten years of penitentiary life I shall bear, without one murmur. Ah! Good Heavens! what is a beggar like me? of what account am I? who cares for me? But, Judge, beggar as I am, I have a poor old father! Poverty-stricken, of no account though I be, Judge, I have a poor old mother! When they be bedridden, when they be too old to work, who will help them, who will give them bread, when I am within the walls of the penitentiary? My sentence I shall bear, though my heart be full to bursting. But my poor father—you saw him here yesterday sobbing like a child—who will help him when I am in jail? When people said to me, who know nothing about what I had sworn, 'You are a criminal, a scoundrel, you have committed perjury in court,' I did not hesitate to confess, 'Tis true I have gabbled, I have talked like a woman. I have done as everybody else did, because I heard everybody around me chattering like a flock of magpies.' And when I had in this way made a clean breast of it, I said to myself, 'I know justice will take good care of me.' And it has sentenced me to the penitentiary for ten years—that's the justice meted out to the poor man! Now I am annoyed about something else. It is no longer what I have said, but it is that chain. I am threatened with the guillotine because I picked up that chain near my fold, without thinking it of any importance. I picked up that chain as the prosecuting attorney would

have picked up a *louis d'or*. He would not stoop to pick up a good-for-nothing piece of iron, but I would, for no piece of iron is good for nothing to me."

Prosecuting Attorney. "This scandalous scene has lasted too long; these perjuries upon perjuries in a court of justice are disgraceful.—Arzac, you refuse to hearken to my exhortations? Return, then, to your seat."

Arzac (in a still louder and still more sonorous voice). "No! I must repeat it once more before my silence of ten years begins! The same measure of justice is not meted out to rich and to poor alike; for here am I, who know nothing, and I am sentenced to the penitentiary because I know nothing! Very well! Do just as you please! Punish me! Imprison me! Condemn me! Do it at once! Do your worst! But you will not wring one word from me, because he who knows nothing can say nothing!"

Prosecuting Attorney (to the Judge). "Really, this scandalous scene must end!"

Arzac. "See here, Judge, listen to the prayer of a poor, friendless wretch; do one thing—"

Here a constable seized Arzac by the collar, jerked him around, and was dragging him out of the witness-box to his seat, when the Judge said, with great warmth:

"Constable, let the man go on with what he was saying."

Arzac. "Thank you, Judge; I thank you from the bottom of my heart. I was saying all I asked (and this I besought you to do) was to get all the evidence before the Court, to hunt out carefully my aunt's 'roots,' to make inquiry into everything concerning my aunt; to hunt out carefully my 'roots,' to make inquiry into everything concerning me. You then will find out who I am, what I am. You will see whether I be an evil-disposed person. You will compare my position and my aunt's. Although I am not very familiar with French, I distinctly heard the lawyer of the Marcellange family say: 'That Arzac does not know how to defend himself. Look at that Arzac! Look at that Arzac, pale, trembling, confounded! See how he trembles! See how visible his crime is on his countenance!' And all this time I was sitting yonder just as quiet, just as calm, as quiet and calm as could be, all wretched though I was. I trembled then as I tremble now, and just look, I beg it of you, just look and see how I tremble now; 'tis wonderful how I am trembling." (The constable went up to Arzac.) "For mercy's sake let me say one word more! Oh, if I did but know how to reach you! But I can't. I feel all I want to say here" (laying his hand on his breast), "but I can't get it out! O me! O me! O me! For mercy's sake mete out such justice to me, poor,

friendless beggar though I be, as ye mete out to other folks. Ah, no! no! There can't be four or five different sorts of justice for the different ranks of men. Give me common justice. Reflect a little on my cruel fate. For God's sake show me some little kindness! If I no longer entreat it for the sake of a poor, friendless beggar, under sentence of ten years' imprisonment in the penitentiary, grant my prayer for my family's sake, my poor, honest family's sake; for my poor father's sake, for my poor mother's sake, for the sake of that poor man and woman who pour out in tears for me every drop of water in their bodies, who weep all day long, who sob all night long, for their son, their only child, now dishonored, a convict in the penitentiary! Were you to root out my eyes, were you to chop off my hands, I could not tell you one word more than I have done, for I know nothing, absolutely nothing more. Judge, believe me, my aunt is crazy. I tell you she is. Pity her, but pity me even more than you do her, for earth holds no unhappier human being! Do not lead me to slaughter like a poor, innocent lamb."

It is impossible to convey even a faint idea of the force, dramatic power, and eloquence of this poor shepherd transfigured by despair. As the tide of thoughts flooded his mind, his coarse gestures became graceful and effective; his voice grew more and more sonorous, till it rang like some clarion in the court-house, and made his lamentable appeals still more touching and dramatic. A deep impression was made on bench, bar, and audience. It was for some minutes found impossible to proceed with the trial.

Several other witnesses were examined. The lawyers spoke. The Judge summed up the evidence and charged the jury, who forthwith retired, were absent five-and-twenty minutes, and then returned with their verdict. There was breathless silence. It was "Guilty." The Judge passed sentence of death. Jacques Besson was scarcely able to raise his head. His eyes were haggard, and seemed almost ready to pop out of their sockets. When he rose to return to prison, his legs refused to do their office. It became necessary to carry him out. I have described Jacques Besson's conduct in jail after his first and second trial. His behavior entirely changed after his third conviction. He refused for some time to take out an appeal. He seemed resigned to his doom. When some fellow prisoners suggested that sentence might be commuted, he sadly answered: "There is no hope of that; it will be executed as it has been passed." In a neighboring cell were two prisoners sentenced to the hulks, who said to him: "You are a lucky fellow. I'd ten times rather be sentenced to the guillotine than to the hulks. The judges sen-

tenced me to them, all innocent though I was. I protest against the judges' injustice." Jacques Besson stoically said: "Oh, there is no use protesting; all is in vain when once sentence has been passed." Cardinal de Bonald, Archbishop of Lyons, could not bear to think that Jacques Besson should go to the scaffold scoffing and scorning the assistance of religion, and pressed and pressed the jail chaplain to win the condemned man to a creditable bearing. The chaplain had to confess that all his labor was lost. Thereupon the Cardinal (he had not grown gray under the cassock without acquiring a deep knowledge of human nature) ordered the curé of Martouret to go to Jacques Besson and exert his utmost to reclaim the unhappy man.

Jacques Besson was born at Martouret. This curé had baptized him, administered his first communion to him, and had been associated with all his earlier life. The day the curé appeared in the jail Jacques Besson had, contrary to his wont, flown into a paroxysm of rage, and had become so ungovernable that it had become necessary to chain his legs. When the curé entered his cell the condemned man was in a state of nervous exhaustion sequent to the morning's excitement, and he was wrapped in despairing thoughts. His eyes brightened when he saw the familiar face which conjured up home, childhood, boyhood, happy days. The curé spoke kindly to him, expressed sympathy for his hard fate, consoled him, cheered him. The transformation was immediate. The raging lion became the gentle lamb. The chain had been wrapped around Jacques Besson's boots. The curé took off the chain and the boots, and put on the prisoner his own comfortable, large, easy shoes. The convict fell into his arms and kissed him. After this visit Jacques Besson's conduct gave no ground of complaint; even when the dreadful tidings that his appeal had been rejected, and that no earthly hope remained to him, were conveyed to him, he did not fly into the anger of despair, but buried his face in his hands and sobbed like a child. His anguish wrung from him this shriek, "Oh, if they did but know!" It was at once communicated to the prosecuting attorney, who hastened to the prison to get from him a confession. The instant Jacques Besson saw the prosecuting attorney he flew into a violent frenzy, and literally gnashed his teeth and foamed with rage. The prosecuting attorney waited patiently until the first burst of passion had spent itself and nervous exhaustion had followed the intense excitement, and then told the condemned man that, if he would make full confession, his life should be spared. The prisoner's eyes kindled with hope (as well they might) at this offer of life under

the very guillotine's uplifted knife. Then he remained pensive for a moment, and at last replied: "What is the use of my speaking? 'Twould be to throw many people into embarrassment! Let me die in peace!" Evidently there was no hope of getting anything from him, and the prosecuting attorney withdrew. Jacques Besson became almost buoyant in spirits after this last sacrifice was made, and he said to the curé of Martouret, who continued to exhort him to practice the Christian virtues, "What tries me is not so much the idea of my death, for 'tis just as well to end life now, but 'tis the thought of that terrible journey which will seem eternal." He alluded to the journey from Lyons, where he was imprisoned, to Le Puy, where the Court had ordered the execution to take place.

He quitted Lyons on the 27th of March in a post-chaise. He was heavily ironed, and guarded by four constables. His calmness and dignified bearing did not desert him until the long journey reached its close. The curé of Martouret accompanied him, and he talked to the venerable clergyman of old times, of his widowed, aged mother, of his brothers, and of the shame and sorrow his felon's death was going to bring on all of them. He did not once speak of Madame de Chambas or of Madame de Marcelange; he did not so much as ask what had become of them. Martouret is near Le Puy. The road from Lyons to Le Puy passes through it. Jacques Besson saw from the post-chaise windows that the peasants were getting ready for a holiday, the festival to be held the next day at Puy—his execution. His brow grew clouded, his countenance fell, his tongue was still. As houses, trees, hedges, brooks, paths, and many other witnesses of his happier years appeared, and recalled those careless, contented hours, so different from his present anguish, his lacerated heart dissolved first into silent tears, and then into sobs. All that night long he frantically strode up and down the cell of prisoners under sentence of death, shrieking fearfully; or he sat on a chair and convulsively sobbed. The good curé of Martouret kept this distressing vigil with him, but the priest could only weep, for the doomed man was too entirely engrossed by the agony of despair for Religion's voice to find entrance to head or heart. The roar of the rushing tide of human beings pouring into Le Puy to witness the execution heralded to the doomed prisoner the approaching dawn. There never before was seen such a crowd in Le Puy. Every street, every door, every window, every roof, even every chimney, from the prison to the place of execution, were chock-full of people. The weird requiem which penetrated the prison walls sobered Jacques Besson. He was calm—true, the calm-

ness of despair, but still calmness—again. As the clock struck eight, the jail's portal opened. Jacques Besson, his hands lashed behind him, his feet gyved, appeared. The priest was at his side. Constables were before him. The executions followed. Then came constables again. Confinement had bleached his cheeks to wax, and they seemed twice as pallid again from his raven-black hair and beard, which no razor had touched for months. His black eyes blazed with feverish excitement. Otherwise he was calm, looking more like some sleep-walker than a convict on his way to the scaffold. Evidently his thoughts were wandering far away from present circumstances; he was thinking of *her* for whom he was dying, for whose sake he had kept silence, when speech would purchase life. He died without a word, without a struggle. His family did not ask for his body, so it was buried in an obscure corner of Le Puy Cemetery.

The excitement produced in some social circles by the "Beecher Trial" gives but a faint idea of the excitement kindled from one end of France to the other by the many incidents of this long criminal prosecution. There was the intensest curiosity to know whether Jacques Besson had made a confession, and what he had said. When it was found that he had been faithful to death, and that life's extremity had been uncheered by them for whom he had resigned it, public indignation against Madame de Chamblas and Madame de Marcellange knew no bounds. Luckily for themselves, they had been advised to fly France before the verdict of the Lyons jury was returned; so when the legal officers, under pressure of public opinion, issued warrants for their arrest to answer the charge of perjury, they could nowhere be found. They had fled to the island of Sardinia, taking Marie Bourdon with them. Cardinal de Bonald, Archbishop of Lyons, had given them letters of introduction to the ecclesiastical authorities of the island to secure them complete protection and assistance if they should require them. They took a villa in one of the most secluded hamlets of that wild, unvisited island, and there they remained until 1854, when Madame de Chamblas died. She was buried with great pomp.

Arzac, the shepherd, died in the penitentiary at Clermont in 1845. When he saw that his last hour was at hand, he sent for the governor of the prison and assured him that he, Arzac, had fired the fatal shot, with a musket which Besson had brought from Puy, while Besson had held the watch-dog. Nobody has ever attached the slightest credit to these asseverations. It was notorious that the watch-dog did not know Besson. When MM. Rouher and Lachaud are questioned about this criminal trial, in which

they bore so active a part, they say that Besson was unquestionably guilty.

Shortly after Madame de Chamblas and Madame de Marcellange had made Sardinia their home, they sold Château de Chamblas and their mansion in Puy. The deeds were executed in their names by a friend clothed with their powers of attorney. In 1855 Madame de Marcellange and Marie Bourdon returned to France. The former assumed the name of Madame de la Roche. They lived together in Rue d'Assas, near the corner of Rue Carnot, until Madame de Marcellange's death in 1868. After her death, four thousand one hundred and twenty-five envelopes were found scattered in every drawer, on every shelf of her lodgings; each envelope contained some money. It turned out that during the last years of her life she was in the habit, whenever she changed a bank-note or a gold coin, of putting away all the small change under five francs which she had received; thirty thousand francs were found distributed in these envelopes.

Marie Bourdon is still alive. Madame de Marcellange bequeathed her an annuity of twenty-five hundred francs a year. She occupies lodgings in Rue d'Assas, near her mistress's old home. She spends most of her time in St.-Sulpice's Church. In summer she may almost every fair evening be seen, after the church closes, sitting on a bench in the Luxembourg Garden, where she remains until the gates are shut.

One morning during the very severe frost of January, 1875, my attention was attracted by what seemed to me to be a bundle of rags on one of the benches. I did not dream it possible that any human being could be sitting out of doors in such weather. It was bitterly cold, so cold that not one of the garden policemen could be seen. I went up to see what was on the bench. I walked toward the east. The bench fronted the south. I presently discovered the object to be a person wrapped in one of those immense cloaks with long double capes, such as country wagoners wear. The head-dress (a wadded cloth bonnet or hood, with a long cloth curtain) revealed the person to be a woman. She sat bolt upright, stiff and motionless as a statue, her face kept straight to the south; and yet her eyes were fixed on me, and not one thing I did was unobserved. She reminded me of the alligators in the Reptiles' Palace of the Oriental tale, that, as they lie log-like on the sand of their basin, follow with their eyes visitors, no matter where they may go. When I got nearer, I recognized Marie Bourdon.

When the approaching German armies drove in September, 1870, all the neighboring villagers

into Paris, among the painful sights of those days, one especially photographed itself indelibly on my memory. A man and a woman—evidently husband and wife—sat on the seat of a small one-horse cart, which was filled with household and kitchen furniture, a coop of chickens, a basket of rabbits, some oats, and a good deal of hay. Neither man nor woman spoke, nor looked right or left. I had read of people wringing their hands, but I had never before seen it—if, indeed, the writhing of that woman's hands was wringing. The expression of her face would

have been absolute despair, but for the grief pictured there. Marie Bourdon's face has taught me that where there is grief there is hope. I had thought that peasant woman's face the picture of absolute despair until I saw Marie Bourdon's, which has not a trace of grief. Its expression is the utmost weariness of the utmost despair; it says, "I have long been familiar with the worst horrors and fear nothing now," and with all there is a stupor, a daze, which shows how stunning the blows have been. Religion has no consolations for her.

J. D. OSBORNE.

DR. JOHNSON: HIS BIOGRAPHERS AND CRITICS.*

THE publication of the various works specified at the foot of this page marks a revival of the interest taken by literary men in Boswell's inimitable work; or perhaps it would be more correct to say that it marks the extension of that interest among the world at large. This is the result of the love of literature which has of late years spread so widely, and yearly continues to extend. With this love of literature is naturally associated an interest in literary history, which Warburton pronounced to be the "most agreeable subject in the world." Among the great works of literary history "Boswell's Johnson" by common consent stands preëminent; and therefore its readers increase and multiply, and will continue so to do. Peter Pindar's prophecy as to the future of Boswell's work has received a fulfillment which its writer probably little thought of when he penned these lines:

O Boswell, Bozzy, Bruce, whate'er thy name,
Thou mighty shark for anecdote and fame.

Triumphant, thou through Time's vast gulf shalt sail,

The pilot of our literary whale.

Thou, curious scrapmonger, shalt live in song
When death has stilled the rattle of thy tongue.

* 1. Routledge's Standard Library. *The Life of Samuel Johnson*, L.L. D. By James Boswell. A new edition, elucidated by copious notes.

2. *Life and Conversations of Dr. Samuel Johnson*. (Founded chiefly upon Boswell.) By Alexander Main. With a Preface by George Henry Lewes. London, 1878.

3. *English Men of Letters*. Edited by John Morley. Samuel Johnson. By Leslie Stephen. London, 1878.

4. *Dr. Johnson: His Friends and His Critics*. By George Birkbeck Hill, D. C. L., Pembroke College, Oxford. London, 1878.

5. *The Six Chief Lives from "Johnson's Lives of the Poets," with Macaulay's "Life of Johnson."* Edited, with a Preface, by Matthew Arnold. London, 1878.

Even future babes to lisp thy name shalt learn,
And Bozzy join with Wood and Tommy Hearn,
Who drove the spiders from much prose and rhyme,
And snatched old stories from the jaws of Time.
What tasteless mouth can gape, what eye can close,
What head can nod o'er thy enlivening prose.

Yes! whilst the Rambler shall a comet blaze,
And gild a world of darkness with his rays,
Thee, too, that world with wonderment shall hail,
A lively, bouncing cracker at his tail.

In fact, it is the cracker which keeps the memory of the comet alive. But the other part of the prophecy is fulfilled; in illustration of which we may mention that the free public libraries of the city of Manchester contain sixteen or seventeen copies of the *Life*, and that it is one of the most popular biographical books in their collections. The Rusholme branch has two four-volume editions; one has been out forty-five times and the other about eighty times in the twelve years since the branch opened. The branch also contains eight one-volume editions. The smaller one (Routledge's, the standard edition) has been out fifty-three times in the last five years, and the two larger ones about seventy times each during the same period. No other book of the same class and age we confidently assert has at this time so many readers. Boswell's "Journal of the Tour to the Hebrides" is also read, but by no means so extensively as the *Life*. It is not only the increased and increasing love of and interest in literature which distinguish this age. They are accompanied by a disposition to review, to modify, and even to reverse the judgments of former generations on the men of former times. Of this disposition Rénan's attempt to whitewash Judas Iscariot is a noteworthy example; and the case of Johnson himself is another.

In former days the general, though not universal, opinion of him was, that he was a man of gloomy and savage temper, whose habits in society were coarse, ferocious, and tyrannical. But the literary world is now suffering from an epidemic attack of what Macaulay called the "lues Boswelliana," or the disease of admiration—the object of admiration being no other person than Boswell's idol, Samuel Johnson. The works referred to at the beginning of this paper furnish illustrations of both these states of the public mind. The editor of the Standard Library edition of the *Life* endeavors to "recommend it by its unparalleled cheapness, and by the more sterling quality of careful and judicious annotation, to many thousands who have not hitherto had an opportunity of becoming familiar with the work." The second of the works mentioned was ushered into the world under the sponsorship of the late George Henry Lewes, who in his preface says:

"Boswell's Johnson" is for me a sort of textbook: according to a man's judgment of it I am apt to form my judgment of him. It may not always be a very good test, but it is never a bad one. In spite, however, of its great reputation, the book is less read nowadays than its admirers imagine; and I have often been surprised to find how many cultivated men and women, who would assuredly be able to do it full justice, were satisfied with *second-hand* knowledge of it, simply because they had allowed the idle trash of the hour to come between them and it, preferring to read what every one is reading to-day, and no one will read to-morrow. This neglect of a work which has delighted generations, and will continue to delight posterity, is partly due to the mental enervation produced by a constantly increasing solicitation of the attention to new works, mostly of the mushroom type, springing up in a night to disappear in a day, and partly to the fact that "Boswell's Life," besides its own defects resulting from the author's deficiencies, has the impersonal defect of belonging to a period of literary culture in many respects unlike, and even opposed to, our own; so that what in his day would pass for literary graces in our day pass as artificial flowers, and those faded. Many passages which had their interest then are now remorselessly skipped. The size of the work is also an obstacle to its acceptance. Readers so tolerant of trash in the language of to-day yawn over the *langueurs* and *longueurs* tolerated by our fathers. Even the staunchest admirer of "Boswell's Life" must admit that it is three times as long as it need be.

Such being his views, Mr. Lewes further tells us that the idea occurred to him

several years ago (in 1855 or '56) that it would be a feasible scheme to detach from these volumes all that gave them a perennial interest, and compress it into a single volume, without sacrificing anything but the thin soup of Boswellian narrative and comment in

which the solid meat of Johnson was dished up. But on reflection this scheme of an abridgment of Boswell appeared less and less attractive. General experience has declared that abridgments are rarely successful.

The scheme of abridgment was therefore abandoned, but

the original suggestion which prompted it recurred from time to time under various aspects, and at length shaped itself into the scheme of a new "Life of Johnson" founded on Boswell, but entirely rewritten. As a collection of data, Boswell's narrative could be gratefully used; and his inimitable reports of the conversations, stripped of their superfluous garnish, might be preserved. The four volumes of the original might thus be essentially reproduced in one.

The pressure of other pursuits prevented Mr. Lewes even beginning so bold an exploit as rewriting the life of Johnson—an exploit which irresistibly reminds one of a trite quotation referring to angels and another class of beings—he therefore suggested to Mr. Main that he should attempt it. Mr. Main, not having before his eyes the fear lest the quotation we refer to should be found applicable to him, "at once saw it to be feasible, and the work now before us was executed entirely by him," with no more help from Mr. Lewes than "the brief explanation of his notion, conveyed in a single letter." The whole merit of the work, therefore (says Mr. Lewes), must be given to Mr. Main.

The compiling of this book was evidently a labor of love to Mr. Main, but as to its merits we can say little. How it is distinguishable from an abridgment of Boswell we can not tell. Our opinion of abridgments is that of Mr. Lewes, and, in fact, the readers of this book will only have that second-hand knowledge of Boswell's life which Mr. Lewes deprecates. "The solid meat of Johnson is taken out of the thin soup of Boswellian narrative and comment" to be redished up in the far thinner soup of the narrative and comment of Mr. Main. In whatever respects Boswell was deficient as a biographer—in the same respects, and to a far greater degree and extent, Mr. Main is deficient also—we apply to his book what Lord Macaulay said of Croker's edition of Boswell:

We love, we own, to read the great productions of the human mind as they were written. We have this feeling even about scientific treatises; though we know that the sciences are always in a state of progression, and that the alterations made by a modern editor in an old book on any branch of natural or political philosophy are likely to be improvements. . . . But in works which owe much of their interest to the character and situation of the writers the case is infinitely stronger.

After supporting that proposition with his usual wealth of illustration, he continues :

With Boswell's book the case is stronger. There is scarcely in the whole compass of literature a book which bears interpolation [we venture to add omission or compression] so ill. We know no production of the human mind which has so much of the race, so much of the peculiar flavor of the soil from which it sprang. The work could never have been written if the writer had not been precisely what he was. His character is displayed in every page ; and this display of character gives a delightful interest to many passages which have no other interest.

Mr. Leslie Stephen, whose short memoir can hardly be called anything but an abridgment of Boswell, if indeed it be not more accurate to call it a dilution, and who, therefore, speaks from experience, agrees with Lord Macaulay :

"It is easy enough," says Mr. Stephen, "to make a selection of the gems of Boswell's narrative, but it is also inevitable that, taken from their setting, they should lose the greater part of their brilliance. We lose all the quaint, semi-conscious touches of character which make the original so fascinating ; and Boswell's absurdities become less amusing when we are able to forget for an instant that the perpetrator is also the narrator."

We dissent from Mr. Lewes's dogma that "even the stanchest admirer of Boswell's life must admit that it is three times as long as need be," and we venture to affirm that the class of readers to whom he refers, whose minds are enervated by the perusal of the trash of the day, supposing they can be interested in Johnson at all, will be more than satisfied with what they can learn of him from Lord Macaulay's brief memoir, or the rather fuller but far inferior one by Mr. Leslie Stephen. Mr. Main suffers from the "Lues Boswelliana" far more even than Boswell himself. That this is so may be proved by opening the book at random. Thus a letter to Langton of no great interest and showing no remarkable ability is called "magnificent, sunshiny, witty, brilliant even, in the Doctor's very finest style." Johnson is described "as a strong man, and no sentimentalist ; a broad man, and no bigot ; a religious man, and no fanatic." Yet this broad man and no bigot could not be induced when in Scotland to enter a Presbyterian place of worship, and maintained the right of the state to put down dissent by force, and apparently would have revived the old penal laws against Unitarians. Johnson applied to Smollett to use his influence with Wilkes, the object of Johnson's special aversion, to obtain the discharge from the navy of Johnson's negro servant Frank, who was discharged accordingly,

"without any wish of his own." This is called by Mr. Main "one of the most characteristic and beautiful and touching incidents in Johnson's career."

Again, Johnson, being asked whether it was reasonable for a man to be angry at another man whom a woman had preferred before him, made this commonplace reply : "I do not see, sir, that it is reasonable for a man to be angry at another whom a woman has preferred to him : but angry he is, no doubt ; and he is loath to be angry at himself." "*That last clause*," says Mr. Main, "*is exquisite*." Johnson is about to visit Paris with the Thrales, whereupon Mr. Main breaks out into this rhapsody : "Nothing puts this man about—he who is master of his own soul finds himself at home in every country, and is not set gaping in wide-mouthed wonder by the sight of every new face." As to not being put about we will quote one worshiper of Johnson against another. Madame d'Arblay tells us that on one occasion at Streatham some one presumed to dissent from Johnson's opinion on a purely literary question. This so put him about that his female adorer notes in her diary that she was really quite grieved to see how unamiable he appeared and how greatly he made himself dreaded by all, and by many abhorred, and, after giving a summary of the dispute, she adds, "the various contemptuous sarcasms intermixed would fill, and very unpleasantly, a quire." As to the remainder of Mr. Main's bombastic effusion, it is equally true of thousands of men, women, and even children. Writing to Levett, from Paris, Johnson says, "I ran a race in the rain this day, and beat Baretti." "That race," says Mr. Main, "is worth half a dozen Ramblers." We hope our readers may apprehend the meaning of this dictum ; we confess that it passes our understanding. On a journey, Boswell notes that at Leicester they read "in the newspapers that Dr. James was dead," and that Johnson, to Boswell's surprise, only said, "Ah, poor Jamy !" whereupon Mr. Main bursts forth : "Shall we never come to believe that bitter tears have been shed though no handkerchief was seen at the eyes, that many a heavy hurt has been received though no one heard a cry ? There can go much feeling into three little words, 'Ah, poor Jamy !'" Toward the end of this same journey, Boswell remarked : "Sir, you observed one day, at General Oglethorpe's, that a man is never happy for the present, but when he is drunk. Will you not add, 'or when driving in a post-chaise' ?" Johnson : "No, sir, you are drawing rapidly from something or to something." This Mr. Main calls a "profound deliverance, and a fitting prelude to our traveler's arrival in London—'safe, sound, and happy.'"

Yet on another occasion Johnson said to Boswell, while driving in a post-chaise, "Life has not many things better than this." And Mr. Main prints another "deliverance" on the same subject. "If," said Johnson, "I had no duties and no reference to futurity, I would spend my life in driving briskly in a post-chaise with a pretty woman; but she should be one who could understand me and would add something to the conversation." The truism which Mr. Main calls a "profound deliverance" was an instance of Johnson's habit of contradicting any opinion expressed by another person, though on some other occasion Johnson might have expressed the same opinion, and even to the same man.

It is well that Johnson can not be aware that his latest biographer describes him as arriving in London "happy," or he would give him an instance of another of his habits, proof of which may be found in Boswell *passim*. It is thus tersely described by Peter Pindar:

Did any one that he was happy cry,
Johnson would tell him plumply, 'twas a lie.

On one occasion Johnson said to Adam Smith, "You lie." Smith not unnaturally retorted, "You are a son of a ——" "On such terms," says Sir Walter Scott, who has preserved this story, "did these two great moralists meet and part, and such was the classical dialogue between these two great teachers of morality." If Johnson had met more men like Smith, he would have learned how to govern his tongue better. On the subject of happiness Mr. Main gives another instance of Johnson's contradicting himself for the sake of contradicting other people. During a visit to the Pantheon, Boswell said, "I doubt, sir, whether there are many happy people here." Johnson: "Yes, sir, there are many happy people here. There are many people here who are watching hundreds, and who think hundreds are watching them."

The same page that records Johnson's theory of life, contains another of Mr. Main's puerilities. "What had our dear Doctor not observed with those quick, short-sighted eyes of his? 'Sir, of a thousand shavers, two do not shave so much alike that they can not be distinguished.'" One of the many quarrels and reconciliations between Johnson and Boswell draws forth this remark from Mr. Main: "We are positively falling in love with these exquisite little encounters. Quarrels are made beautiful by such sweet atonements. One would almost consent to be knocked down twice a week if one were always sure of being picked up so cleverly and so kindly." Johnson borrowed sixpence of Boswell, "not to be repaid," on which Mr. Main remarks, "Johnson's is one of the *richest* characters on record."

Davies's description of Johnson, that "he laughed like a rhinoceros," produces this comment from Mr. Main: "Salvation is always possible to a man who can laugh at all; but a man who could laugh like that hardly *needed* to be saved." Mr. Main we believe to be a Scotchman—if so, he is very far gone from the "standards" of Scottish theology, but certainly he shows one of the notes of the Christian character in his enthusiastic love for Johnson, who hated and despised Scotland and the Scotch. Mr. Main, indeed, believes that three fourths of Johnson's hatred of the Scotch was merely good-humored, witty banter, and the other fourth honest prejudice. We, on the other hand, believe that what Mr. Main calls "the wildest thing Johnson ever said on the subject" expressed his deliberate conviction. "On his return from the Hebrides, a London-bred Scotchman asked him what he thought of his country. 'It is a very vile country, sir.' 'Well, sir, God made it.' 'Yes, sir, *but he made it for Scotchmen*. Comparisons are odious, *but God made hell*.'" Mr. Main feels compelled to say of this that he "does not crave a single reader's forbearance."

A gentleman attempting to defend hard drinking said: "You know, sir, drinking drives away care, and makes us forget whatever is disagreeable. Would you not allow a man to drink for that reason?" Johnson: "Yes, sir, if he sat next *you*." This piece of insolence and rudeness Mr. Main calls "a magnificent retort." Johnson visits his mother's old servant on her death-bed, "kisses her and prays with her"; of this Mr. Main says, "It is a scene to say grace over." Every one remembers Johnson's civil speech to single-speech Hamilton: "I go with my company down the first pair of stairs, in some hopes that they may perhaps return again: *I go with you, sir, as far as the street door*." At which Mr. Main exclaims: "What delicacy! what feeling! what originality!" To us it seems an ordinary compliment. On one occasion a conversation took place of which we will give Peter Pindar's poetic version, which in no respect exaggerates or misrepresents Boswell's prose version:

"Again," says I, "one day, I do believe,
A good acquaintance that I have will grieve
To hear her friend hath lost a large estate."
"Yes," answered he, "lament as much her fate
As did your horse (I freely will allow)
To hear of the miscarriage of your cow."

This piece of folly, coarseness, and brutality, draws from Mr. Main the approving comment, "A plain-spoken man this hero of ours." The instances are so many that we do not speak confidently; but we think that the lowest depth of

slavish adulation of Johnson into which Mr. Main has descended is the remark which we now transcribe: "Boswell brought up the vexed question of freedom a necessity. Johnson [who, for reasons we shall presently glance at, could not bear to discuss the foundations of his religious belief]: 'Sir, we *know* our will is free, and there's on end *on't*'"; on which Mr. Main remarks: "Our readers will have perceived, long ere now, that the Doctor never *thinks*, he always *decides*; he never simply disables an opponent; he always leaves him dead upon the field; and no resurrection is conceivable for one whom he has slain." We do not think the controversy as to free will and necessity, which, according to Milton, first arose among the fallen angels, was settled by Johnson's *ex cathedra* utterance on October 10, 1769. One of the many instances of Johnson's rudeness quoted by Mr. Main is a case where Johnson snubbed the man at whose table he was dining. This produces the following encomium: "Host or no host, our Doctor will not be worsted. Johnson thought no more of snubbing a man at his own table than at the Mitre Tavern." Turning over Mr. Main's pages we come to a remark intended no doubt to be as "profound" as one of Johnson's own "deliverances," but which, to our limited apprehension, seems simple nonsense. At a dinner at Dilly's (the bookseller's) the conversation turned on toleration, in the course of which Johnson, in reply to Goldsmith, uttered this historical falsehood: "Sir, our first reformers were not burned for not believing bread and wine to be Christ, but for insulting those who did believe it"; and finished the discussion with a gross insult to Goldsmith. The same evening, at a meeting of the club, the two doctors were reconciled. This fact draws from Mr. Main the remark to which we alluded: "What a beautiful little scene, pathetic almost in its childlike simplicity, and majestic even in its moral grandeur! Truth is often finer than fiction—indeed, there would have been no such thing as fiction known among men had there not lived and moved in our midst real human beings like Oliver Goldsmith and Samuel Johnson." Once only does Mr. Main venture to hint a difference from any of his pope's infallible utterances. At Pembroke College, Oxford, during a discussion between Dr. Adams (the master, who, to quote Mr. Main's own words, "had written an answer—or only a *reply* perhaps—to Hume's 'Essay on Miracles'"), Johnson, and Boswell, on the controversial treatment due to infidels like Hume, Boswell urged that "personal abuse of the author even might not come amiss in such a case." Adams demurred to this last declaration. Johnson: "When a man voluntarily engages in an important controversy, he is to do all he can to

lessen his antagonist, because authority from personal respect has much weight with most people, and often more than reasoning. If my antagonist writes bad language, though that may not be essential to the question, I will attack him for his bad language." Adams: "You would not jostle a chimney-sweeper?" Johnson: "Yes, sir, if it were necessary to jostle him *down*." That was a capital retort of Johnson's; but if his chimney-sweeper had persisted in constantly getting up again—as black as ever and quite as formidable—would not the Doctor have tired of this jostling process? But there are people among us (Mr. Main does not venture to say whether or not he is one of them) who honestly believe that "David Hume has never been down yet." We have given our readers sufficient material to enable them to decide whether the "Life of Johnson" derives any improvement from being transferred from the narrative and comment of Boswell to the narrative and comment of Main. We turn to the other volumes mentioned at the head of this article.

We have already said that, in our opinion, Mr. Leslie Stephen's "Life of Johnson" is an abridgment, or rather a dilution, of Boswell. It fails to bring Johnson before us: of two men who have read nothing more about Johnson than in one case, Macaulay's brief memoir, and the other Mr. Leslie Stephen's longer work, the student of Macaulay will have the most vivid and exact idea of Johnson. Mr. Arnold says Macaulay's "Life" is a work which shows him at his best. The subject was one he knew thoroughly, and for which he felt cordial sympathy. Mr. Arnold, therefore, considers himself fortunate in having been successful in his application to the proprietors of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" for permission to prefix Macaulay's memoir to his selection from the "Lives of the Poets."

Mr. Birkbeck Hill's volume is a miscellany of articles on Johnson and subjects concerning him, some of which are now published for the first time; others have previously appeared, but are so "recast and so enlarged, that, so far as form at least is concerned, they may fairly claim to be original." The remainder are reprints with additions of articles which have already appeared in sundry journals. Their author has devoted himself heart and soul to the study of Johnsonian literature—but he has traveled through it "from Dan even too Beersheba to find that all is barren."

As I continued (says Dr. Hill) to read, and passed from Boswell to the works of Hawkins, Murphy, Madame Piozzi, Madame d'Arblay, and other writers who had themselves known Johnson, I began to feel that in every separate portrait that had been drawn of that great man there were great imperfections.

Boswell's, indeed, was worth all the rest taken together; but even Boswell had not seen Johnson in every light. The sketch that Lord Macaulay has given in his celebrated review, which I once accepted without misgiving, now seemed to me singularly unjust and distorted. Even the life of Johnson that he contributed to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," finely though it is written, I yet found to be greatly wanting in truthfulness. Mr. Carlyle's noble portrait of my hero, while it delighted me, did not fully satisfy me. It was too much like a portrait drawn by Rembrandt, in which the light that the artist lets in on his picture but too often serves to give the spectator a greater impression of gloom.

If Johnson (Dr. Hill continues) had had but scant justice done to him, the greatest injustice, I felt, had been done to Boswell. Mr. Carlyle had, indeed, defended him, as he had defended Johnson, from the violent attacks of Macaulay, but he had not gone into the whole case. In some points also, even he, I held, had not formed a right estimate of Boswell's character.

As these convictions grew upon Dr. Hill he began to publish the articles here reprinted, and in the end produced the book-work we are now reviewing.

"Was there ever work done on earth," truly said Charles Kingsley, "however noble, which was not, alas! alas! done somewhat ill?" We presume biography is not excepted from this rule. Probably every one of the writers named by Dr. Hill would admit that his or her work on Johnson has some errors or deficiencies. Yet it is a strong thing for any man at this day to set aside such a *catena* of writers as those we refer to, most of whom were personally acquainted with Johnson; and we must say that, after reading Dr. Hill's strong assertion, we are surprised to find that he fails to give us the true portrait of Johnson which we were led to expect from him. Nay, more, as we shall see, he seeks to set aside the authenticity of Boswell's portrait, and to leave us, therefore, in darkness as to what Johnson really was.

The first chapter is the most interesting in the book; the author says that he has—

Done his best to bring before his readers Oxford as it was when the rolls of Pembroke College first received the name of Samuel Johnson, and that he hopes he has thrown some light also on the university as it was in his later years. He adds, "It is but little that has been handed down to us of the incidents of Johnson's undergraduate days, and to that little I have not been able to add anything. All that was left for me to do was to give a picture of the general life of the student in his time."

We think Dr. Hill has succeeded in bringing before his readers, vividly and exactly, both the college of Johnson's youth and the university of his later years. Dr. Hill also claims to have

set at rest a matter which has been the puzzle of Johnsonian critics for more than forty years. It was assumed by Johnson's earlier biographers that his residence at Oxford extended over the usual period of three years. Mr. Croker was the first to dispute the fact, and to point out that Johnson's residence there did not exceed fourteen months. Dr. Hill devotes the appendix to his book to a discussion of this question, and, we think, he has shown that the facts are that Johnson was entered at Pembroke on October 31, 1728, that his name remained on the books till October, 1731, when it finally disappears, but that his residence came to an end, as the Pembroke battle-books show, in December, 1729.

Himself a member of Pembroke, Dr. Hill thinks that he is in honor and duty bound to defend against all comers Johnson, "the great man who is the glory of that society," and, of course, must indulge "in the bad habit of pecking at Lord Macaulay." We have already quoted the passage in which he describes the memoir in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" as greatly wanting in truthfulness. His second chapter, which is entitled "Lord Macaulay on Johnson," opens with this passage:

Johnson's character must have had a singular interest for Macaulay, as he has twice described it. The vigorous sketch that he dashed off in the days of his youth for the "Edinburgh Review" is doubtless more widely known than the life that he wrote with such exquisite skill, when he was in the fullness of his powers. In the essay we seem to look upon the picture of a Tory painted by a Whig. In the life we have the portrait of one great man drawn by another great man. Even here there are great blemishes and great exaggerations. But, taken as a whole, it is an admirable piece of workmanship. In it Macaulay silently retracts not a few of the gross statements he had made in his earlier writing.

We wonder if Dr. Hill and others like-minded with him ever consider the peculiar means of knowledge of Johnson, his habits and his character, which Macaulay enjoyed. Every reader of Mr. Trevelyan's "Life" of his uncle knows that much of Macaulay's earlier life was spent with Hannah More; not only did she know Johnson well, and was one of his worshippers, she was also the friend of Johnson's pupil and friend, Garrick, and after Garrick's death she lived for some time with his widow. Macaulay, as Dr. Hill tells us, was, at the age of fourteen, master of "Boswell's Life," and, beyond doubt, he heard from Hannah More, and treasured up much oral tradition as to Johnson, his manners and conversation—hence arose the singular interest which Johnson's character had for him. "You are next to myself," he writes to his sister, "Hannah, the goddaughter of Hannah More—the best read

Boswellian I know." He speaks of the fame of Chatham "as not comparable with that of Johnson." Within a few years of his death we find from his diary that he was again reading Boswell with great delight. A man whose mind by reading and oral tradition was thus, to use his own word, "soaked" in Johnson, is not likely to write a life of one whom he considered "a good and a great man" which should be justly open to the charge of "being unjust, distorted, and greatly wanting in truthfulness." Why the whole tone of the "Life" is more favorable to Johnson than the tone of the "Review," is easily explained. The "Review" was first published in September, 1831. In 1842 appeared the first edition of "Madame d'Arbly's Diary and Letters." Macaulay reviewed the book in the "Edinburgh" for January, 1843. In his review he says of Johnson: "That with all his coarseness and irritability he was a man of sterling benevolence, has long been acknowledged. But how gentle and endearing his deportment could be was not known till the 'Recollections of Madame d'Arbly' was published."

We doubt the correctness of Dr. Hill's statement, that the "Review" is better known than the "Life." The "Life" and Macaulay's other contributions to the "Encyclopædia Britannica" were first separately published within a year of his death. The volume containing them had a great circulation, owing to the desire of the public to read any new publication by the great writer whom they had lost. They are included in the miscellaneous writings first published by Mr. Ellis in 1860, and we suspect that these are as widely read as the earlier published essays. We dissent also from the proposition that "in the essay we seem to look upon the picture of a Tory painted by a Whig. In the 'Life' we have a portrait of one great man drawn by another great man." In order to judge whether this be so or not, let us compare the account of Johnson's political opinions given in the essay with that given in the "Life." In the essay, after speaking of Johnson as a "bigoted Tory," which we suppose Dr. Hill will admit he was, Macaulay continues:

Nobody spoke more contemptuously of the cant of patriotism.* Nobody saw more clearly the error of those who regarded liberty not as a means but as an end, and who proposed to themselves as the object of their pursuit the prosperity of the state as distinct from the prosperity of the individuals who

compose the state. His calm and settled opinion seems to have been that forms of government have little or no influence on the happiness of society. This opinion, erroneous as it is, ought, at least, to have preserved him from all intemperance on political questions. It did not, however, preserve him from the lowest, fiercest, most absurd extravagances of party spirit; from rants, which in everything but the diction resemble those of Squire Western. He was as a politician half ice and half fire. On the side of his intellect he was a mere *poco curante*, far too apathetic about public affairs, far too skeptical as to the good or evil of any form of polity. His passions, on the contrary, were violent, even to slaying, against all who leaned to Whiggish principles. If the happiness of individuals is not affected by political abuses, zeal for liberty is doubtless ridiculous, but zeal for monarchy must be equally so. No person could have been more quick-sighted than Johnson to such a contradiction as this in the logic of an antagonist.

There is nothing "unjust" or "distorted" or even peculiarly "Whiggish" in this passage. That it accurately represents the state of Johnson's mind on political questions any one can judge who will look at the passages in Boswell referred to in the note.* Macaulay expresses the same judgment more concisely in the "Life":

Johnson was in no sense a statesman. He never willingly read or thought or talked about affairs of state. He loved biography, literary history, the history of manners, but political history was positively distasteful to him. The question at issue between the colonies and the mother-country was a question on which he had really nothing to say. He failed, therefore, as the greatest men fail, when they attempt to do that for which they are unfit; as Burke would have failed if Burke had tried to write comedies like those of Sheridan; as Reynolds would have failed if Reynolds had tried to paint landscapes like those of Wilson.

Neither can we assent to Dr. Hill's other statement that in the "Life" Macaulay "silently retracts not a few of the gross statements he had made in his earlier writings. He no longer holds that 'as soon as Johnson took his pen in his hand to write for the public his style became systematically vicious.' He no longer sneers at 'his constant practice of padding out a sentence with useless epithets till it became stiff as the bust of an exquisite.'" It would be somewhat difficult to define what it is to "silently retract" a statement. Be that as it may, we see no reason to suppose that Macaulay in the "Life" retracts or intended to retract what he said of Johnson's style in the "Review." What he does say in the "Life" is this:

"The Lives of the Poets" are on the whole the best of Johnson's works. "Savage's Life" Johnson

* It has often occurred to us that had the well-known sentence, "The man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon," had been written by any one else than Johnson, and read to him, he would have said: "Clear your mind of cant, sir; why should a man feel more patriotism at Marathon than at Marazion?"

* Vide Boswell's "Life," pp. 105, 144, 156, 157, 170, 171.

reprinted nearly as it had appeared in 1744. Whoever after reading that life will turn to the other lives will be struck by the difference of style. Since Johnson had been at ease in his circumstances, he had written little and talked much; when, therefore, he, after the lapse of years, resumed his pen, the mannerism which he had contracted while he was in the constant habit of composition was less perceptible than formerly; and his diction frequently had a colloquial ease which it had formerly wanted. The improvement may be discerned by a skillful critic in the "Journey to the Hebrides," and in the "Lives of the Poets"; it is so obvious that it can not escape the notice of the most careless reader.

Macaulay says, therefore, that Johnson's later style had less mannerism than his earlier, but he neither expressly nor impliedly retracts his condemnation of Johnson's earlier style pronounced in the "Review," and it is to the earlier writings that the sentences quoted by Dr. Hill more particularly apply. Dr. Hill is here guilty of the sin he lays to Macaulay's charge, exaggeration. Dr. Hill is merciful to Lord Macaulay's reputation. He will not, he says, "point out all the errors into which Macaulay has fallen, and all the misstatements which Macaulay has made. He contents himself with some—but only some—of those which are of the most importance. The first alleged misstatement is as to Johnson's credulity as to witches, ghosts, and second-sight. The state of Johnson's mind on these subjects is accurately stated by Peter Pindar:

At supper rose a dialogue on witches,
When Crosby said there could not be such bitches;
But Johnson answered him, "There might be witches,
Naught proved the non-existence of the bitches."

Dr. Hill says: "It was Johnson's strong desire to add one more prop to his belief that made him willing to believe in the appearance of spirits and second-sight," and to prove this he quotes several of Johnson's sayings, omitting, however, the strongest, which was uttered at Pembroke College, not long before Johnson's death. Boswell "mentioned Thomas Lord Lyttleton's vision, the prediction of the time of his death and its exact fulfillment. Johnson: 'It is the most extraordinary thing that has happened in my day. I heard it with my own ears from his uncle, Lord Westcote. I am so glad to have every evidence of the spiritual world, that I am willing to believe it.' Dr. Adams: 'You have evidence enough—good evidence, which needs not such support.' Johnson: 'I want more.'"

To prove the "untruthfulness" of Macaulay's "Life," Dr. Hill quotes this passage from the "Review":

Johnson (says Macaulay) began to be credulous precisely at the point when the most credulous peo-

ple begin to be skeptical. He related with a grave face how old Mr. Cave, of St. John's Gate, saw a ghost, and how this ghost was something of a shadowy being. He went himself on a ghost-hunt to Cock Lane, and was angry with John Wesley for not following up another scent of the same kind with proper spirit and perseverance.

This Dr. Hill calls a "strange perversion," and he says that Johnson "was angry with Wesley, not for not following up the scent with proper spirit and perseverance, as Macaulay says, but for believing in a ghost story without proper grounds." To prove this he quotes from Boswell the following conversation:

Boswell. "Pray, sir, what has John Wesley made of his story of a ghost?"

Johnson. "Why, sir, he believes it, but not on sufficient authority. *He did not take time enough to examine the girl.* It was at Newcastle where the ghost was said to have appeared to a young woman several times, mentioning something about the right to an old house, advising application to be made to an attorney, which was done, and at the same time saying the attorney would do nothing, which proved to be the fact. 'This,' says John, 'is a proof that a ghost knows our thoughts.' Now" (laughing) "it is not necessary to know our thoughts to tell that an attorney will sometimes do nothing. Charles Wesley, who is a more stationary man, does not believe the story. *I am sorry that John did not take more pains to inquire into the evidence for it.*"

Miss Seward (with an incredulous smile). "What, sir, about a ghost?"

Johnson (with solemn vehemence). "Yes, madam; this is a question which, after five thousand years, is yet undecided—a question, whether in theology or philosophy, one of the most important that can come before the human understanding."

How does Macaulay misrepresent this conversation? Johnson twice expresses his dissatisfaction with Wesley for not taking more pains to inquire into the evidence for the supposed apparition. Does not that justify Macaulay in saying that Johnson "was angry with Wesley for not following up the scent with proper spirit and perseverance"? Dr. Hill continues:

The account Macaulay gives of the ghost that Cave was said to have seen, though not so inaccurate, is still not fair. Boswell writes: "Talking of ghosts, Johnson said he knew one friend who was an honest man and a sensible man, who told him he had seen a ghost, old Mr. Edward Cave, the printer at St. John's Gate. He said Mr. Cave did not like to talk of it, and seemed to be in great horror whenever it was mentioned."

Boswell. "Pray, sir, what did he say was the appearance?"

Johnson. "Why, sir, something of a shadowy being."

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Macaulay says "he related with a grave face how old Mr. Cave saw a ghost." Of the gravity of his face we are told nothing; but what he related was not what old Mr. Cave saw, but what old Mr. Cave said he saw.

This is hardly, if at all, better than verbal quibbling. "With a grave face" means gravely—Johnson would not talk of ghosts otherwise than gravely—as the "solemn vehemence" of his reply to Miss Seward's incredulous remark shows. If he did not expressly affirm the truth of Cave's story, he was equally far from denying it. Boswell closes his account of this conversation with a passage Dr. Hill finds it convenient to omit:

He did not affirm anything positively upon a subject which it is the fashion of the times to laugh at as a matter of absurd credulity. He only seemed willing, as a candid inquirer after truth, however strange and inexplicable, to show that he understood what might be urged for it.

Again, Dr. Hill says: "As to the Cock Lane ghost, Johnson scarcely deserves more reproach than did Faraday when he took the trouble to expose the folly of table-turning. He thought, indeed, that it was possible for a ghost to appear in Cock Lane as anywhere else." Dr. Hill, indeed, owns that "we may indeed wonder that a man of Johnson's vigorous intellect should have refused to accept the general evidence against apparitions which were strong enough even in this day. . . . It was this feeling of wonder which led Macaulay to mention that Johnson went on 'a ghost-hunt.' The state of the evidence was, we think, the same in Johnson's time as now."

With regard to second-sight, Johnson, Dr. Hill tells us, found that the people of the Hebrides "of all degrees, whether of rank or understanding, universally admitted it, *except the ministers*"—a notable exception truly, for it included all the men of the greatest education in the islands. The result of his inquiries into the matter Johnson thus states, "I never could advance my curiosity to conviction, but came away at last only willing to believe." "Is this," asks Dr. Hill, "the habit of mind of a man who begins to be credulous precisely at the point where the most credulous people begin to be skeptical?" With all respect to Dr. Hill, we say, "Yes, it is."

We resume our quotations from Dr. Hill:

To pass to another of Johnson's low prejudices. "It is remarkable," Macaulay writes, "that to the last Johnson entertained a fixed contempt for all those modes of life and those studies which tend to emancipate the mind from the prejudices of a particular age or a particular nation. Of foreign travel and of history he spoke with the fierce and boister-

ous contempt of ignorance." What does a man learn by traveling? Is Beauclerk the better for traveling? What did Lord Charlemont learn in his travels except that there was a snake in one of the pyramids of Egypt? Any one reading this passage and seeing the inverted commas would at once believe that he was reading Johnson's own words. He is really reading an abridgment of them, in which the sense has been greatly altered. I must give his words as reported by Boswell.

Dr. Hill then professes to give, but does not in fact give, the whole conversation. We will transcribe the whole passage. The words in italics are omitted by Dr. Hill. The conversation took place in 1778. Johnson was then in his sixty-ninth year, and what he says may therefore be taken as his mature judgment on the question:

Johnson. "*The French are a gross, ill-bred, untaught people; a lady there will spit on the floor and rub it with her foot. What I gained by being in France was learning to be better satisfied with my own country.* Time may be employed to more advantage from nineteen to twenty-four almost in any way than in traveling. When you set traveling against mere negation, against doing nothing, it is better, to be sure; but how much more would a young man improve were he to study during those years! Indeed, if a young man is wild, and must run after women and bad company, it is better this should be done abroad, as on his return he can break off such connections, and begin at home a new man, with a character to form and acquaintances to make. How little does traveling supply to the conversation of any man who has traveled—how little to Beauclerk!"

Boswell. "What say you to Lord Charlemont?"

Johnson. "I never but once heard him talk of what he had seen, and that was of a large serpent in one of the pyramids of Egypt."

Boswell. "Well, I happened to hear him tell the same thing, which made me mention him."

We may retort on Dr. Hill in his own words, that his "is an abridgment which materially alters the sense" of the passage. Than which it is difficult to imagine anything more narrow in spirit or more rash and sweeping in generalization. Johnson's universal condemnation of the French was founded on such knowledge as he obtained in a tour not exceeding in duration two months, the greater part of which was passed in Paris. Dr. Hill says, "Johnson does not condemn traveling in general." We say he condemns it altogether. From his limited experience he deduces the universal, that the only good to be gained from traveling is to learn to be better satisfied with one's own country. He assumes rightly, or more likely wrongly, that Beauclerk and Charlemont learned nothing by

their travels, and thence concludes that no one else could profit by traveling. "Johnson says, and most men would (in Dr. Hill's opinion) agree with him, that the years between nineteen and twenty-four should not be spent, as was in his time too commonly the case, merely in traveling." "Travel," says Lord Bacon, "in the younger sort is a part of education, in the elder a part of experience." We only regret our want of space prevents our here inserting the whole of the essay on "Travel," but we must content ourselves with referring our readers to it as the best refutation of the fallacies of Drs. Johnson and Hill. We do not see that Dr. Hill has made out his charge that in this case Macaulay has twisted Johnson's meaning. "So far," continues Dr. Hill, "from having a fierce and boisterous contempt of travel, Johnson had very early shown a great eagerness for it, and this lasted to his old age"; and he supports the statement by reference to Johnson's wish when at Oxford to visit the universities abroad, to his tour to the Hebrides, to his projected visit to the Baltic, and to his disappointment at the abandonment of his intended journey to Italy with the Thrales. This does not alter the sweeping condemnation of traveling to which Macaulay refers. It only supplies an illustration of Johnson's inconsistency. Inconsistency between his words and his acts, and between his sayings at one time and another, seems to us one of the chief characteristics of his mind. Madame d'Arbly warned George III., when he was reading Boswell, that "little of Johnson's solid opinion was to be gathered from his accidental assertions." To give one illustration only, nothing could exceed in strength his professions of his hatred and contempt for Whigs, and of his own unreasoning Toryism, yet he notes in his diary the fall of Lord North's ministry, adding that he "prayed with Francis and gave thanks"; apparently, though we admit it is not clear, for the dissolution of the Tory ministry. At another time he in effect said: "There was little or no difference between a wise Tory and a wise Whig." At another: "I am for the King against Fox, but I am for Fox against Pitt. The King is my master; I do not know Pitt, and Fox is my friend." That the Whig was his friend was reason enough for Johnson's supporting him against the Tory leader. As to the relations between Fox and Johnson, Mr. Greville tells us on the authority of Lord Holland, who derived his information through John Kemble from Garrick, that Johnson liked Fox because he defended his pension, and said he was only to blame in not being large enough. "Fox," he said, "is a liberal man; he would always be *'aut Cesar aut nullus'*"; whenever I have seen him he has been *nullus*." Lord Holland said Fox made it a rule

never to talk in Johnson's presence, because he knew all his conversations were recorded for publication, and he did not choose to figure in them. Such being Fox's opinion as to Johnson's pension, it is probable that, had the coalition of 1783 remained in office, "the pious negotiation," as Boswell calls it, for obtaining an increase of Johnson's pension, to enable him during the winter or two which might still remain to him to draw his breath more easily in the "soft climate of Italy," would have been successful, and that Fox would have granted what Pitt, then in possession of unbounded power, to his own discredit, refused. As it was, not a farthing was to be obtained, and the author of the "English Dictionary" and the "Lives of the Poets" gasped his last in the river fog and coal-smoke of Fleet Street.

We now come to another of Macaulay's alleged misrepresentations. "Johnson's manners," says Dr. Hill, "if we are to trust Macaulay, were almost savage. . . . His active benevolence," he says (still quoting the "Review"), "contrasted with the constant rudeness, and the occasional ferocity of his manners in society made him, in the opinion of those with whom he had lived during the last twenty years of his life, a complete original." The words in italics are omitted by Dr. Hill. Macaulay, after describing the toils and sufferings of Johnson's early life, through all which he had struggled manfully up to eminence and command, continues: "*It was natural that in the exercise of his power he should be 'eo immitior quia toleraverat,' that though his heart was undoubtedly generous and humane, his demeanor in society should be harsh and despotic. For severe distress he had sympathy, and not only sympathy but munificent relief.*" But for the suffering which a harsh word inflicts upon a delicate mind he had no pity, for it was a kind of suffering which he could scarcely conceive." The passage in italics is omitted by Dr. Hill. Our readers will see the difference it makes in Macaulay's estimate of Johnson, and will find that they are again reading not Macaulay's own words but Dr. Hill's abridgment of them, and an abridgment in which the sense is greatly altered.

Dr. Hill says that Mr. Carlyle has most nobly vindicated Johnson's claim to a "merciful, tenderly affectionate nature." Macaulay speaks of Johnson's "active benevolence," of his "undoubtedly generous and humane heart," of the "not only sympathy but munificent relief he had for severe distress." It seems to us the difference between Macaulay and Carlyle is one of words only. Dr. Hill says that "it is rather, however, with the greater matters that he [Carlyle] has dealt. I shall attempt to show that in

smaller matters also Macaulay has not done Johnson justice." He maintains Johnson's tenderness of heart was always great, but he admits and he quotes from Boswell Johnson's own admission, that "his manners in the last twenty years of his life were not a little softened." He says that "the circumstances of Johnson's early life did not tend to sweeten the temper or soften the manners," which is in complete agreement with Macaulay, who says "if we possessed full information concerning those who shared Johnson's early hardships we should find that what we call his singularities of manner were for the most part failings which he shared in common with the class to which he belonged." "Even at this [the earlier] time of his life, however," says Dr. Hill, "he was far from deserving the harsh judgment that Macaulay has passed upon him." Macaulay's judgment is that "Johnson, though a man of active benevolence, was, in society, constantly rude, and occasionally fierce." How far this was the case in his earlier life we have not the means of knowing so well as after the time when Boswell began

... each joke and tale t'enroll,
Who, like a watchful cat before a hole,
Full twenty years (inflamed with lettered pride)
Didst mousing sit before Sam's mouth so wide,
To catch as many scraps as thou wert able,
A very Lazarus at the rich man's table.

But we have a description of Johnson at the age of forty, which justifies the belief that in temper and manners he was much the same at that earlier age as in the days when he was worshiped by Boswell and Fanny Burney. "I was," writes Aaron Hill to Mr. Mallet, "at the anomalous Mr. Johnson's benefit, and found the play [Johnson's "Irene"] his proper representative: strong sense ungraced by sweetness or decorum." Our belief as to the substantial identity of Johnson's character and manner throughout his life is strengthened by his lifelong friend Dr. Taylor's description of him, which Boswell has preserved.

"He is a man of very clear head, great power of words, and a very gay imagination; but there is no disputing with him. He will not hear you, and, having a louder voice than you, must roar you down." Macaulay referred, of course, to the period about which we all know, not to that time which was to him and is to Dr. Hill necessarily obscure. But in the time which we so well know Johnson, we know there is abundant proof that he was in society constantly rude, and occasionally fierce; Johnson, we know, was under the influence of two delusions: one that he was "a very polite man," the other "that he was a good-natured man." We think his character best described by applying to himself the words

he used of two other men. Of Sir Joshua Hawkins, his friend, and afterward one of his biographers, he said:

It must be owned he has a degree of brutality and a tendency to savageness that can not easily be defended.

Of Warburton he said:

He was a man of vigorous faculties, a mind fervid and vehement, supplied by incessant and unlimited inquiry with wonderful extent and variety of knowledge, which yet had not impressed his imagination nor clouded his perspicacity. To every work he brought a memory full fraught, together with a fancy fertile of original combinations, and at once exerted the powers of the scholar, the reasoner, and the wit. But his knowledge was too multifarious to be always exact, and his pursuits were too eager to be always cautious. His abilities gave him a haughty confidence which he disdained to conceal or mollify; and his impatience of opposition disposed him to treat his adversaries with such contemptuous superiority as made his readers [in Johnson's case hearers would be more applicable] commonly his enemies, and excited against the advocate the wishes of some of those who favored the cause. He seems to have adopted the Roman Emperor's description, *cederit dum mutuant*, he used no allurements of gentle language, but wished to compel rather than persuade.

These two passages combined form a perfect description of Johnson. To refute Macaulay, Dr. Hill quotes from Madame d'Arblay many instances of Johnson's gentleness and tenderness to her. We have quoted the passage in which Macaulay says that "how gentle and endearing Johnson's deportment could be was not known till the recollections of Madame d'Arblay were published." But what has Dr. Hill's witness to say as to Johnson's constant rudeness and occasional ferocity? We have already referred to her account of one occasion on which Johnson made himself "dreaded by all, and by many abhorred." Early in their intercourse she notes that "the freedom with which Johnson condemned whatever he disapproved was astonishing; and the strength of words he uses would be to most people intolerable." She records a political discussion between him and Sir Philip Jennings Clerk, in which Johnson was not only rude and fierce, but also fully showed his bigotry, Tory prejudices, and inconsistency. She tells us that Johnson, during their Welsh tour, rebuked Mrs. Thrale for over-civility to the people, and that Mrs. Thrale thus retorted on him with what Madame d'Arblay calls a "cutter": "Why, I'll tell you, when I am with you and Mrs. Thrale and Queenie I am obliged to be civil for four." Madame d'Arblay also gives another instance of what she calls Johnson's "uncontrolled freedom

of speech" when he rudely quoted some lines with direct application to a lady who was dressed in what he was pleased to consider a fashion too young for her age. She also records a dispute as to Johnson's "Life of Lyttleton" which he forced on an unwilling antagonist, and in which his admirer confesses that "this great but mortal man did, to own the truth, appear unreasonably furious and grossly severe, showed a vehemence and bitterness almost incredible, and had at last to be silenced by Mrs. Thrale, who showed great spirit and dignity." On another occasion she remarks of Johnson, "Were he less furious in his passions he would be semi-divine." At Brighton, she tells us, Johnson was almost constantly omitted "from the invitations sent to the Thrales and their visitors," either from too much respect or too much fear. We fear from what follows there can be little doubt as to the cause of the omission. On the next page she narrates how Johnson attacked with "unmerciful raillery a young man who had, at Madame d'Arblay's request, seated himself between her and Johnson." She describes the young man as bearing "Johnson's rudeness for about ten minutes, when his face became so hot with the fear of hearing something worse that he ran from the field and took another chair." Madame d'Arblay's significant comment on this event is that she must "take expedients to avoid Johnson's public notice of her in future." During this same visit to Brighton she also notes in her "Diary"—

That single-speech Hamilton was gone, and "Mr. Metcalf is now the only person out of this house that voluntarily communicates with the Doctor. He has been in a terribly severe humor of late, and has really frightened all the people till they almost run from him. To me only, I think, is he now kind, for Mrs. Thrale fares worse than anybody. 'Tis very strange and melancholy that he will not a little more accommodate his manners and language to those of other people." She adds that "poor Dr. Delap confessed to us that the reason he now came so seldom was his being too unwell to cope with Dr. Johnson," and also that "Mr. Selwyn refused to meet the Doctor in society," and paying a visit to the Thrales during Johnson's absence, left as the time drew near when he was expected to return, "lest the Doctor should call him to account."

This visit to Brighton occurred within two years of Johnson's death, and therefore within the period when it is admitted his manners were softened and his temper improved—we are content to rest on these recollections of Madame d'Arblay the proof of our proposition that Macaulay's description of Johnson as being "constantly rude and occasionally fierce is neither exaggerated nor unfair."

Dr. Hill says, "If we are to trust Macaulay,

'Johnson's manners were savage.'" Johnson says of Milton that his "contemptuous mention" of a bishop "shows that he had adopted the Puritanical savageness of manners." As on Johnson's own principles to mention people contemptuously is proof of savage manners, Macaulay is, beyond question, right. We know that Johnson looked on himself as "a very polite man." Mr. Carlyle says, "He had the noble universal politeness of a man that knows the dignity of men and feels his own." Had it been so, would Johnson have replied to the man who asked him "Would you advise me to marry?" "I would advise no man to marry, sir, who is not likely to propagate understanding." On many occasions, to some of which we have alluded, he was guilty of rudeness quite inconsistent with any sense of the dignity of other men, whatever he might think of his own. Dr. Hill quotes Madame Piozzi, who says, "I saw Mr. Johnson in none but a tranquil uniform state, passing the evening of his life among friends who loved, honored, and admired him"; but he admits her "words must not be pressed too closely," and certainly they are not consistent with Madame d'Arblay's Streatham and Brighton experiences, and it is difficult to reconcile them with other reminiscences of Johnson by Madame Piozzi herself.

Veneration (she says elsewhere) for his virtue, reverence for his talents, delight in his conversation, and habitual endurance of a yoke my husband first put upon me, and of which he contentedly bore his share for sixteen or seventeen years, made me go on so long with Mr. Johnson; but the perpetual confinement I will own to have been terrifying in the first years of our friendship, and irksome in the last; nor could I pretend to support it without help when my coadjutor was no more.

Again she says that he was—

Ever musing till he was called out to converse, and conversing till the fatigue of his friends, or the promptitude of his temper to take offense, consigned him back again to silent meditation.

Boswell draws this vivid picture of Johnson's appearance and manners in society:

While talking or even musing as he sat in his chair, he commonly held his head to one side toward his right shoulder, and shook it in a tremulous manner, moving his body backward and forward, and rubbing his left knee in the same direction with the palm of his hand. In the intervals of articulating he made various sounds with his mouth, sometimes as if ruminating, or what is called chewing the cud, sometimes giving a half whistle, sometimes making his tongue play backward from the roof of his mouth, as if clucking like a hen, and sometimes

protruding it against his upper gums in front, as if pronouncing quickly under his breath, *too, too, too*. All this, accompanied sometimes by a thoughtful look, but more frequently by a smile. Generally when he had concluded a period in the course of a dispute, by which time he was a good deal exhausted by violence and vociferation, he used to blow out his breath like a whale. This, I suppose, was a relief to his lungs, and seemed in him to be a contemptuous mode of expression, as if he had made the argument of his opponent fly like chaff before the wind.

This, and Boswell's candid admission that Johnson's "irregular hours and uncouth habits, such as turning the candles with their heads downward when they did not burn bright enough, and letting the wax drop upon the carpet, could not but be disagreeable to his wife," justify, we think, the application of the word "savage" to Johnson's manners, as described by Boswell; they are certainly not those of "a very polite man." Macaulay truly says of Boswell, none of Johnson's enemies could have exposed his weaknesses more unsparringly. His remark, "I have no passion for clean linen," is well known, and we agree with Mr. Leslie Stephen that "it is to be feared he must sometimes have offended more senses than one." In Johnson's "Life of Swift," he has given one of those unconscious descriptions of himself of which we have already given instances. He says of Swift:

In the intercourse of familiar life he indulged his disposition to petulance and sarcasm. He predominates over his companions with very great ascendancy. . . . On all common occasions he habitually affects a style of arrogance, and dictates rather than persuades. This authoritative and magisterial language he expected to be received as his peculiar mode of jocularly, but he apparently flattered his own arrogance by an assumed imperiousness in which he was ironical only to the resentful, and to the submissive sufficiently serious.

And again:

Whatever he did he seemed willing to do in a manner peculiar to himself, without sufficiently considering that singularity, as it implies a contempt of the general practice, is a kind of defiance which justly provokes the hostility of ridicule; he, therefore, who indulges peculiar habits, is worse than others if he be not better.

To return to Dr. Hill, nothing, according to him, was further from the truth than Macaulay's statement that "for the suffering which a harsh word inflicts upon a delicate mind he had no pity; for it was a kind of suffering which he could scarcely conceive."

We leave Dr. Hill to reconcile his statement with his idol's repeated declarations. "My dear

Doctor," said he to Goldsmith, "what harm does it do to a man to call him *Holofernes*?" "Pooh, ma'am!" he exclaimed to Mrs. Carter, "who is the worse for being talked of uncharitably?" And within a few months of his death, when conversing with Boswell respecting Langton and the memorable occasion when, as Sir Joshua Reynolds said, the penitent got into a passion and belabored his confessor, "What harm," said he to Boswell, "does it do to any man to be contradicted?" Boswell: "I suppose he [Langton] meant the *manner* of doing it roughly and harshly." Johnson: "And who is the worse for that?" Boswell: "It hurts people of weaker nerves." Johnson: "I know no such weak-nerved people." Dr. Hill devotes several pages to prove that "the more familiar we are with Boswell the more we are convinced that Johnson was a far happier man, at all events in his latter days, than is commonly thought." We are glad for once to agree with Dr. Hill—and this conviction is strengthened the more familiar we become with Madame d'Arlay and Hannah More. Johnson's theory of many things was inconsistent with his practice—his opinions contrary to his habits—as, for instance, his advice to Boswell never to publish anxiety or gloominess by complaints, on which Dr. Hill remarks that "it is a pity that his own fits of gloominess were not more successfully hidden."

We must not forget that Johnson's constitutional melancholy "gave a dark tinge to all his views of human nature and of human destiny." His theory of life may be expressed in James Mill's words, "It is a poor thing." He professed to hold that belief to the end of his days. In the last year of his life he expressed the opinion that a man who said, "I have lived fifty-one years without ten minutes of uneasiness," was attempting to impose upon human credulity. During his last visit to Oxford, Boswell tells us "we passed to discourse of life whether it was, upon the whole, more happy or miserable. Johnson was decidedly for the balance of misery." Boswell thought himself bound to be of the same mind as Johnson, and aimed to be like Master Stephen in one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, "genteel and melancholy," in confirmation of which he continues: "I maintained that no man would choose to lead over again the life which he had experienced. Johnson acceded to that opinion in the strongest terms." We think Burke disposed of this argument in a few words which Boswell quotes: "Every man," said he, "would lead his life over again; for every man is willing to go on and take an addition to his life which, as he grows older, he has no reason to think will be better or even so good as what has preceded." No better proof of Burke's proposition could be furnished than that of Johnson's own case. Is

the July of the year we refer to, "when sinking" under a load of infirmities and sorrows, he wrote to his physician, "In my present state I am desirous to make a struggle for a little longer life, and hope to obtain some help from a softer climate. Do for me what you can." Even Boswell doubts whether Johnson really believed in the theory of life he professed to hold.

It was observed to Dr. Johnson (he says) that it was strange that he who so often delighted his company by his lively and brilliant conversation should say he was miserable.

Johnson. "Alas, it is all outside; I may be cracking my joke and cursing the sun; *Sun, how I hate thy beams!*"

"I knew not well," says Boswell, "what to think of this declaration; whether to hold it as a genuine picture of his mind, or as the effect of his persuading himself, contrary to the fact, that the position he had assumed as to human unhappiness was true," and he applies to him this passage from Greville's "Maxims, Characters, and Reflections":

Aristarchus is charming; how full of knowledge, of sense, of sentiment! You get him with difficulty to your supper; and after delighting everybody and himself for a few hours he is obliged to return home. He is finishing his treatise to prove that unhappiness is the portion of man.

Mr. Leslie Stephen truly says that "superstition and disease stood by Johnson's cradle, and they never quitted him during life." Dr. Hill devotes a chapter to a comparison of the melancholy of Johnson with that of Cowper, and propounds as "an interesting question how far the gloom, both of Johnson and of Cowper, was due to religious belief, and how far religious belief was due to gloom. If the dread of a future state had not constantly hung over each man, would he still have lived so much in a state of morbid melancholy?" Between the superstition of the two men he cynically says "there was not much indeed to choose; of the two, however, he should prefer Johnson's, for on the whole it sat on him more easily." With regard to the dread of a future state causing Johnson's melancholy, had he not believed in a future life he would, we think, have been equally or even more melancholy than he was. He would then have had the apprehension of annihilation which he considered "dreadful." Spite of his theory of the preponderance of misery in life, he held that existence is so much better than nothing that one would rather exist "even in pain than not at all." The relation between Johnson's religion and his melancholy is admirably described by Lord Macaulay:

In religion he found but little comfort during his long and frequent fits of dejection, for his religion partook of his own character. The light from heaven shone on him indeed, but not in a direct line, or with its own pure splendor. The rays had to struggle through a disturbing medium. They reached him refracted, dulled, and discolored by the thick gloom which had settled on his soul; and, though they might be sufficiently clear to guide him, were too dim to cheer him.

What Boswell calls Johnson's "direful apprehensions of futurity" were no doubt the effect of his melancholy temperament, and they were the result of his belief. It is said of Dr. Newman that "his own faith is an escape from an alternative skepticism, which receives the veto not of his reason but of his will. He has, after all, the critical, not the prophetic, mind. He wants immediateness of religious vision." This is equally true of Johnson. It is a curious coincidence that both Newman and Johnson were influenced in their religious views by one and the same book, Law's "Serious Call," the deep impression produced by which removed Newman from the influence of the Evangelicalism of Scott's "Commentaries," and converted Johnson from "a habit of talking laxly about religion, though he did not think much against it." He embraced and held firmly, but blindly and unreasoningly, all the dogmas of the orthodox theology, and his constitutional melancholy, and his orthodox faith, resting not on reason but on his will, disposed him to take the gloomiest views of the future which awaited him beyond the grave. We know nothing more melancholy than his state of mind within a few months of his death, as he described it during that last visit to Oxford to which we have so often referred.

Dr. Johnson (narrates Boswell) surprised not a little Mr. Henderson, a very learned and pious man who supped with us, by acknowledging, with a look of horror, that he was much oppressed by the fear of death. The amiable Dr. Adams suggested that God was infinitely good.

Johnson. "That he is infinitely good as far as the perfection of his nature will allow, I certainly believe; but it is necessary for good upon the whole that individuals should be punished. As to an individual, therefore, he is not infinitely good; and as I can not be sure that I have fulfilled the conditions on which salvation is granted, I am afraid that I may be one of those who shall be damned" (looking dismally).

Dr. Adams. "What do you mean by damned?"

Johnson (passionately and loudly). "Sent to hell, sir, and punished everlastingly."

Dr. Adams. "I don't believe that doctrine."

Johnson. "Hold, sir! Do you believe that some will be punished at all?"

Dr. Adams. "Being excluded from heaven will

be a punishment, yet there may be no great positive suffering."

Johnson. "Well, sir, but if you admit any degree of punishment, there is an end of your argument, for infinite goodness, simply considered, would inflict no punishment whatever. There is no infinite goodness physically, considered morally there is."

Boswell. "But may not a man attain such a degree of hope as not to be uneasy from the fear of death?"

Johnson. "A man may have such a degree of hope as to keep him quiet. You see I am not quiet from the vehemence with which I talk, but I do not despair."

Dr. Adams. "You seem, sir, to forget the merits of our Redeemer."

Johnson. "Sir, I do not forget the merits of my Redeemer; but my Redeemer has said that he will set some on his right hand and some on his left."

He was in gloomy agitation and said, "I'll have no more on't."

This illustrates Johnson's habit of stifling religious doubts and difficulties by the veto, not of his reason, but his will. After reading this conversation, it is consolatory to know that, though through fear of death Johnson was all his lifetime "subject to bondage," yet, as the end drew near, he was freed from his terrors, and felt what he characteristically called the "irradiation of hope."

Dr. Hill, we think, clearly establishes that Boswell, Murphy, and Hawkins were all alike wrong in supposing that the celebrated passage in Chesterfield's letters describing the "respectable Hottentot" refers to Johnson, and he is at great, and we think needless, pains to prove that "there never could have been any intimacy, still less could there have been any affection," between Chesterfield and Johnson. He devotes a chapter each to Langton and Beauclerk, in which he gathers together the various scattered references to them by Boswell and other biographers of Johnson, and combines them into admirable sketches of each of these friends of Johnson. Another chapter is devoted to Goldsmith, but this sketch will not bear comparison with Macaulay's "Life of Goldsmith." We have not left ourselves space to follow Dr. Hill into his labored vindication of Boswell against the censures of Macaulay; he tries hard to make a hero of Boswell, but that is beyond human power, and Boswell's admirers must be content to let him remain in his true character of *l'âme damnée* of Johnson.

Notwithstanding his admiration of Boswell, Dr. Hill applies to him a process of destructive criticism. After claiming for him "against the authority of one of the greatest writers of our age"—a high place indeed—he ends by ex-

pressing the hope that "he has sufficiently shown that there are strong grounds for thinking that Boswell's merits, as a mere reporter of Johnson's talk, are not quite what they were thought to be." It is doing Boswell small service to claim for him a "high place" among biographers, and then to cast a doubt on what forms the charm and value of his book—the authenticity of his reports of Johnson's conversations. "It is not in his writings," says Dr. Hill, "but in his talk, that Johnson lives." But what should we know of his talk but for Boswell; and if Boswell be not accurate, what do we know of Johnson? Boswell records that "Johnson once said: 'The value of every story depends on its being true. A story is a picture of an individual or of human nature in general: if it be false, it is a picture of nothing.'" This is equally true of reports of conversations. Are we then, adopting Mr. Hayward's classification, to place Boswell's Johnson among the "False Pearls of History"? It should be borne in mind that Boswell himself says: "I must again and again entreat of my readers not to suppose that my imperfect record of conversations contains the whole of what was said by Johnson or other eminent persons who lived with him. What I have preserved, however, has the value of the most perfect authenticity." Boswell, therefore, admits imperfection in his records, because he has not preserved the whole of conversations at which he was present; but he asserts universally that whatever he has preserved is authentic. The grounds on which Dr. Hill bases his depreciation of Boswell are, first, that certain sayings were repeated to Boswell by Langton, and introduced into the "Life." "Of these, the authenticity of every article," says Boswell, "is unquestionable. For the expressions I, who wrote them down in his (Langton's) presence, am partly answerable." Boswell admits, therefore, that in the case of these particular conversations which are collected together and form one chapter of the edition before us, he is partly responsible for the *expressions*; and Dr. Hill admits that, though Boswell was "utterly incapable of imitating Johnson in the substance of what he said, yet he had a considerable power of taking off his style." As to these sayings, therefore, we do not think the merits of Boswell as Johnson's reporter are much depreciated. The other grounds of Dr. Hill's depreciation are verbal differences, between reports of some of Johnson's sayings, which are to be found in a comparison between the "Life" and a book called "Boswelliana," first printed in 1874 by the Grampian Club. This book consists of "some loose quarto sheets in Boswell's writing inscribed on each page 'Boswelliana.'" They contain "twenty-five anecdotes about Johnson, twenty-one of which

* Macaulay.

are given also in the 'Life.' Dr. Hill assumes that the stories to be now found in both these books were recorded in the "Boswelliana" at the time they were heard; and from the difference between the versions in the "Boswelliana" and the "Life," assumes that "Boswell, to a certain extent, changed the sayings of Johnson which he had collected." With the history of these sheets we are not acquainted; but the simple reason for the discrepancy seems to us to be that Boswell has given in the "Life" what he thought to be the most authentic report of these particular sayings of Johnson. We think, therefore, that Dr. Hill is not more successful in depreciating Boswell's merits as a reporter of Johnson's sayings than in proving his assertion that Macaulay's "Life of Johnson" contains "great blemishes and exaggerations," of which throughout Dr. Hill's volume we find no single instance given by way of proof. We see that the current number of the magazine* in which Johnson's first published writings appeared contains "Unpublished Episodes in the Life of Dr. Johnson." We take occasion of their publication to suggest to Dr. Hill, Mr. Jewitt, and other searchers after unpublished traditions of Johnson, that a very curious and interesting subject for their research is the relations between Johnson and Thurlow, of whom it might be said—varying Gibbon's comparison between Thurlow and Wedderburn—that they were *pares atque similes*. When did their acquaintance begin? To what degree of intimacy did it reach? At first sight, one is inclined to say of them, in the words Dr. Hill uses of Johnson and Chesterfield, "There never could have been any intimacy, still less could there have been any affection, between them." Yet they appear to have been at some time intimate, for Johnson compared Wedderburn with Thurlow much to Wedderburn's disadvantage.

I never (said Johnson to Boswell) heard anything from him in company that was at all striking; and depend upon it, sir, it is when you come close to a man in conversation that you discover what his real abilities are. To make a speech in a public assembly is a knack. Now I honor Thurlow, sir. Thurlow is a fine fellow; he fairly puts his mind to yours.

On another occasion, "I would prepare myself for no man in England but Lord Thurlow; when I am to meet him I would wish to know a day before." Again, when giving advice to Boswell as to his being called to the English bar, he finished by saying: "All this I should have said to any one. I should have said it to Lord Thurlow twenty years ago." From this, one would

infer that he had been intimate with Thurlow in Thurlow's earlier days. Again, Thurlow, unfortunately, considering the relations between him and Pitt, was chosen to conduct the "pious negotiation"; "because," says Boswell, "I knew that he highly valued Johnson and that Johnson highly valued his lordship." Thurlow's high value of Johnson was shown by his liberal offer to supply Pitt's want of liberality; nevertheless, Boswell gives no account of any intercourse between the two men. We have spoken of the likeness between them; in many points, both of manner and character, it was great. The most lifelike of Lord Brougham's sketches of statesmen is that of Thurlow. It is founded no doubt on information received from Lord Holland, whose uncle, Charles James Fox, was, after Thurlow's loss of office, his intimate friend. Lord Holland, it is well known, was celebrated for his stories of Thurlow and for his imitation of him.

Lord Thurlow (says Lord Brougham) showed to the suitor a determined, and to the bar a surly, aspect. The measure of his courtesy was too scanty to obstruct the overflow in very audible sounds of the sarcastic and peremptory matter which eyes of the most fixed gloom, beneath eyebrows formed by nature to convey the abstract idea of a perfect frown, showed to be gathering or already collected. He possessed great depth of voice, rolled out his sentences with unbroken fluency, and displayed a confidence both of tone and assertion which, accompanied by somewhat of Dr. Johnson's balanced sententiousness, often silenced when it did not convince, for of reasoning he was proverbially sparing. His speeches were mainly positive assertions, personal vituperation, some sarcasms at classes, some sentences pronounced on individuals, as if they were standing before him for judgment.

The points of resemblance were neither few nor small. In other respects the two men were the exact opposites of each other:

Thurlow's conversation was garnished with epithets rather sonorous than expressive, but more expressive than becoming. His life was passed in so great and habitual a disregard of the decorum usually cast round high station, especially in the legal profession, as makes it extremely doubtful if the grave and solemn demeanor in which he was used to shroud himself were anything more than a manner he had acquired.

One can hardly imagine how any social intercourse was possible between Johnson and Thurlow. Johnson boasted to Boswell that "obscenity and impiety had always been repressed in his company," and Boswell gives an instance of the manner in which, by emphasized words and frowning looks, Johnson reproved one who was

* The "Gentleman's Magazine," December, 1878. The article is by Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt.

guilty of the indecorum of swearing in *his* presence. But Thurlow's profane swearing was irrepressible. When Chancellor he received a deputation of what, in the language of the older Dissenters, were called Nonconformist divines, including such well-known men as Drs. Kippis Palmer, of Hackney, and Rees. Their object was to obtain his support to Beaufoy's motion for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. Thurlow heard them very civilly, and then said: "Gentlemen, I am against you, by G—d! I am for the Established Church, damme; not that I have any more regard for the Established Church than for any other church, but because it is established—and if you can get your d—d religion established, I'll be for that, too!" A man who could so address a body of grave and venerable men like those then before him is not likely to have been repressed even by Johnson. In this particular case Johnson might have pardoned or even justified Thurlow's oaths, on the ground that they were aimed at Dissenters. It would only have been in conformity with a dictum which, if a story we have read, but our authority for which we have forgotten, be true, he once uttered. Johnson reproved an acquaintance for breach of Christian charity in throwing snails from his own garden into his neighbor's, but on learning that the neighbor was a Dissenter, Johnson rejoined, "Toss away, sir, then, as fast as you like."

We will close this paper by giving our own estimate of Johnson. It differs wholly from those of the writers of the later works we have been reviewing, nor can we without reservation assent to Lord Macaulay's final judgment on Johnson, that "our intimate acquaintance with what he would himself have called the amfractuosities of his intellect and of his temper serves only to strengthen our conviction that he was both a great and a good man." To our mind, Macaulay's earlier description of Johnson was the better one, viz., that "he was a man of strong but enslaved understanding, the characteristic peculiarity of whose intellect was the union of great powers with low prejudices." That any one can deliberately say, as does Mr. Leslie Stephen, that among all the "heroes and statesmen and philanthropists and poets who lie buried in Westminster Abbey, there are very few whom, when all has been said, we can love so heartily as Samuel Johnson." We could respect, regard, possibly reverence Johnson, but except Boswell and Madame d'Arblay we can not imagine that any human being loved Johnson. Johnson said of himself that "he ought to have been a lawyer," and Boswell relates that "Sir William Scott (Lord Stowell) said to Johnson: 'What a pity it is, sir, that you did not follow the profes-

sion of the law! You might have been Lord Chancellor and attained to the dignity of the peerage.'" There can be no doubt that Johnson was eminently qualified to be a great advocate. At the bar his power of arguing at any moment on any side of any question would have made him *primus inter pares*. Had his application for admission to the bar of Doctors' Commons been successful, he would no doubt have taken a high place, and the then leader of that bar, his friend Sir William Scott, would have found in him "a foeman worthy of his steel." Some idea of his forensic ability may be gained from reading the arguments with which, on several occasions, he supplied Boswell for use in court. After hearing one of them read, Burke remarked, "Well, he does his work in a workmanlike manner." Johnson might even have outstripped Scott in the race for preferment and become Judge of the Consistorial and Admiralty Courts, but we do not think he would have made a good judge. Like his friend Thurlow, he would have been too dogmatic; like him he would have "decided, not reasoned," nor would he have enriched the literature of the law with such judgments as those of Lord Stowell in the cases of *Dalrymple vs. Dalrymple*, the *Maria*, and the *Gratitude*, which, to quote again Lord Brougham, make "the volume which records Lord Stowell's decisions not like the reports of common law cases, a book only unsealed to the members of the legal profession; it may well be in the hands of the general student, and form part of any classical library of English eloquence or even of national history." We have said that Johnson could argue at any moment on any side of any question—and this is no exaggeration. This peculiarity had its rise in the skeptical nature of his mind. He had strong political and religious prejudices; but of deep convictions on any subject he had but few. Boswell owns that he loved to

Display his ingenuity in argument, and therefore would sometimes in conversation maintain opinions which he was sensible were wrong, but in supporting which his reasoning and wit would be most conspicuous. He would begin thus: "Why, sir, as to the good or evil of card-playing." "Now," said Garrick, "he is thinking which side he will take." He appeared to have a pleasure in contradiction, especially when any opinion whatever was delivered with an air of confidence, so that there was hardly any topic, if not one of the great truths of religion and morality, that he might not have been incited to argue for or against.

Even on religious subjects he talked loosely. He led old Mr. Langton to believe that he was a papist. Johnson at times showed a leaning to Romanism. An authoritative church would have

best suited him, but at other times he expressed himself against it. "In everything," he said, "in which they differ from us they are wrong." "He was," says Boswell, "even against the invocation of saints; in short, he was in the humor of opposition."

At the close of another conversation, when he had spoken favorably of the old religion, Boswell observes, "It is not improbable that, if one had taken the other side, he might have reasoned differently." This is a proof that he was an acute and a versatile rather than a great man. Boswell says of Johnson that "no man had a more ardent love of literature, a higher respect for it, nor a higher notion of its dignity." Yet this is hardly to be reconciled with what Boswell calls his "strange opinion," that "no one but a blockhead ever wrote except for money." Lord Macaulay, on the other hand, thought that "the pleasure of writing always pays itself." Here is another instance in which Johnson's opinions and his practice were opposed; for few men wrote more without receiving any remuneration, and for all his works he was underpaid. He says of Dryden, "To write *con amore*, with fondness for the employment, with perpetual touches and retouches, with unwillingness to take leave of his own idea, and no unvaried pursuit of unattainable perfection, was, I think, no part of his character." What Johnson denies of Dryden, we may without fear of contradiction affirm of Macaulay; and this description of Dryden is another instance where Johnson, in describing another man, unconsciously describes himself.

Johnson's position in the literary world of his day was well described by Goldsmith. It will be remembered that he censured Boswell "because he was for making a monarchy of what should be a republic." The same thing might be said of nearly every one of the people among whom Johnson lived. For ourselves, we say as did Macaulay, in reference to Niebuhr, "This sort of

intellectual despotism always moves us to mutiny, and generates a disposition to pull down the reputation of the dogmatist." Indeed, the marks of respect, and even adulation, shown Johnson, were such as in these days are reserved for persons of royal rank. It appears from Madame Piozzi, as quoted by Dr. Hill, to have been not unusual, "when he entered a room, for every one to rise to do him honor." The homage paid to him was due in part to his mannerism—the histrionic element in his character. Lord Pembroke, Boswell tells us, once said to him, "Dr. Johnson's sayings would not appear so extraordinary were it not for his bow-wow way." Here again the likeness between Johnson and Thurlow is great. In each case "the solemn and imposing aspect, the well-rounded periods, the sonorous voice, appeared to convey things which it would be awful to examine too near, and perilous to question." This would not impose on Burke, Gibbon, Wyndham, Sheridan, or Fox, but on the weaker brethren of the club, and in common society it had no doubt a great effect; but a stronger reason for the homage paid to Johnson was that writers and readers alike were fewer in those days. In these days when many write, and all read, a literary monarch is as great an anachronism as an infallible Pope. The adulation paid to Johnson was a misfortune for him. It developed and strengthened the worst parts of his character, which were also the strongest. We admit his benevolence and generosity, but these were fully balanced, if not outweighed, by his vanity, his coarseness, and his ferocity, which adulation only increased. We can not sympathize with Johnson's worshippers, like Dr. Hill and Mr. Leslie Stephen, still less with fanatics like Mr. Main. With some reservations and qualifications we can agree in Lord Macaulay's later opinion, but we can not refrain from expressing our gratitude that our lot is cast in a time when in society such a man as Samuel Johnson is an impossibility.

Westminster Review.

THE DOME OF THE CONTINENT.

THE great volcano of Popocatepetl, in old Mexico, is without exception the grandest natural object of the North American Continent. This mighty mountain stands nineteen thousand six hundred and twenty-three feet in height (not seventeen thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight feet, as most geographers have it), south-east of the city of Mexico, whence its snow-capped brow is viewed with a curiosity allied

to awe by the passing traveler or visiting foreigner.

In the month of November, 1874, it fell to the happy lot of the writer and two other Americans to be sojourning in the Mexican capital. All three being of an adventurous character, and sincere lovers of nature, it was but natural that so interesting and rare an object as Popocatepetl should be a perpetual aggravation to us

until we had explored its fastnesses and surmounted its snowy cone. When we could withstand the temptation no longer, we decided to make the ascent. Accordingly, General Gaspar Ochoa, an eminent politician and scholar, who owns the mountain, was sought, and letters of direction and introduction to his servants and friends in Mecameca, the town at the foot of the volcano, were procured. It was through the generosity of this gentleman, both in the way of guides and information, that the expedition achieved its success.

Armed with his talismanic letters, we secured outside seats on the stage for Mecameca, and all arrangements for our dangerous journey were complete. Early next morning, dressed in stout clothing, and heavily armed with rifles, revolvers, and knives, we left our comfortable quarters at the Hôtel Iturbide, and were ready for the day's ride in the *diligence*, highway robbers and sight-seeing all included. Mounting to our lofty seats above the two strange-looking fellows who drove the stage, the mules were started with a whoop and pistol-like crack of the whip, and we were off. At six we passed out of the still slumbering city, crossed a marshy plain, and soon struck an ancient causeway which crosses the southern end of Lake Tezcuco. On either side was a great waste of reeds and high grasses, interspersed with numerous ponds and bayous, in which were thousands upon thousands of waterfowl, while the air above our heads resounded with flying flocks of ducks, geese, and plover. Now and then we espied mud-banks, on which gawky, grave-looking cranes or red flamingoes stalked stiffly about like soldiers. Before us rose Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl; flanking them, and extending around us at a distance of fifteen or twenty miles on each hand, was a ridge of subordinate Alps, forming a grand but jagged setting to this gem-like valley, with its dozen smiling lakes and white-walled towns. It is little wonder that the lamented Bayard Taylor should pronounce the fair valley of Mexico more beautiful than any of all her rivals. Upon reaching the farther end of the causeway, a large hill was circled, in whose sides were cracks and caves, inhabited by poor lepers, who stared out at us with the despairing look of the lost. Two of these miserable beings, who appeared as if, like ghouls, they might have fed on dead bodies until their own flesh was rotten on their very bones, seated themselves on a stone, and accosted us in a piteous *patois* of Indian and Spanish for alms. Two more frightful and utterly wretched persons could scarcely be imagined. Their eyelids and hair had been destroyed, while their features, head, and arms were covered with chalky spots, and swollen to distortion, by the dreadful malady of

leprosy. They seemed so devoid of all earthly enjoyment that we threw them a few spare *medios*, and sorrowfully watched them hobble after them in the dust. Soon a turn in the road put them from our vision, but their misery had fallen like a pall upon our spirits, and its remembrance was hard to forget. Our driver said that leprosy was very common among the lowest classes of Indians, and that these were some who had the disease in its worst form, and had been driven, like those of Holy Writ, from the towns to the fields, to live like beasts for a little while, and finally to die after the manner of a reptile—in the crevice of a rock.

Our road from here to the journey's end was through a rich farming and grazing country, and, although it was dry and treeless, the fields were full of grain, which dusky peons were gathering with sickles of ancient make and pattern. Great mountains, on whose sides little hamlets peeped from lime- and olive-trees, could be seen both near and far, and though the way was very lonely at times, our party was a jolly one; the crisp joke passed from lip to lip, the laugh went round, and time flew by with the fleeting road. At the last station before we reached Mecameca, the mule-team was increased to sixteen, and the stage, with an easy rise and fall like a ship running before the wind, rolled along famously. The joys of earth are as transient as the summer breeze, however, and our stage came to a long and terribly rough ascent, which the wild team, never daunted in the least, took with a furious charge. The previous delightful swing was changed to a motion only to be compared with that of a steam trip-hammer. The huge old concern leaped from rock to rut in a manner fearful to behold, especially for the passengers, who were bounced about with a rapidity greater than that of pop-corn in a popper.

Still that did not agitate the drivers at all. Their blood, fired by the *pulque* of the last drinking-place, was up, and they enjoyed the fun. Jehu himself could not have driven more recklessly. One of them threw stones at the mules, while the other, who held the ribbons, slashed them with an immense bull-whip with a lash about forty feet long. This performance was reinforced by an accompaniment of grunts, hisses, and Mexican curses that would have frightened a Comanche Indian. After traveling two or three hours in this gentle style, the "infernal machine" stopped, and we were in the little mountain town of Mecameca.

We alighted—that is to say, we rolled, slid, and fell to the ground from the top of the vehicle, and felt as dusty and stiff as so many Egyptian mummies. The mules were fresh and philosophical. Lo! what a wonderful beast is your

mule, especially he of Spanish-American countries!

Upon turning around, the interpreter of the party, Colonel Grasty, asked a pot-bellied, pig-eyed Sancho Panza standing by for the house of Juan Noriega. He glared, hiccoughed, and said "There," pointing to a large pink-and-white *hacienda* across the Grand Plaza.

We shouldered our guns, passed through the square in a Falstaffian procession, entered the great store on the first floor of the dwelling, and inquired for the brothers Noriega. Our warlike appearance subjected us to the suspicious glances of a score or more clerks as we entered, but did not prevent our being politely received, and conducted to the living-apartments on the second floor. Juan, the elder of the two brothers, soon presented himself. He was a small, wiry Castilian, in a red skull-cap, roundabout jacket, and brown-leather pantaloons, ornamented with silver buttons and chains. His face was shrewd and interrogative; it was fringed with bristling side-whiskers, and surmounted by a large aquiline nose, from which at intervals he exhaled dense puffs of cigarette-smoke.

He read our letters, and immediately gave us a welcome to Mecameca with a heartiness that would have done credit to one of Sir Walter Scott's barons in the proudest days of chivalry. Before he had finished, his brother Francisco entered the room with a slow and ponderous tread; he was a jolly, corpulent man of thirty-five or thirty-seven, the happy father of a mestizo family, the owner of broad acres, and withal the *alcalde* of the town. Like Shakespeare's Justice, his belly was fair and round, while his head was full of "wise saws and modern instances." Embracing us with all the warmth and extravagant professions of friendship so natural to the Southrons, he patted us on the back and greeted us in Spanish, to which we replied in Buckeye English, and neither were any the wiser. Nevertheless both parties put on a broad smile, and pretended to understand each other perfectly.

After ordering a bottle of brandy and a box of cigars to be placed upon the table, we were left alone in the room, with an opportunity given us to examine our surroundings. The apartment was very spacious, with a tessellated floor of red tile and a ceiling composed of great beams that supported the roof. At one end was a balcony-window, which looked out on a scene of surpassing beauty and grandeur.

Twenty-five miles to the east, and away up, up in the thin blue air, so high that it almost made one's neck ache to look at them, were the snowy domes of Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl. On their sides, just below the snow-line, was a belt of purple-hued sand and ashes, and then a

zone of low shrubs and grasses. Under these were scrubby larches and dark and melancholy pines. Still lower were oaks and ash-trees, and finally the whole was set in a glorious fringe of oranges, olives, and the general vegetation of the plain from which we looked.

At the end of the room, opposite to the window, was a glass door which opened upon a large veranda on the court of the *hacienda*. This was a most charming place. The side that looked into the court was provided with a substantial balustrade, while the roof was supported by strong wooden pillars. Hanging from these and the walls were many quaint little bird-cages, containing half a hundred or more varieties of birds, the majority of whom were natives, although there were numerous foreign songsters in the number. Added to the red of the floor and the white of the walls was the green of an innumerable lot of plants of exquisite fragrance and beauty which were placed on the balustrade and at the base of the columns. Twining up these were many rare climbers and air-plants that hung in festoons along the eaves-troughs, projecting water-spouts, and the entire edge of the roof, thus forming a veil to keep out the rays of the sun. A great owl stared at us from among the flower-pots of the farther end, as if he did not know what to make of the white-faced barbarians from the North. In the corner I noticed two hazel-eyed fawns from the forests of Iztaccihuatl, while several loquacious parrots chattered noisily from perches overhead. Though in the Occident, the scene was picturesque and truly Oriental. From this odorous abode of flowers and song we looked into the great court of the *hacienda*.

In the center was a fountain circled by fig-trees, around which was a large paved space extending to the walls. Here all the domestic animals of the establishment were assembled, while in the building that formed the walls of the court were the various apartments used to carry on the different kinds of business in which the Noriegas were engaged. At our backs was the parlor; we passed through this, and came out on another veranda that overlooked the great Plaza and town generally. To the right was a forest-clad hill, two or three hundred feet high, with convent-crowned crags and the white walls of ancient churches peeping from its green foliage. This was a famous shrine called Mount Calvary. Having an hour or two of leisure, we strolled to this sacred locality, and ascended the hill by a holy path, which was paved and divided into thirteen terraces, each of which was surmounted by a cenotaph. This approach was intended to represent a pilgrimage, and the tablets are called "stations." Each of them bore a porcelain plate

engraved with a Latin inscription describing how Christ bore his cross at that stage of his journey to the place of crucifixion, and closing with an earnest exhortation to sinners to repent and accept God's holy vicar, the Pope, as their teacher on earth.

On their knees before several of the stations were a dozen or so devotees, who were offering up their evening orisons with a fervor that told how completely they were saturated with their religion. The mellow Castilian of their *pater-nosters* had a richness and melody, as it came to us on the air of the evening, ever to be remembered as one of the sweetest things we have heard. On the summit of the elevation was a fine cloister; at its rear stood a church called that of the Holy Sepulchre. It had an octagonal nave with a high, vaulted ceiling; on each of its eight sides was a wax saint, Virgin, or Christ. Some of these were in the sear and yellow leaf of idolatrous duty, while others were yet fresh and blooming, their tinsel trappings still untouched by the corroding finger of time. The chancel of the church was a natural structure, it being the mouth of a cave ten or twelve feet high. In the center of this stood a glass case, beneath which reposed a waxen figure of Jesus, protected by a silver railing and lighted by candles in golden chandeliers. It is said that this image weeps tears of blood whenever the mother Church is afflicted by the contumacy of her children. Passing into the cave we found it gloomy and damp; the roof was painted sky-blue and bespangled with gilt stars. At one side was a crevice in its rocky floor that led down nobody knows whither, although the shambling old sexton confidently asserted that it went straight to hell, and stated, in support of this opinion, that it at times breathed forth a hot and sulphurous air. Not caring to believe that one is compelled to pass through so solemn a sanctuary as the church of the Holy Sepulchre to reach the place spoken of by the sexton, we made up our minds that the sulphur-hole was only a ramification of the fiery caverns beneath the great volcano.

Having now seen the lion of Mecarrecia, we returned to the house of our hosts. By the time we got back the twilight had faded to the darkness of night, and the stars of the tropics blazed out in all their splendor.

Met at the door by our friends, we were conducted to the great hall of the *hacienda* and introduced to a scene of good cheer and much hilarity. It was an immense room, with a ponderous table in the middle, around which were gathered twenty-five or thirty persons, the majority of whom were young Spaniards, who clerked in the store or superintended the peons in the field. The board was nearly buried in eatables,

it being the chief meal of the day. Huge dishes of meats, reeking with *chile colorado*, stood in the center, barricaded with lesser ones of birds and vegetables. At one end stood a large basket of bread, while a mighty tureen of soup balanced it at the other. Between the steaming dishes of flesh and fowl were capacious tankards of *pulque*, the native drink of the country, to receive which there was a bowl of vast and appalling dimensions at each plate. As the meal progressed these were frequently filled, sometimes with coffee, again with *pulque*, but always filled. Here and there was a bottle of olive-oil; this, together with *olla* and garlic, will tickle your Spaniard's palate till he fairly purrs with epicurean joy. Then there were *frijoles* and *mescal*—in other words, beans and whisky. We took our seats. Opposite sat our friend of the afternoon, Sancho Panza; he was a village lawyer from Granada, in Old Spain. A more greedy animal I never saw. He resembled a great fat spider, and ate with the rapacity of a boa-constrictor. Between courses he showered proverbs around him with a prodigality that was fearful to contemplate, punctuating them with puffs of tobacco-smoke from his nose till it looked like a double-barreled smoke-stack. After *chirimoyas* and bananas, Bacchus poured wine, *pulque*, and *mescal* down his throat until I was verily afraid he would burst from hydrostatic pressure. The rest of the company talked, gesticulated, and laughed. Such talk and gesticulations were never heard or seen outside of a Spanish country. The conversation consisted almost entirely of gossip and proverbs. These are the floating literature of Mexico, are handed down by tradition, are intimately associated with the smell of garlic and orange-peel, and belong to the Spaniard as truly as the nautical song does to the Englishman. They are shot at you or stabbed into you at every table and *fonda*. They are the Spaniard's shield and stiletto; there is no occasion when he will not use them—he is full of them. When a cigar is not in his mouth, out comes a proverb. When you see a little band of gossips, with shaking heads and dubious looks, then the air is as full of proverbs as it is with chaff around a threshing-machine. When muleteers, whip in hand, meet at a roadside wine-shop, proverbs are bandied from mouth to mouth as fast as cards in a game of whisky poker are shuffled. When the brown bourgeois of Mexican towns meet at evening in the Plaza, proverbs swarm as thick as oaths at a meeting of Mollie Maguires.

"Like Pedro, like John"—a man of Spanish extraction must have his proverbs just as a Dutchman his schnapps. Retiring to our room, we found Colonel Grasty, a member of the party, who had escaped the riot and smoke of the

supper-room and taken refuge in the streaming moonlight that flowed through the open window. He beckoned us to see the moon that had just cleared the frosted heads of Papocatepetl and Itaccihuatl. A sight more beautiful is rarely seen. The Colonel, who had rambled to the end of the world and back, was completely carried away with the landscape. "Friends," said he, "I am an old traveler, but I have never in my life seen its like but once." Warming with happy remembrances and his subject, he went on: "Nowhere, in grand Switzerland, in sunny Italy, in old Greece, or the land of Mohammed, is there anything to compare with it. The sands of the Great Sahara and the tropical plateau of Abyssinia contain nothing so impressive. The valleys of the mighty Himalayas surpass it in grandeur but do not equal it in beauty. Granada in Old Spain, with its Alhambra and circle of mountains, alone has such exquisite beauty and divine sublimity."

The keen effect of the next morning's air sent us early to the dining-room of the *hacienda* for coffee. Upon bidding good morning, Juan and Francisco informed us that our horses, mules, and servants were ready whenever we wished them. This suited us exactly, so we hastily swallowed our breakfast, got our firearms, and adjourned to the *patio*, where two Indians mounted on mules, and three small, tough horses, awaited us. With heightened respect for Mexican hospitality, the word was given, and all filed quietly out from the house of our kind hosts.

Now the real work of the expedition began. For a time the several members of the party rode silently on, each enjoying the journey according to the poetry of his nature or his individual experience. Colonel Grasty, the eldest of the three, considerable of a character in his way, at last broke the silence with a series of stories concerning mountain travel in various countries, which, under the circumstances, were peculiarly appropriate and highly acceptable. During the war this gentleman was a colonel in the Confederate service, and at the close of the "unpleasantness" he preferred foreign air to reconstruction, so left the country, and spent nine years traveling in Europe, Africa, and the far East. At one time, he filled a chair in the University of Paris; at another, was a lieutenant-colonel under Serrano in Spain. Not content with the beaten paths of travel, he crossed from Spain to Africa, joined an Arab sheik and passed over the Sahara to the head-waters of the Nile. Thence he roamed to Abyssinia, and north again to Arabia and Persia, where he spent some time acquiring Arabic. With Edward Montagu's passion for the flowery literature of the Orient and an

American's curiosity for that which is odd, he now became completely enamored of the East, and so continued his wanderings to India, where he remained for a couple of years in the valleys of the Himalayas. Resuming his rambles he finally got upon the cold table-lands of Thibet in an effort to reach China overland, but the superstitious fears of the natives raised an insurmountable barrier to his project. Only one white man had ever been this far before, and he, a poor English map-maker, unfortunately raised the suspicions of the inhabitants by his topographical observations. They took him as the Poles did Mazeppa, and dragged him to death by a wild horse. Not regarding this manner of treating foreigners with much favor, Colonel Grasty gave up the proposed journey and returned to Europe, where he spent considerable time climbing the principal mountains. In his ideas and desires he is much of a St. Elmo, a devout worshiper of the beauties of nature untouched by the vandal hands of man, and in all ways a conservative, whose face is rigidly set against the advance of the railroad and the rush for the almighty dollar. Withal he is a philosopher who loves to ramble among countries like Egypt and Mexico, whose people resemble straws on a slowly revolving pool, far removed from the swift current of human progress, where, as he says, "I can watch the even tenor of life not varnished with the shallow artifices of the nineteenth century, and study humanity undisturbed by the whirl of the great world without." In fact, he is such a character as Eugène Sue or Sir Walter Scott would have delighted in portraying—one of those mystical men whom we frequently read of but rarely see.

With this varied experience in the special line of mountain adventure, together with his odd notions, the Colonel's conversation helped us amazingly over the monotonous plain between the town and the base of the mountain.

After an hour's ride we struck a *barranca*, through which a stream flowed down from the volcano. This we followed for several miles till we got among the foot-hills, where we left it, and began the real ascent, though we had been going up hill ever since we left Mexico. Our first two hours up the mountain were through beautiful forests of live-oaks, cypresses, and Spanish chestnut-trees, while wild flowers were everywhere observed in the greatest profusion. Then we came to somber pines and distorted cedars, which for a time completely obscured the view. To the left was a gorge, whose bottom was buried in flowers and verdure, that grew deeper as we ascended, our road being nothing but a mule-path along its edge. Soon the air began to grow cooler and the underwood less dense. An intense stillness reigned around us, except when broken

by the measured strokes of a woodman's axe or the wild scream of an eagle. About eleven o'clock we heard the dull roar of a cataract, and shortly after came to a raging torrent that plunged wildly down into the *barranca* that had guided us up the volcano. Following up this for a few hundred yards higher, we forded it. Its icy waters told plainly of its origin in the melting snows of the peaks among the overhanging clouds. Beyond the river, the path, which was before almost steep enough to discourage us, grew rougher and worse than ever. But with a laugh and a joke we kept on our zigzag climbing, and were rewarded for our perseverance by emerging from the dark and dreary woods upon a sunny plateau over which wild cattle were roaming. The day, like all days in Mexico, was divinely mild and beautiful, while heaven and earth, between which we seemed suspended, were completely reconciled. Afar down in the west was Mount Calvary, dwarfed by distance to a mole-hill, while nearer and more distinct were the golden fields and party-colored walls of Mecameca.

The *barranca*, through which we had passed in the early morn, was now a faint, crooked streak of green on the yellow of the grain-fields. Winding up the mountain was the road over which we had just passed, marked here and there by crosses which the kindly priests had raised to the memory of men who had been murdered upon it by highway robbers. This pass leads to Puebla, and is considered one of the most dangerous in all Mexico. Soaring skyward in the north was "Iztaccihuatl," or the "White Woman," so called on account of the marvelous resemblance that its serrated peak, which is ten miles long, bears to the recumbent form of a dead woman beneath a shroud. This peak is about ten miles north of Popocatepetl, the "Hill that smokes." Between the two volcanoes is a great pass, through which lay our route, and in it was the grassy meadow where we were now traveling. From this point the finest view of Iztaccihuatl is gained. From here the cold, solemn contour of mountain-top is frightfully deathlike in its likeness to the human figure. The head, with classic profile and face upturned to the skies, is first noticeable; then the breast, undulating and graceful, falls beneath the eye. The limbs, with a slight elevation at the knees, and well-proportioned feet, are observed next. So lies the white lady, a mountain for her bier, the vaulted heavens for the tomb—cold, silent, and infinitely grand. During the supremacy of the Indian races this mountain was an object of great adoration. In its sides are vast natural caverns, which they adorned with images and used as mausoleums for their dead. One of these idol-caves was discovered in 1864 and explored. Its sides and recesses were lined

with bones, idols, and mummies, embalmed like flies imbedded in amber, in copal, the resin of a tree that grows abundantly in Mexico. These were built into strange figures against the walls of the grotto, similar in many respects to those in the catacombs of Rome and the mummy deposits of Peru, made by the brother race to the Aztecs, the Incas. The Indians, according to the ancient manuscripts of the learned Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, used to repair to the forest solitudes of Iztaccihuatl in great numbers, where, like the Druids of old Britain, they performed the horrid rites of their mystic faith. For the most part this consisted of human sacrifices and burnt offerings to Quetzalcoatl, the air-god, while the sun was worshiped with weird dances and idolatrous chants at sunrise and sunset.

A short halt being over, we resumed our toilsome struggle up the volcano. The cattle sniffed the air in a ferocious manner as we passed, but we gained the opposite timber in safety. This was much smaller than any we had yet seen. Above us, seemingly higher than we had ever seen it, frowned the beetling brow of Popocatepetl. Around us were the melancholy pines, draped in moss, rent, twisted, and broken by the terrific storms that almost incessantly rage in these lofty regions. We were now traveling up a sandy slope, garnished here and there with huge boulders of porphyry and masses of crumbling lava and scoria. About three in the afternoon a bank of damp clouds swept over us, and all further sight-seeing was impossible. The path alone was visible. Another half hour's climbing, and we reached the "divide" of the pass that lies between the two peaks. The fog silently slipped away, and we sighted Tlamacas, five hundred feet below us on the opposite slope. This place is a small *hacienda* owned by General Ochoa, and consisted of one lone *rancho* among the clouds, over thirteen thousand feet above the sea, and on one of the highest inhabited spots of the earth. We descended from the bluff that overlooked it, waded another icy stream, and were greeted by a swarm of coppery peons who rushed out to meet us. Dismounting from our nearly exhausted animals, we entered the house cold, weary, and hungry. We had been ten hours on the way—ten hours of constant and steep climbing over rocks, stumps, and logs, through cañons and streams, in a thin, cold atmosphere, and frequently immersed in the penetrating damp of frost-laden clouds. In one corner of the *rancho* was a rude fireplace, that poured dense volumes of black resinous smoke into the room, the air not being heavy enough at this altitude to float it away. It did not take us long to plant ourselves before this with our backs to the flame, which thawed us out quickly, while

the smoke besmattered us till we almost resembled hams.

Upon breaking our prolonged fast on *frijoles*, *olla-podrida*, *tortillas*, and claret, two of the party took their guns and went into the woods after parrots, that were very numerous around Tlamacas. They were also very shy, and after two hours' tramping up and down the mountain, they only succeeded in bagging one. This was a magnificent specimen, however—a green bird about fifteen inches long, gorgeously marked with crimson and gold, and one of a flock of over two hundred. The most remarkable thing about these birds is that, being natives of the tropics, they should resort to the lofty and cold altitude in which we found them. Sometimes we even saw them higher than this, away up so far that they resembled motes, and, what was still more curious, the rarity of the air even then did not incommode their flight in the least. From the fact of their being in such a cold place and in flocks, I am of the opinion that they are of the South Carolina species, the hardest of all the parrot family.

The afternoon was spent shivering around the fire and listening to the wild tales of blood and violence which Colonel Grasty drew from our Indian hosts. After supper we retired to gunny-bag beds, and shivered ourselves into dreams of home and friends far away; of our comrades, and the blonde girls of the North; of brilliant dinners, gay ladies, and gallant gentlemen, for to-morrow would be Thanksgiving day.

At two o'clock on the morning of the 28th of November we crawled out from a heap of Indians, dogs, and mats, and completed our toilets by pulling off our heavy riding-boots, and having our feet and ankles bound up in small pieces of blanket, to prevent their freezing when we got among the snows. Our inner man fortified with a vast supply of coffee, we were ready for the last grand struggle of the expedition. Muffled in *rebosas*, and our hands in woolen socks, we mounted our steeds and rode out of the *rancho*.

. . . . into the clear, still night
Up the frosty mountain-height!

The timber-line was soon crossed, and we struck a great belt of sand and ashes, that separates the zone of vegetation from that of eternal snow and ice. The soil was frozen quite dry, which made it soft and easy traveling for the horses. The only vegetation now seen was entirely of an Alpine character. Here and there were tufts of grass, all crisp and silvered with hoar frost. Everything around us, though strange and desolate, possessed a wild and unearthly

beauty. Radiant and glistening in the moon's mellow light rose the great dome of snow and ice, thousands of feet above us; below us were valleys, plains, forests, and fleeting fog-banks. The air was thin, cold, and clear; deep silence reigned, intensified at intervals by the wind, which, as it came creeping down the peak and over the cinders, sounded like the scrambling of mountain sprites. Overhead myriads of stars that we had never before seen in the regions of the Great Lakes, twinkled and sparkled with a brilliancy that was to us of unsurpassed magnificence.

About four o'clock we came to the lower end of the "Barranca de Muerte," a gaping fissure which, during some herculean eruption, had been rent in the mighty walls of the crater. At the point where we crossed it, it is only two hundred feet deep, although at the upper end it is nearly three thousand feet. Here stands the wonderful "Pico del Fraile," or Friar's Head, an enormous basaltic monolith, that springs like a tongue from the very throat of the gulch, and projects five hundred feet into the air beyond its rocky lips.

We entered the gorge by zigzagging down its rugged and fearfully steep sides. Verily, I thought I should slide over my horse's head into the bottom. At the bottom was a small stream of cold lava that had been arrested in its headlong rush down the *barranca* by the killing hand of the frost-king. In the basin of this strange river was a frozen torrent, over which we crossed on the ice. On all sides of this awful ravine were the most frightful evidences of combustion and destruction. Great masses of shattered lava and blackened rock were strewn around in grotesque profusion. It looked like a place where the gods had hurled mountains at each other, and finished the duel with thunderbolts. Everything looked weird and fantastic in the pale light of the dying moon. Ghostly fragments of clouds now and then flitted in and out among the rocks, and a strange, undefinable awe crept over us all. We tried to laugh away our gloomy spirits, but laughter came back from the crevices and caverns, distorted into the hilarity of goblins. The zigzag process, vigorously applied, soon took us out of the gully, however, and the party was more cheerful. We now toiled up three miles or more of shimmering sand and beds of tufa and scoria. All the while we were winding diagonally toward the snow, and all now began to feel the cold very seriously, the thermometer indicating several degrees below zero. The rarity of the atmosphere forbade much conversation, while our animals were compelled to stop every fifty or seventy-five paces to regain their breath. Colonel Grasty's nag gave out; he and the writer

exchanged, and we went along better for the time. Being a heavy weight, however, his new beast was soon exhausted, and he had to dismount and lead it. Just at sunrise we reached the snow-line at a place called "La Cruz," a kind of station designated by a wooden cross set on top of a huge porphyritic block. We dismounted and gave our animals in charge of the servants. This point is over fifteen thousand feet above the sea, and about twenty-five hundred higher than Tlamacas. Beyond this point no horse or mule has ever gone without suffocating. Even here it is with the greatest difficulty that they can breathe.

Attention was now attracted to a scene of beauty even surpassing the beautiful landscapes which had become common to us in the past three days. It was a sunrise above the clouds. Day was just breaking. Half a mile below us, stretching far, far away to the east, was a rolling, billowy sea of clouds. The only objects to be seen above this broad expanse were the white peaks and colossal domes of Orizaba, Perote, Malinche (named after Cortes's mistress), and Iztaccihuatl.

On the eastern horizon was a small spot of crimson that heralded the approach of the sun. This rapidly grew larger and larger, until the whole sky before us was one vast mass of crimson, and looked like a great ocean of blood, in which the numerous snow-capped mountain-peaks appeared as so many icebergs, around whose bases this unreal sea seemed to swirl and eddy with a fury most deceptive. It was a picture, while it continued, of gorgeous and awful expression. It would try the pen of Milton himself, that great creator of imaginative grandeur, to do so magnificent a panorama justice. On every side were enormous mountains and volcanoes, any of them as great as Byron's "monarch of the mountains," whose peaks presented every variety of Andean architecture. Below us was a crimson sea, above us was an indigo heaven set with paling stars. The effect while it lasted was truly sublime. Nature's phases are fleeting things, however; the sun, moving rapidly as it does in the tropics, soon got above the clouds, and all was over.

Upon the resumption of the journey the sufferings of the party began. The ice up which we were tramping was extremely hard and slippery, so that it was only with the greatest difficulty that we could advance. My two companions were a short distance ahead, and I started off briskly to overtake them, when a sharp, piercing pain through my lungs admonished me to proceed less hastily. I did so, but even then was compelled to stop every few yards to regain breath. The others were also severely troubled

in the same manner, but the writer, who was yet weak from a recent illness, had the hardest road to travel. We were now amid the eternal snows that crown the volcano, and entirely surrounded by drifts and sloping ice-fields. To the right was the great *barranca* in which was a small glacier. The snow over which we were climbing upward lay in long deep ridges across our path, and was incrustated with ice, rendering our progress slow and extremely difficult. Every step toward the lowering brow above us increased the strain of our lungs, which were already expanded to their fullest extent in their almost ineffectual attempts to secure a supply of oxygen. I could not go over ten or fifteen steps without sinking on the snow to rest. The only way we had of surmounting the huge snow-drifts was to have an Indian go ahead and cut footholds for us with a spade. The air—what there was of it—was "an eager and a nipping air." Suddenly, when about opposite to the "Pico del Fraile," I began to feel very faint and dizzy, with suffocating sensations and other alarming symptoms. One of the guides gave me a drink of *mescal*; but it was of no use. I sank on the ice, completely "played out." It was humiliating to tell the rest of the party that I could go no farther, but I summoned about all the breath I had left, and told them to go on without me. They did so, and after a half hour's rest, and with the aid of one of the peon guides, I managed to crawl down the ice, consoling myself that I had at least attained a greater altitude than that of any mountain in Europe, and that only about one in ten of the travelers who attempt to scale Popocatepetl ever get any higher than I did. I got my horse and returned to the *rancho*, where I arrived about two in the afternoon, sick, sore, and disgusted.

For the continuation of this narrative, I am indebted to Colonel Grasty. After my return, he and our companion continued the ascent over the same slippery billows of snow, sometimes crawling over them, sometimes springing over them like Alpine chamois, and sometimes zigzagging around them. Harry Stevens, being as light, strong, and lithe as an antelope, soon got far above the Colonel, who was greatly troubled by the rarity of the atmosphere. By proceeding slowly, he managed to get along comparatively well until he came to an unusually large drift. "This," he said, "I surmounted by an extra exertion, and was immediately seized by a terrible faintness and giddiness. The great dome above me danced fantastically, the world beneath me whirled like Charybdis, and I sank on the ice insensible. . . . When my senses returned our two Indians were bending over me; they had opened my coat and were chafing my hands and wrists. They offered me a bottle of *mescal*. I took a

long drink, and soon felt better under its vivifying effects. I arose and resumed the fearful task of climbing to the lips of the crater, about half a mile above. Stevens had gained the summit. I had not gone much higher before I was again taken sick, this time with a dreadful nausea, and began to vomit blood." He had now gone so near the top that he would not give up, so he kept on. When within about five hundred feet of the crater, his exhausted body refused further obedience to his will, and he fell on the snow dyeing it with the blood that trickled in tiny streams from his ears and nose. He lay for some time conscious, but helpless as a babe. The Indians said they thought it was all up with the Colonel this time. What was to be done? Harry Stevens had gone over the brow, and was ignorant of the Colonel's misfortune. To gain the summit now seemed impossible; but to return after climbing so high and braving so many dangers was not to be thought of. The Colonel shut his teeth and ordered the peons to *carry* him to the top, even if they had to pitch him into the Baranca de Muerte to get him back again. They obeyed orders, and found Stevens on the top surveying the wonderful landscape that lay at their feet. The spot where they stood is the highest land in North America; they were in fact on the dome of the continent, nineteen thousand six hundred and twenty-three feet above the level of the sea—over three miles and a half high, three times as high as Mount Washington, and higher than any point in either Europe or Australia.

Away down in the west was the valley of Mexico with its smiling lakes and Moorish towns. To the north was the White Lady, without the least sign of a crater, although she is set down by the geographers as a volcano. Beyond were the cloud-mottled plains of Tlascala, the Tyrol of Mexico. On the east was Popocatepetl's great rival, the bald-headed and big-waisted Orizaba. Near it was Perote overshadowing Jalapa, said by the Indians of the olden time to be a little piece of heaven let down on earth. Between Orizaba and Perote's flashing snows they gazed down where the hot country lies, into the land of the sweet cocoa and out upon the sapphire-hued waters of the Gulf, two hundred miles away. Nearer to them was the great city of Puebla, with its onyx-paved Plaza, and the ancient pyramid of Cholula. Southward they saw the valley of the Lopez, whose beauty was so sweet that it wound its way into their hearts as through the forest at their feet. It lay far down in the Sierra Caliente—

... the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever
shine;

Where the light wings of zephyr, oppressed with
perfume,

Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gull in their bloom;
Where citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
Where the tints of the earth and hues of the sky,
In color though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of ocean is deepest of dye.

To the right, to the left, behind and in front, were mountains, valleys, rivers, lakes, and clouds, all distorted and dwarfed by their elevated point of vision. The towns and roads, map-like, were visible for a hundred miles in every direction. The world seemed like the kingdom of Liliput.

In the top of the volcano yawned the vast crater, which, according to Dr. Hartwig, is a mile in diameter, and eight thousand feet deep. Into this they passed with dizzy eyes and whirling brain. Rolling up from it, at times like the breath of the infernal regions, came great volumes of sulphurous steam. Almost incredible to relate, at the bottom of this awful cavity exists a settlement of sulphur-miners numbering about forty souls, whose only mode of ingress and egress to this infernal abode is by means of several hundred feet of rope with which they are let down and hauled out.

Our two bold adventurers, after descending a slope of warm sand and cinders, found themselves on the brink of the precipice whence hung the rope of the windlass. It was evident that they could not pass the night, which would soon fall, on the top, and neither could they return to Tlamacas on the "timber-line," and so they decided to go to the bottom and sleep with the miners—a thing which even the hardest adventurers, who had not been raised to breathe the rare air of these stupendous altitudes, had never before done.

An Indian was accordingly dispatched to Señor Corchado, the superintendent of the mine, with a letter of introduction, and this gentleman repaired to the summit. Corchado, "the old man of the mountain," is a singular character, who would figure well in the pages of yellow-covered literature. He is a creole, well advanced in the evening of life, whose personal appearance is odd and ancient, and in harmony with his strange and frightful surroundings. His face and head were completely buried in an enormous shock of grizzly gray hair which fell over his shoulders and reached down on his breast, completely veiling his features from scrutiny. Peering from this luxuriant crop of hair was a strong Roman nose, while a big pair of green goggles protected his eyes from the sulphurous vapors of his home and the glistening white of the snow on the dome. He was dressed in the style of a muleteer, a deer-skin coat and goat-skin trousers with

the hair on the outside comprising the suit. On his feet were blanket moccasins, on his head a *sombrero* with a brim eight inches wide. Born at Tlamacas, he has always lived on the mountain or in his present brimstone home, where his father lived and died before him. Reared in nature's wildest, roughest, and most sterile region, his manners are rude, but his heart is as warm as if it were a product of a kindlier clime. Intimately connected with Popocatepetl and everything associated with the great volcano for the last half century, he is now one of its curiosities.

Having welcomed the party to the crater, he prepared for the descent. At the point where they stood the rope was suspended from a capstan peculiar to the country, called *el malacate*. This rope was nearly a thousand feet long and about an inch and a half in diameter. From this point they obtained a magnificent view of the crater, whose bleared and blackened walls rose everywhere in frightful wildness and sublimity. They at once appreciated its enormous dimensions, for a mile below them, almost lost in depth and darkness, was the bottom. The Colonel expressed it as his opinion to the writer that, if Vesuvius was shaved off close to the earth, and turned upside down, it would just about plug the top of Popocatepetl without projecting over the rim. This gulf presents one of the grandest sights on earth, and has a terrible fascination for the beholder. The most stolid are impressed, while the susceptible are completely overwhelmed by its awful magnitude. The Colonel and Stevens peered over the ledge, and saw far below a level rock which formed the top of a long, steep declivity, at the foot of which was a black spot, which they were informed was the miners' house. To reach this rock they were compelled to use the rope.

Corchado and Stevens went first, being tied to the cable in such a manner as to sit side by side. Everything being ready, Stevens cried out, "Good-by, Colonel!" and they were swung far out over the yawning deep. For about one hundred and fifty feet the ledge from which they made their wild leap projected out over the precipice, and consequently they hung free and dangling in mid-air. It was but a minute or two before they came to a place where the cliff belied farther out than the windlass, and they were compelled to kick against its strong front to keep clear of it. From beneath, immense clouds of sulphurous steam and gases rolled skyward. So dense were they at one time that Stevens, who had hitherto got along without trouble, was nauseated and set to vomiting badly. They were now out of sight of the people above them, and the American said that he felt as though he was going straight into the jaws of hell. On every

side of them was a gigantic and hideous ruin of cracked cliffs and blistered crags. Beneath them and to the right were pools of liquid and burning sulphur, that trickled in little rivulets from the gashed and fire-marked walls. Noxious vapors floated through the air—all seemed a horrible nightmare of destruction and chaos. After a fearful journey of almost ten minutes' duration, they reached the declivity in safety. The rope was pulled up and the Colonel proceeded to tie himself on. Although still weak from the suffering he had experienced on the ascent, he was not daunted, and courageously dropped from the crag. Everything went well until he got to the great bulge of the cliff, but here disaster overtook him. A cloud of gas-loaded vapor suddenly enveloped him, and, in spite of the most frantic efforts on the part of his will, he fainted entirely away, with seven hundred feet of the awful trip downward yet to be accomplished. To render matters still worse, the rope around his waist to keep him upright slipped down too low and he fell back. Corchado and Stevens saw him. It was a frightful moment. They saw the brave fellow let go of the rope, throw his arms out, grasping at the evasive air, and fall back till his head was lower than his heels, then spin round and round, striking against the cruel rocks at each turn in the most desperate style. Oh, it was an awful sight! Stevens said his blood ran cold, and he had to turn his eyes away, while Corchado gave the men at the windlass a sign to lower faster. It seemed as if he never, never would come down, but two or three minutes brought Grasty's apparently lifeless and mutilated body to their eagerly outstretched hands. His face was severely bruised and his clothing torn, while the blood oozed from his nose and eyes; but he still breathed. After an hour's rubbing and throwing snow on his face he came to, and the party, now augmented by the arrival of a number of peon miners from below, descended the sloping inside of the crater. Corchado and the Indians led the way, followed by Grasty, supported by Stevens and a peon. The first part of the way was easy enough, but the ice and stones began to worry them. In fact, one of the worst dangers threatened. Huge chunks of ice and rock were continually rolling down from above, and they were likely to be crushed. This *débris* is the matter that is loosened daily by the sun, whose warmth strikes off its icy fetters and suffers gravity to have its sway. Our adventurers had therefore to keep one eye cocked up hill and the other down—the one to dodge the huge boulders, and the other to prevent them from losing their precarious foothold and tumbling with the stones. Just as darkness added its terrors to the dreadful tomb into which they

thought they had gone, they arrived at the bottom of the pit. Sixteen hours before they had left the timber-line. During this period they had climbed six thousand feet on the outside, and gone down nobody knows how far on the inside. At the hut, which was a miserable affair of stones, they immediately threw themselves on a pile of mats and sought the much-needed and well-earned repose of sleep, but found it not. Stevens had a severe attack of rheumatism in his left arm, while Grasty was in a stupor like that of a drunken man, more dead than alive. Both were sore, chafed, and bruised by their many falls during the day, and sick at the stomach from the vile gases that filled the crater. The ashes beneath were warm, but the air was intensely cold, and it was impossible to sleep on account of the horrible hisses and groans that resounded throughout the crater. So they lay all the night long, wearied and worn, rolling and tossing in ineffectual efforts to sleep. Sometimes the drowsy god would answer their wooings and for a little time they would slumber; but it was only a sleep that tired—a wild, troubled sleep, unrefreshing and in small allowance. At twelve—perhaps it was later—Stevens felt the Colonel crawling over him for the door. In answer to an inquiry, he said that he was going for air, in such a manner as to startle Stevens, who followed him, caught him by the shoulder, and exclaimed:

"Hallo, Colonel, what's the matter?" Grasty turned around, in a strange and quick manner, and asked how he got out there. It was plain that the Colonel's long fast and great hardships had produced a slight hallucination of his brain. Rousing himself, he remained with Stevens while they observed the ghastly effect of the moonlight on the gigantic and wrecked walls of their rocky environment. The moon was nearly overhead, and poured her effulgent beams directly down the great throat of the crater; the rim, so far overhead that it made their necks ache to look up to it, was silvered with everlasting snow, and looked like a vast aureola against the black of the sky. The southern sides rose precipitously for thousands upon thousands of feet, while those on the north were sloping to within a thousand or fifteen hundred feet of the summit. A mighty caldron of cooled lava, covered by small mounds, was the appearance presented by the small circular plain which formed the bottom. This was crossed in every direction by great cracks. In some of the darkest of the caves and crevices of the surrounding cliffs could be seen little streams of liquid sulphur trickling down the stones, and in other places pools of the same coated with an efflorescence of sublimated sulphur. As the vapor and blue flames darted up from these fiery little lakes and floated skyward, they appeared

like demon spirits from the dominions of Pluto, winging their midnight way to spread contagion to the slumbering world without. Thoroughly impressed with the horrors of the infernal region, they returned to the hut and once more buried themselves in the cheerless mats and gunny-bags, and there shivered and groaned till morning. At breakfast they could scarcely eat anything; their stomachs, not used to the harsh treatment they had been receiving for the past thirty-six hours, refused to be comforted. Their lungs, also, were in rebellion, disgusted with the vapidness of the air and the gaseous exhalations of the breathing-holes. These they now visited in company with their kind host. Not broad, but of tremendous depth, these mighty fissures appeared in every direction in the bottom of the crater. From them issued dense masses of steam and smoke, all heavily laden with sublimated sulphur, a beautiful substance, held in suspension until brought in contact with the frigid air above, when it condenses and falls in a fine sprinkle on the surrounding rocks. This process has been going on for so many ages that the whole interior of this wonderful orifice is thickly coated with a remarkably fine quality of the flower of sulphur, which the forty miners employed here by General Ochoa are engaged in excavating and hoisting to the top of the crater. To return to chasms, however, the party visited the largest and gazed down into it. No bottom could be seen, for it ended in Stygian darkness. They rolled a huge stone into its jagged lips. A series of detonations, caused by the missile bounding from side to side of the pit, came back, loud at first, but gradually diminishing until they finally died away in the awful depths below.

Who knows where that rock went to? The nostrils of hell could not have vomited forth more steam and made greater or stranger noises than did these. At times these sounds seemed like the slow and laboring throb of Cyclopean machinery, or, again, like the hisses of antediluvian reptiles, or the shrieking and bellowing of fretted devils.

Having now seen the very vitals of the "Hill that smokes," they bade their new friends farewell, and set out to return. The climb up to the end of the windlass rope was a hard job, but the ascent by the rope still worse. They got to the top in safety, however, and there found more peons to escort them to the "timber-line." A new method of traveling was now before them, one for which Canada and Scandinavia are far more famed than tropical Mexico—that of coasting. All the essentials to this glorious sport were there: miles of descending snow and ice, and a pair of odd but effective sleds made out of heavy matting or wicker-work. Mounting these, each

behind an Indian, they slid down the mountain over different paths from those by which they had ascended. Although this is a most perilous way of descending, it was a short one compared to the pedal method. At one time they came within a hair's breadth of slipping into the Barranca de Muerte, along with a small avalanche which they had started while in the midst of a snow-laden cloud, but the Providence who had watched over them so kindly interposed, and they got down in safety.

When they arrived at Tlamacas the writer could scarcely recognize them—they were so haggard, sunburned, bruised, and dirty. After lying by for a day to recuperate, the whole party returned to Mecameca, and our tedious but satisfactory adventure was over.

Before closing this paper, it is perhaps proper that something concerning the history of Popocatepetl should be given, and a few facts concerning its volcanic phenomena stated which are not generally known.

When Cortes conquered Mexico, Popocatepetl was in a state of active combustion and throwing out vast volumes of smoke, which could be seen for hundreds of miles in every direction. Now it is comparatively dead, and the quantity is so small that it can only be seen after arriving at its base. The first white man to ascend it was Francisco Montano in 1519. He was sent to the crater for a supply of sulphur for Cortes, and to impress the Aztecs with the valor of the Spaniards. Since then numerous ascents have been made by eminent *savants*, travelers, and adventurers, none of whom, however, have ever descended to the bottom of the crater—the two gentlemen whose adventures have just been chronicled in this article being the only foreigners who have ever accomplished this feat.

The last eruption recorded of Popocatepetl

occurred, according to an ancient Aztec maguery-paper manuscript now in possession of Señor Ramez, of Mecameca, about the middle of the fourteenth century, or about one hundred and seventy years before the Spanish conquest.

Humboldt, the great father of physical geography, was the first to take the altitude of Popocatepetl; he calculated in 1804, from the valley of Titimba, that the height of the mountain was 17,728 feet above the sea, and this is the measurement given to-day in most geographies. These figures were afterward corrected, and justly so, as Humboldt admitted, by a learned Scotchman named Glennie, who in 1827 measured and increased the height to 17,884 feet. Glennie was followed by the Swedish traveler Sonntag, accompanied by Von Gesolt and Goss, in 1835. They found its height to be still greater. A few years later another measurement was taken by a scientist named Burckhardt, who got a result of 18,017. The next estimate was made by a party of French *savants* under the orders of Maximilian. They reported the top of the volcano to be 18,362 feet above the sea. Two other calculations give it a still greater altitude by several hundred feet. The latest and undoubtedly the most accurate estimate of its height is that of General Gaspar Ochoa, of Mexico. In 1870 he measured its altitude both by the barometer and by the process of triangulation, and found it to be 19,623 feet above the sea. These figures make it 1,623 feet higher than Mount St. Elias in Alaska, and the highest peak in North America. With regard to the depth of the crater nothing definite is known. Dr. Hartwig, in his "Subterranean World," says that it is 8,000 feet deep and a mile in diameter. This I believe, from the statements of our party, to be too great an estimate. Popocatepetl is the highest peak whose top has been reached by man.

EUGENE H. COWLES.

"SHAKESPEARE AND THE MUSICAL GLASSES."

A WRITER in "Appletons' Journal" for February essays the task of proving that the Shakespearean dramas and poems are not rightly credited to the name they have borne undisputed for nearly three centuries. It is a like attempt, negatively, to that of two other writers within recent years, but differing from them in almost the only respect which gave its degree—whatever it were—of plausibility to their singular theory. The "gifted woman," whose pathetic

story Hawthorne has told so touchingly, held to the idea of single authorship, and championed with fervid importunity Lord Bacon as the author, not without a certain method in the madness which stamped its dogmatic seal of infallibility upon her every thought connected with this subject—this consuming fire of her soul, rather than theme for rational and deliberate investigation—a madness which soon overwhelmed her in its black abyss. Judge Holmes has given the

same unitary theory eloquent defense; but Mr. Appleton Morgan, in "The Shakespearean Myth" alluded to, leaves the whole matter quite at loose ends. While denying with emphatic iteration that Shakespeare is the true author; he would persuade us that the plays and poems attributed to him are the composite work of an indefinite number of minds, varying in all degrees of the scale of ability, from the insight of a profound philosopher, and the scholarship and culture of a chivalrous gentleman, down to the level—down, indeed, to the very "bottom-lands" of a grade of imbecility vague but appalling. Here are the philosophic Bacon and the courtly Raleigh, hand in glove with certain "*curled darlings* who frequented Master William Shakespeare's side-doors"; and last, and least of all, Master William Shakespeare himself! Harmonious band!—such a choir for chanting the music of the spheres as was never got together before, it is safe to aver! The genial Goldsmith must have had a premonition of these latter-day enlightenments when he wrote of "Shakespeare and the musical glasses." We are interested to see what part was the work of poor Master Shakespeare; and we are told that "he took the dramas and rewrote them for the actors; he inserted the requisite business, the exits and entrances, and, when necessary, suited the reading to the actor who was to pronounce the dialogue, according as he happened to be fat or lean!"

The general belief regarding the great French Emperor has probably been disturbed in the minds of very few by Whately's "Historical Doubts relative to Napoleon Bonaparte": I confess that "The Shakespearean Myth" seems to me quite as little calculated to prove successful in wrestling from "Bacon's ignoble contemporary" ("Lord Leicester's groom" is Miss Bacon's epithet) the crown which the centuries have placed upon his brow.

Such a question as this of Shakespeare's authorship requires to be entertained in a cautious spirit. It must not be forgotten for a moment that the burden of proof lies entirely with the assailant; the presumption is overwhelmingly against him. Its discussion should be carried on with a freedom from bias that shows a willingness to examine the authority of any account bearing upon the case with the same thoroughness and impartiality, whether it favor or militate against the particular theory espoused. The reader—who is supposed to occupy, for the nonce, a purely neutral position—should be impressed by the endeavor of the writer to elicit the facts, and, much more important than this, *all* the facts, in whatever way from his standpoint they may be viewed; and he has a right to demand an amount of solid argument and proof in some reasonable

proportion to the prominence of dogmatic assertion, and corresponding in some adequate degree to the dimensions of the proposition to be proved. How far in this spirit Mr. Morgan carries on the discussion of the question raised can be seen by examination of the article referred to.

The task, it will be discovered, is no very trivial one; indeed, it will appear quite herculean the more we scrutinize the true position of the case. Here is a large collection of poetical works, dramatic and other, which is known to have been given to the world at the latter end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries, and all of which was published through the press, or by means of the stage, during the lifetime of the reputed author. This man, William Shakespeare, was, without exception of an individual, so far as is known, believed by his contemporaries to be the author of this literature; and this has been the general belief since his death. His most intimate friends—and there must have been a large circle, from his position, who had intimate knowledge of him—always ascribed this authorship to him, as well as the few bitter enemies he had made by putting out their feeble light, unavoidably, by his own effulgence. And, outside of his private relations, with the world at large his popularity was unbounded. The echoes of the plaudits that greeted him show that he attained an immediate and wide popularity that has been seldom the reward of a literary man in any age. The favorite of two sovereigns, surrounded by his friends and watched by his enemies, from first to last there is no hint of doubt as to this man, William Shakespeare, and his claim to the paternity of the poems and plays that gave them such enthusiastic delight—no murmur of suspicion from one of those who had such opportunities of knowing him well. He certainly claimed these works as his composition, or they would not have been attributed to him. More than this: no other person ever laid claim to them; there were no fugue-singers of "Rock me to Sleep" with confusing voices haunting the Globe and Blackfriars; nor can any contemporary writer be discovered who shows that indisputable birth-mark of *style*. False oaths may be sworn; Tichborne claimants may weave tangles of circumstantial evidence; impostors may elaborate manifold embroideries of fiction that will deceive the very elect; but in the matter of literary style a counterfeit can not in the end escape detection; allowing, of course, a sufficient range of subject and extent of composition to permit of examination and comparison, as well as supposing that the literary work to be submitted is characterized by *any* salience or individuality. Rather, it may be said, a counterfeit of style, on the scale

of such voluminous works as Shakespeare's, can not be really undertaken. Here was one of his contemporaries, for instance, Lord Bacon, whose acknowledged works are also voluminous. Is it possible to believe that there is a common authorship to both? Each is characterized by a strongly individualized style, as all writings are that the world cares to read. Each has a flavor distinct from the other. Yet, if Bacon be the author of both sets of works, he must in one of them have assumed a style of composition foreign to him—a thing impossible, even were there a motive for such an undertaking. Those subtle tints and shades in an artist's work—that palpable something which conveys to our perceptions the aroma of his innermost spirit—eludes all definition; but this which we call his style is the one quality which is the most impossible to deny. If works of such individuality as those that are labeled Shakespeare and Bacon respectively are the product of one brain, it is safe to say that it would require but a very inconsiderable portion of each through which to detect the fact. Similarity, or even identity of ideas, or precepts, or axioms—any likeness of speculation or philosophy—all these are nothing whatever. The human mind, at the root, is everywhere the same. Counterparts appear constantly in literature, even in widely severed nations and ages. Such parallels as are pointed out in Bacon and Shakespeare can be discovered in almost any two writers; but of that individuality that must permeate the work of any writer, in manner of treatment, in style, there seem to be no traces in common.

From every point of view the task of constructing a new hypothesis as to the author of the world's greatest literature seems formidable. The so-called difficulty of conceiving that he could have been a man of such antecedents and circumstances of life as we know to have been those of Shakespeare, what is it other than—even equaling—the difficulties in accounting for the genesis of genius in this world of ours in all ages? It is a commonplace of literary history—the ever-new astonishment with which the pitiful circumstances are contrasted with the splendor of achievement. Think of Coleridge, "the inspired charity boy," of Lamb and Keats, the sons of serving men, of Jean Paul, of Goldsmith, Hood, Burns.

There is no reason to believe that the origin of Shakespeare was peculiarly mean. His father was a prosperous burgess of Stratford during the period of his boyhood, and at one time chief alderman; and his mother was of "gentle blood," so called, being descended from a prominent Warwickshire family. He had the advantages in school of something more than the mere rudiments of learning.

When Shakespeare went up to London there is much probability that he went from a deliberate and settled purpose, as an enterprise for the betterment of his fortunes. He was already anchored in life. "He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune, for they are impediments to great enterprises," is Bacon's immortal simile; but how often are we reminded that the seeming obstructions in the path of a great nature are the very stepping-stones to success! Had these impediments in the wife and three children of William Shakespeare not existed, would he have been moved to the "great enterprise" which has placed the world for ever in his debt? We know not; but there is probability in the supposition that his devotion to his family drove him forth from the rural seclusion of Stratford, which was the scene of the rapidly falling fortunes of his father, into the battle of the great world. We know that those domestic ties were never severed; that he returned to Stratford, and finally retired there after his life-work was done, where he died loved and honored, having gained a substantial fortune through the work of his genius.

What is there, after all, to give the least plausibility—leaving out of sight all question of reasonable proof—to this theory that his life was all one piece of imposture? Absolutely nothing. There seems to be no circumstance in the records of his life that gives color to any more doubt respecting him, as the author of certain plays and poems showing great genius, than we find in the biographies of most other authors. Is there any greater obstacle to the construction of a counterpart theory respecting Milton? or Spenser? or Dryden? Who knows but that Dr. Johnson—maker and unmaker of poets (poor Shakespeare was weighed in the balance and found wanting)—who knows but that the testy, hypochondriac grandmother of eighteenth-century literature was not the versatile, pragmatic, ingenious Boswell himself? There is really no perceptible difference between the immaculate Johnsonese of the biographer and his subject.

The manner in which the peculiar theory of the Shakespearean Myth is defended does not impress the unprejudiced reader favorably with regard to it. There is too much reminiscence of the pugnacious logic of the "Debating Club" of adolescent years—that forensic style of the orator who brandishes the straws of his own side as formidable weapons, and denounces the stronghold of the enemy as paper batteries. It is the least effective mode possible of carrying conviction to the mind of the dispassionate seeker after truth. Note, especially, how the exploded or more than half-discredited old stories and anecdotes of Shakespeare's life are brought forward

as undisputed history, if they happen to lend a faint hint of support to the new theory, by casting somber reflections upon his character—such as "the precious story that he left Stratford for deer-stealing; that he lived by holding gentlemen's horses at the doors of the theatre, and other trash" (I quote Coleridge's words) "of that arch-gossip, old Aubrey." They have no bearing whatever upon the matter at issue, if these things be all veritable history; but it becomes wearisome, the reiteration of contemptuous and opprobrious expressions, from beginning to end of this article respecting Shakespeare, such as—"This vagrom runaway youth, who . . . cuts off to London at the heels of a crew of strolling players; who begins business for himself as linkboy at a theatre-door; and, by saving his pence, works up to be actually a part proprietor in two theatres," etc. Even the story of his impromptu manner of composition—never erasing a line—is dwelt upon; but that the meaning of Jonson's words is misconceived is manifest from certain lines in his poem to his "beloved master":

Yet must I not give nature all; thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For, though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion; and, that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat
(Such as thine are) *and strike the second heat*
Upon the Muse's anvil; turn the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame;
Or, for the laurel, he may gain a scorn;
For a good poet's made as well as born.
And such wert thou!

Clear proof, certainly, is this that Shakespeare's fellow-poet is not rightly understood as believing that such a work as "Hamlet" came forth like Minerva. Webster, the dramatist, too, speaks of "the right happy and copious industry of Master Shakespeare"; and Meres of his "finely-figured phrase."

Mr. Morgan figures the belief in Shakespeare's authorship—"this presumption, three hundred years old"—as an egg-shell outriding the breakers which would destroy the mightiest ship; but, he continues, "it is only an egg-shell, for all that; and a touch of the finger will crush and destroy it. And so, formidable as it was in age, the presumption as to William Shakespeare's authorship of the great dramas, which for three hundred years had gone by his name, had only to be touched by the thumb and finger of common sense to crackle and shrivel"! Verily, Miss Delia Bacon, and Judge Holmes, as well as Mr. Appleton Morgan, might have saved themselves the trouble of all elaborate argument. So wondrous easy is it!—just a little pinch of the thumb and finger, and Shakespeare is snuffed out for ever!

It would seem unnecessary to examine, step by step—or rather pinch by pinch—the manner in which this doughty thumb and finger accomplish their simple task. The whole structure of this Shakespearean myth-building seems to cluster about the central fact, so incredible, that the world's greatest genius should have been a man of like passions with one of us; one of humble origin, who rose in the world by natural means, and was shrewd enough to win a competence from it; a man with too keen a sense of justice to allow a rascally neighbor to cheat him out of his just dues (instanced by a suit at law which he brought—a matter that Mr. Morgan harps upon with many vibrations of superlative contempt); a man, in short, who ate and drank, who required a roof over his head, and clothing to keep him warm, like his fellow-mortals. The marvel will never cease, with some, that the intellect which gave birth to "Lear," and "The Tempest," should also be endowed with common sense, and crave common wants. "Most of us authors of consequence," says Jean Paul, "hover before a reader as fine ethereal images, of whom it is hard to comprehend how they can eat a slice of bacon, or drink a glass of March beer, or wear a pair of boots." Verily, genius has always been a knotty problem, from the time of Homer, the strolling singer, to that of Burns, the peasant farmer. Rather than credit that the author of the great dramas was a man with the plain human traits of which we have pregnant hints in the scanty records fate has vouchsafed us, how much easier to construct a Frankenstein, or some vague, nebulous shape—some Specter of the Broken, projected on the mists of our own misapprehensions!

Our critic seems to have come into some such mental condition, while he is warily avoiding to commit himself to the theory of Lord Bacon's sole authorship—a theory that, at least, has the merit of definiteness, and one that admits of a rational criticism and study of the plays and poems themselves, whoever be the author. But what shall be said of the astonishing receipt which Mr. Morgan presents as that on which is made up what we know as the Shakespearean literature? It could scarcely be called anything so artistic as mosaic work—for that would presuppose an artist working with a single idea—rather, a bedquilt of heterogeneous patchwork, as we have already seen. "Clearly, William Shakespeare, or some other playwright," he says, "took the dialogues of Bacon and Raleigh, put them into the form of plays, introduced a clown here or a jade there, interpolated saws and localisms," etc., and the "curled darlings," too, we are informed, "who frequented the side-doors," put their dainty fingers into this delectable dish! Heaven defend us! Is this literary criticism?

Where is the evidence, in the works called Shakespeare's, of any such preposterous mixture? On whose palate is there the flavor of any such stultifying hash, of minced Bacon, with Raleigh condiment, and scattered tidbits—the most unsavory morsels of the dish—of Master Manager Shakespeare, and the garlic of all manner of "curled darlings"? Who can peruse the great dramas and believe them such a conglomeration as this? Where is the slightest internal proof of such manufacture? The few instances of partnership in the plays are pretty well known, and usually quite determinable to students by manifest signs; but when it comes to making the whole Shakespearean literature one mass of patchwork, it is quite another matter. Even "the clown here or the jade there" show "the hand that rounded the dome" of "Lear" and "Othello"! The buffoonery of the plays—the sport and frolic of this literary *jotun*—as superlatively exceeds the achievement of his fellow-dramatists as do the dignified and lofty passages. Whatever instances there are of partnership—and they are few and slight, beyond all doubt—it is that of artistic work—artists, not mechanics, working with unity of design. Can we read one of these dramas and not perceive that it is impossible there could have been any such clumsy journey-work as is described?

The main proof in this matter is, after all, internal. It would seem as if we should not fail to convince a real student of the Shakespearean literature—with its pervading tone of individuality, its distinct flavor of style in almost every passage, delineation, and scene, under whatever disguise of character, under whatever ventriloquial utterance of sentiment—that there is but one voice under the mask; but one right hand beneath the cloak, wielding the puissant pen—unless, indeed, we be making some such experiment as we should by arguing with a subject of Daltonism on the appearance of a rainbow. There is an individual style common to all these writings—poems as well as dramas—a sleight of hand, as it were, in the peculiar manner of treating a theme so definite and manifest as to clearly show there is but one writer of the whole collection. I can not discover that it is in any respect less unmistakable than the style of Milton, or Spenser, Samuel Johnson, Matthew Arnold, Tennyson, or Emerson. The brush in a painter's hand will move in a certain way, to some extent, beyond his control. Adepts tell us that no one, with the utmost effort, can conceal his penmanship; somewhere, in some unnoticed turn, the pen will betray its master. How much more difficult to escape detection in communicating the intimate workings of the brain! But it is not pretended, so far as I am aware, that any such

thing has been attempted in the works under consideration; and, had it been, the possibility of successfully accomplishing the feat on such an immense scale was out of the question.

This view of the case with respect to style seems to me of such importance as to be a complete test in itself—a proof not only of the single authorship of the works we call Shakespeare's, but of an authorship that is common to no other writings known in literature. If Shakespeare be not the author, the Great Unknown has left no other monument of his genius.

It is noticeable that the difficulties of the critical enterprise under discussion are immensely enhanced by the necessity of including the poems with the plays in the peculiar theory of authorship. This Mr. Morgan explicitly does, as he needs must. Hence the cue is: underrate their value; assume that they are of such a character that the sneaking author was only too happy to find some one willing to own them. Of the poems dedicated to the Earl of Southampton he says: "There was but one man available on whom to father them. A man with no reputation to lose, a vagabond—at anchor, indeed, but still a vagabond—a nobody, pretending to no standing or consequence, save on the boards of his own play-house, would father them, and that man was William Shakespeare"! (We must bear in mind that this able and attractive gentleman was co-author in the getting up of the immortal plays!) Can this be he of whom his fellow-dramatist and intimate friend wrote so fondly?—poet, court favorite, profound classical scholar that he was. Yet it was none other than this same Shakespeare of whom Ben Jonson says: "I loved the man, and do honor his memory, on this side idolatry as much as any. He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature; he had excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions." How strange that this keen-eyed man of the world—not without some germs (scarcely latent) of jealousy in his make-up—that instinct which thrusts, as it were, a microscope before the eye when another candidate for the honors itself is looking for comes within range—how strange that this shrewd man should have known so little of his intimate companion, and that we, in this third century, should know so much! Among the few meager records of Shakespeare's life there is nothing more explicit than the testimony to his honor and generosity, to his general personal worth as a man. Chettle says ("Kind-Hart's Dream," 1592): "Myself have seen his demeanour, no less civil than excellent in the quality he professes. Besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty; and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his wit." On the other hand, the

absurd jealousies of certain lewd fellows of the baser sort, who would fain aspire to be his rivals, were no less excellent evidence in his favor.

But to return to the early poems referred to: What is the true point of view with regard to them? A glimpse into the literature of the age in which they were written shows that it was a common practice of the best writers to treat of themes and to handle them in a manner not acceptable to the tastes of our day. Coleridge pointed out long ago that Shakespeare is peculiar and eminent in the degree of his purity when placed side by side with his contemporaries—particularly the other writers for the stage. "His grossness," he says, "how diverse in kind is it from Beaumont and Fletcher's! Even the letters of women of high rank in his age were often coarser than his writings." Compare him with the most eminent—not to mention the wallowing depths which hold almost the whole corps of Elizabethan playwrights. One turns in nausea from many a play in that list; and the opening of Shakespeare's book is like a breath of mountain air. The worst phase of the case is that the indecency, very frequently, is altogether second to the worse moral it envelops. As Coleridge remarks, "Though there are gross, there are no vicious passages in Shakespeare."

In the case of the two poems alluded to, it is noticeable that, however broad their treatment, there is no immoral teaching insinuated. "The Rape of Lucrece" is puritanic—scathing; and the hand of Tennyson or Whittier would not more highly uplift the standard of purity. Of the "Venus and Adonis" it can be said that, with all its grossness, there is no such use, in licentious teaching, of the opportunity offered by the subject as the average poet of that era would have embraced. And where, in all the starry range of that Elizabethan constellation, is there a poem of more exquisite rural description—richer in imaginative fervor?—

Even as the sun, with purple-colored face,

Hath taken his last leave of the weeping morn,

Rose-cheeked Adonis hied him to the chase:

Hunting he loved; but love he laughed to scorn.

And yet these poems with their affluent treasures of beauty, and the unmistakable impress of that richly imaginative and individual style common to the plays, we are informed were "the joint, or several, productions of certain young men about town, certain 'curled darlings'" ("that strain again"—those dainty fingers, it seems, in all the contracts) "who affected Shakespeare's green-room, were foisted upon the wildest and most brazen of them all (Southampton), and sworn upon the complacent manager"! Truly, in involv-

ing such schemes, their misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows!

The necessity of placing the poems in the same predicament as the plays is, really, the most difficult of the many difficulties to be encountered. The hypothesis which will do duty in the theatre will not answer at all for these glowing, passionate songs of Shakespeare's youth; and yet, they stand or fall together. That tantalizing autobiography, unique in literary history, the hundred and fifty-four Sonnets—what shall be done with them? Did Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, embalm in this perfumed casket the love and friendship—the passionate errors, the fervid experiences, and the noble longings and aspirations of his youth?—did he go over them all in these immortal Sonnets that kindle and flush—that fairly palpitate beneath the icy hands of three long centuries? Shall we give them to him? or shall they be parceled out among the "curled darlings"? It is difficult to believe that Lord Bacon, christened Francis, thus wrote his heart-history down under the name of William:

Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lov'st me—for my name is WILL;

—and still more difficult to credit poems of such profound depth to those delicate, ringleted creatures we are told of! Half a dozen times, within a few lines, does the author of the Sonnets introduce his Christian name, with a tinkling shower of puns upon it. This golden thread of punning, by the way, weaving its sunshine through tragedy, comedy, song—is it not, of itself, an unimpeachable sign-manual—*W. S.* "his marke"? There are puns and puns—but the Shakespearean pun is a thing apart—a genus by itself.

But, we are told, the erudition displayed proves that the plays could not have had their origin in a mind that lacked the acquirements of a classical education; that Shakespeare, deficient in this, and with the business cares of a theatre on his hands, could not have written them. But, in truth, the writer of the great dramas—whoever he were—was not extraordinarily equipped in what may be gained from books merely. He is conspicuously less so than was Ben Jonson; a fact to be noted, where the profoundly erudite Bacon is in question. The genius is the great, overshadowing thing in this literature—the marvelous knowledge of the human soul; but the accumulated literature of the world had taught Shakespeare no more than a nimble intellect could have harvested from fields within his easy reach. Books were quite accessible to him; and stores of classical lore in numberless translations. Perhaps we feel sometimes a surprise that, with even his scanty early opportunities and his business

cares, he should still have made the blunders and anachronisms that he did. Pedantic Brother Ben, it is hinted, sometimes corrected his solecisms; picture his rendering my Lord Bacon the like service! How his fellow-scribblers good-humoredly bantered him on that bull he perpetrated in Julius Caesar, which fairly out-Erins Erin:

Caesar, thou dost me wrong!—

Caesar did never wrong, *but with just cause!*

But the passage was early corrected; for the First Folios give only the altered form.

"Shakespeare built up an outward world from the stores within his mind, as the bee fills a hive with a thousand sweets from a thousand flowers"; but it requires no miracle to account for the knowledge derived from books which he displays. In fact, the stock in trade of his detractors has ever been the lack of learning and accurate scholarship alleged against him. It was the jeer of a handful of his envious contemporaries—Greene, the disappointed playwright; Nash, the bitter pamphleteer; Marston, and a few other authors of the dullest, most stilted and conceited lampoons ever penned. But their tongue was no slander. There are evidences, indeed, of an intellect that could hold in its grasp the wisdom of all ages; but there is, too, the easy nonchalance that cares little to display erudition—heedless, sometimes, of the most common inaccuracies. To this great revealer—so that he get nearer to the throbbing human heart—be "the tongue of the secret"—what are all chronologies? let civilizations separated by long centuries be mingled together on the stage; and let historical and geographical questions take care of themselves! If Bohemia will not extend to the sea, bring the sea to Bohemia: if Mohammed will not go to the mountain, the mountain shall come to Mohammed! But, after all, Shakespeare's blunders and inaccuracies are very few. Occurring in *him*, they have been placed under the microscope. And he shows no trifling knowledge of the written wealth of the world's heritage, if it be not marvelous. But of that mighty, creative genius, what can we more than exclaim with Coleridge: "Merciful, wonder-making Heaven! what a man was this Shakespeare! Myriad-minded, indeed, he was."

There is a striking unity of action in a play of Shakespeare's; and in each of the best of his dramas there seems to be an esoteric idea to the development of which every scene bends—a theme within the outward story, interblended with all its involutions. There is much more than lies upon the surface in this profound author. The leading characters are deep wells, into which, it would seem, some plummet is sounding, now and again, a greater depth than had before been supposed to exist. Sir Isaac

Newton, harassed by false claimants to the honor of his great discoveries, published some of them disguised in anagrammatic form. It would seem as if Shakespeare had thus enveloped and shrouded in occult meanings, with picturesque scenic representations, his dramas, designedly or otherwise, and that, when generations of study have given the key, the works stand forth with authentication beyond controversy of a definite, unmistakable unity of conception in the composition. Think of the deep meanings which have only within more recent years come to light in several of the most prominent of the great dramas; and, beyond question, the full depths have not yet been sounded. "Hamlet" is like one of the old vellum palimpsests. On its page—illuminated with gold and all manner of magnificent coloring—under the hand of the skillful antiquarian, is slowly being made visible one writing under another that had never been suspected to exist. It is not to be denied that ingenuity in this way has often "o'erleaped itself"; but none the less will every diligent student of the great dramas be more and more convinced that they are not the manufactured product of any patent combination process.

In order to make a theory of authorship against Shakespeare conceivable, it is, of course, necessary to imagine some coincidence of peculiar and extraordinary circumstances which will account for the stubborn fact (admitted on all hands) that the plays and poems attributed to him were believed by his contemporaries to be his composition—a belief on which not a whisper of doubt was breathed for nearly three centuries. Certainly, some very unequivocal proof is demanded of doubting Thomases at this late day, far more than vague, intangible surmises, collations of remotely resembling passages from Elizabethan authors, and dazed "wonderments" over the fact that an obscure youth, reared in the country with only medium school advantages, and not known to have been a descendant of William the Conqueror, or even of any titled family, should have turned out England's and the world's greatest poet. If Master Manager Shakespeare was only a shrewd money-maker, as incapable of "building the lofty rhyme" as the late Mr. Vanderbilt, it is a matter more difficult of explanation than anything else in all history that no one about him should ever have harbored the slightest suspicion of the fact. Imagine his position at the head of a large theatre, the focus of scores, perhaps hundreds, of keen eyes that must have scrutinized his every motion; picture him

In that fierce light which beats upon a throne;
—it is no stilted comparison; for, however small

the realm, he was the monarch of the little kingdom of the *Globe*, and must have been subject to as intense a gaze as any king upon a throne—surrounded, as he was, by his loyal friends and his "intimate enemies."

What a position was this for an illiterate money-maker to pretend to be the author of "Lear," "Macbeth," of the "Winter's Tale," and the "Sonnets"!—what a difficult rôle, to prepare scenes and speeches, and fit them to the capacities and personal traits of the actors, as the exigencies of the hour required! How impossible to pretend, successfully, to have just composed them; and to have kept up the imposture through the constant intercourse and consultation with his theatrical troupe on all manner of questions pertaining to the plays—their proper presentation and reception by the public! What a position was this for an ignorant schemer whose "Dorian mood" sang ever, "Put money in thy purse"; in the closest personal relations with so many; besides the eager curiosity of the great public, with whom his name was a household word; and to keep up this gigantic imposture for a space of twenty years!

It must not be forgotten how different was the situation of a dramatic author, who was also a stage-manager, from that of a private author. Edmund Spenser, in the retirement of Kilcolman Castle, it is barely conceivable might have stood sponsor to a "Faerie Queen," concocted by a dozen or so of his fellow-authors; but it is not conceivable that one of Shakespeare's plays could have been thus foisted upon the public. They were no "closet dramas": his actors were to act; his scenes were to be seen; and their composition must have been brought into very near and vital connection with their presentation. There must have been incidental changes very often, for purposes of the hour; there were, doubtless, questions as to the eligibility of particular scenes; and frequent changes must have been made, as, in fact, we know was the case, to make the "very palpable hit" with those strangely mixed audiences. We can fancy the very evolution of a play may almost have been seen issuing from the poet's brain; probably there were often portions on the boards, at rehearsals, ere the latter acts had become clothed in material form, like

The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts—

at the creation, according to Milton.

It would make little difference in the decision of this question of authorship if it were true that Shakespeare had no contemporary appreciation to speak of—that the cultured part of his audiences, as Mr. Morgan says, gave "no recognition

of the plays as works worthy of any other than a stage-manager." But it is not true. Mr. Morgan shares a popular misconception—a misconception difficult to account for in face of the authenticated facts. But there is no room here to go over the evidence that Shakespeare was, during his life, one of the most popular poets who ever lived. De Quincey has shown this very clearly, and instances the fact that he amassed a fortune scarcely exceeded by any one, as the result of literary labor, even in modern times. If it be said that this was the fruit of his work as manager, it may well be asked, What made the unprecedented success of his theatre except the unprecedented popularity of his plays? The praises he received from his friends and the public were unbounded. His most illustrious fellow-dramatist, Ben Jonson, uses no measured terms:

While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man, nor Muse, can praise too much!

and again he exclaims:

He was not for an age, but for all time!

There is one thing which would prove Shakespeare's contemporary popularity beyond all doubt, were every other point of evidence destroyed; and that is, the extent to which "stolen and surreptitious copies" (as the First Folio editors say) were circulated. His plays were taken down in short-hand at the theatre; sometimes, it would seem, written out from memory; they were got hold of in any and every way—mangled, garbled—if only their printers could appease the public craving for something with the magic name, SHAKESPEARE, on the title-page! In some respects more annoying still, he was made responsible for a large number of spurious plays in addition to the pirated ones. The pirate attacks no valueless, empty ship; and his literary namesake showed the same instinct in Shakespeare's day when he attacked that richly freighted argosy, laden with the wealth of all climes and all ages.

The extent to which this piracy was carried on indicates a sufficient answer to what Mr. Morgan says of "the greatest difficulty and stumbling-block of the Shakespearians," that is, the fact that the poet made no testamentary provision regarding his literary property. Undoubtedly, the copyright laws of the time did not extend to protecting from publication through the press literary productions that had already been published by means of the stage. However this may be, Shakespeare must have disposed of his plays, beyond question, as part of the "properties" of the theatre, before he retired to Stratford. In any case, if this circumstance argues indifference to the future welfare of the "children of his brain," what must be the indifference of that

author who would cast off and utterly disown his offspring for all time!

But there is a greater "stumbling-block" than this in that last will and testament of William Shakespeare—that *second best bed* bequeathed to his wife! It would seem to be a piece of furniture no less bulky than the Great Bed of Ware itself, from the importance Mr. Morgan attaches to it. He makes it a Procrustean bed, on which he lays the world's greatest literature to bring it to that measure! It matters little that we know Mrs. Anne Shakespeare to have been amply provided for by dower in a rich estate; that, possibly, she owned a complete set of *first best beds* in her own right; and that this gift may have been,

in reality, a token of kindly remembrance—nothing avails against the weight of those three unfortunate words! Through the changes to which our critic, by frequent repetition, subjects this humble piece of household furniture, it is made "a thing apart." By one picturesque setting after another it is transfigured in our eyes. No longer a simple "second best bed"—in the phrase of the bequest—it becomes, at last, "*the oldest and most rickety bedstead under his roof . . . which he tenderly bestows upon the wife of his youth and the mother of his children!*" There is something in the airy touch of fancy, and the revivifying power of the imagination, after all!

MYRON B. BENTON.

GODWIN AND SHELLEY.

THE poetic and the metaphysical temperaments are generally held to be in some sense incompatible. Poets, indeed, have often shown the highest speculative acuteness, and philosophy often implies a really poetical imagination. But the necessary conditions of successful achievement in the two cases are so different that the combination of the two kinds of excellence in one man must be of excessive rarity. No man can be great as a philosopher who is incapable of brooding intensely and perseveringly over an abstract problem, absolutely unmoved by the emotion which is always seeking to bias his judgment; while a poet is great in virtue of the keenness of his sensibility to the emotional aspect of every decision of the intellect. For the one purpose, it is essential to keep the passions apart from the intellect: for the other, to transmute intellect with passion. A few of our metaphysicians have ventured into poetical utterance. Berkeley wrote a really fine copy of verses, and Hobbes struck out one famous couplet—

And like a star upon her bosom lay
His beautiful and shining golden head—

in a translation of Homer, otherwise not easily readable. Scott proposed to publish the whole poetical works of David Hume, consisting of a remarkable quatrain composed in an inn at Carlisle.*

Here chicks in eggs for breakfast sprawl,
Here godless boys God's glories squall,

* Hume's biographer, Mr. Hill Burton, gives some other verses attributed to Hume; but the impartial critic must admit that they are of inferior merit.

Here Scotchmen's heads do guard the wall,
But Corby's walks atone for all.

The only exception to this rule in our literature seems to be Coleridge. Coleridge undoubtedly exercised a vast influence upon the speculation of his countrymen, while his poems possess merits of the rarest order. It is more worthy of remark that his poetry is successful pretty much in proportion as he keeps it clear of his philosophy. In "Christabel," the "Ancient Mariner," or "Kubla Khan," we can only discover the philosopher by the evidence of a mind richly stored with associations, and by the tendency to discover a mystical significance in natural objects. Some people would urge that his philosophy would have been improved if it had been equally free from poetical elements. In any case, Coleridge is an example of a combination of diverse excellence not easily to be paralleled. Another poet was supposed by some of his admirers to have similar claims upon our respect. Shelley seems to have thought himself as well fitted for abstract speculation as for poetry; and his widow declared that, had he lived longer, he might have "presented to the world a complete theory of mind; a theory to which Berkeley, Coleridge, and Kant would have contributed; but more simple, unimpeachable, and entire than the systems of those writers." The phrase is by itself enough to prove Mrs. Shelley's incompetence to form any opinion as to her husband's qualifications for this stupendous task. It is not by forming a patchwork of Berkeley, Kant, and Coleridge that a "complete theory of mind" is likely to be evolved; nor does it appear that Shelley really

knew much about either of the latter writers; certainly, he has not given the smallest proof of a power of original speculation in such matters. And yet, though it would be absurd to treat Shelley seriously as an originator of philosophic thought or even as a moderately profound student of philosophy, there is no doubt that his poetry contains a philosophical element which deserves consideration if only to facilitate the comprehension of his poetry.

Enough has been written by the competent and the incompetent, the prosaic and the poetical, the hyperbolic panegyrists and the calm analytical critics, of Shelley considered primarily as a poet. Nobody, as it seems to me, is entitled to add anything who has not himself a very unusual share, if not of Shelley's own peculiar genius, at least of receptivity for its products; and, after all that has been written by the ablest writers, one can learn more of Shelley by getting, say, the "Adonais" or the "Ode to the Skylark" by heart than by studying volumes of talk about his works. At any rate, I feel no vocation to add to the mass of imperfectly appreciative disquisition. Recent discussions, however, seem to show both that some interest is still taken in the other aspect of Shelley's writings, and that an obvious remark or two still remains to be made. People are in doubt whether to classify Shelley as atheist, pantheist, or theist; they dispute as to whether his writings represent the destructive spirit which undermines all that is good among men, or, on the contrary, are the fullest expression yet reached by any human being of the divinest element of religion. Were it not that some parallel phenomena might be very easily suggested, it would be surprising that the meaning of a writer, who had extraordinary powers of expressing himself clearly and an almost morbid hatred of anything like reticence, should be seriously doubtful. The explanation of the wonder is not, I think, very far to seek. For one thing, people have not yet made up their minds as to the true bearing of some opinions which Shelley undoubtedly held. The question whether they were of good or evil import is mixed up with the question as to whether they were true or false. Upon that problem I shall not touch; but a few pages may be occupied by an attempt to indicate what, as a matter of fact, Shelley actually held, or rather what was his general attitude as to certain important questions. One result will probably be that it matters very little what he held so far as his influence upon our own conclusions is concerned. For, to say nothing of Shelley's incapacity to deal satisfactorily with the great controversies of his own time, our point of view has so much shifted that we can consider his opinions almost as calmly as those

of the Eleatics or the Pythagoreans. They are matters of history which need affect nobody at the present day.

The volume of essays by the late Mr. Bagehot, recently published, contains one upon Shelley, which deals very clearly and satisfactorily, as far as it goes, with this part of Shelley's work. Mr. Bagehot showed, with his usual acuteness, how Shelley's philosophy reflected the abnormal peculiarities of his character. He speaks less, however, of certain extraneous influences which must have materially affected Shelley's intellectual developments, and indeed seems to have partly overlooked them. He tells us, for example, that Shelley's poems show an "extreme suspicion of aged persons." Undoubtedly, a youthful enthusiast is apt to be shocked by the dogged conservatism of older men, who have been hammered into a more accurate measure of the immovable weight of superincumbent prejudice in the human mind. Shelley could not revolt against things in general without contracting some dislike to the forces against which he inevitably ran his head at starting. Even here, indeed, the charm of Shelley's unworldly simplicity for men of an opposite type, for cynics like Hogg, and Peacock, and Byron, is one of the pleasantest indications of his character. He attracted, and doubtless because he was attracted by, many who had nothing but contempt for his favorite enthusiasms, and it is still more evident that, however wayward was his career in some relations of life, he had a full measure of the young man's capacity for reverence. Dr. Lind seems to have been his earliest idol; but a far more important connection was that with Godwin. Godwin was in his fifty-sixth and Shelley in his twentieth year when their correspondence began, and Godwin's most remarkable book was published when Shelley was in the cradle. Young gentlemen of nineteen, even though they belong to the immortals, consider a man of fifty-six to be tottering upon the verge of the grave. Books published before we could spell appear to have been composed before the invention of letters. To Shelley, in short, Godwin was to all intents and purposes a venerable sage, and a fitting embodiment of hoary wisdom. A guide, philosopher, and friend—an oracle who can sanction his aspirations and direct him to the most promising paths—is almost a necessity to every youthful enthusiast; the more necessary in proportion as he has more emphatically broken with the established order. What J. S. Mill was to men who were in their early youth some twenty or thirty years ago, or Dr. Newman to young men of different views at a slightly earlier period, that Godwin was to Shelley in the years of his most impetuous speculation. A lad of genius reads old books with eager

appetite and learns something from them; but to get the full influence of ideas he must feel that they come from a living mouth, clothed in modern dialect, and applied to the exciting topics of the day. Perhaps neither Mill nor Dr. Newman said anything which might not be found implicitly contained in the writings of their spiritual ancestors. Much of Mill is already to be found in Locke, and Dr. Newman is at times the interpreter of Butler. But then Butler and Locke have been dead for a long time; and what the impatient youth requires is the direct evidence that the ancient principles are still alive and efficient. The old key has probably become rusty, and is more or less obsolete in form. The youth can not wait to oil and repair it for himself. He wants the last new invention spick and span, and ready to be applied at once to open the obstinate lock. Shelley read Helvetius and Holbach, and Berkeley and Hume; but, though they supplied him with a tolerably modern version of some ancient theories, they could not tell him by anticipation what precise form of argument would best crush Paley, or what specific policy would regenerate Ireland out of hand. For such purposes a young man wants the very last new teacher, and the chances are that he will read even the older philosophers through the spectacles which such a teacher is kind enough to provide.

Thus, when looking about in this dark world, given over as he thought to antiquated prejudice embodied in cruel injustice, poor Shelley greeted the writings of Godwin as the lost traveler greets a beacon-fire on a stormy night. They seemed to contain a new gospel. When he discovered the author to be a real human being, not one of the fixed stars that have been already guiding us from the upper firmament, he threw himself at the philosopher's feet with the rapt fervor of a religious neophyte. In his first letters to Godwin he pours out his heart: "Considering these feelings" (the feelings, namely, of reverence and admiration which he has entertained for the name of Godwin), "you will not be surprised at the inconceivable emotions with which I learned your existence and your dwelling. I had enrolled your name in the lists of the honorable dead. I had felt regret that the glory of your being had passed from this earth of ours. It is not so; you still live, and, I firmly believe, are still planning the welfare of human kind." A letter written soon afterward from Dublin is still more significant. It begins with a kind of invocation as to a saint. "Guide thou and direct me," exclaims the young gentleman; "in all the weakness of my inconsistencies bear with me; . . . when you reprove me, Reason speaks; I acquiesce in her decisions." He presently defends the impatience which Godwin has blamed by an argument which evidently

struck even Godwin as having an absurd side. The "Political Justice," he says, was first published nearly twenty years before (or almost at the dawn of history!), but yet what has resulted from the general diffusion of its doctrines? "Have men ceased to fight? Have woe and misery vanished from the earth?" Far from it! Obviously something must be done and that at once. Do I not well to be impatient, he says, when such reasonable expectations have been so cruelly disappointed?

It must be a most delightful sensation to have so ardent a disciple; but it must also be a trifle provoking when the ardor is of a kind to justify some misgiving as to the sanity of the proselyte. Even the vanity of a philosopher could hardly blind him to the fact that such extravagance tended to throw ridicule upon its object. Godwin, however, kept his countenance—a little too easily perhaps—and gave very sensible advice to his proselyte. He pointed out in substance that it was not altogether amazing that vice and misery had survived the publication of his wonderful book, and still recommended patience and acceptance of the strange stupidity of mankind. We may suppose that in later years Shelley's reverence lost a little of its warmth: he came to know Godwin personally. Moreover, among his other tenets, the calm philosopher held the comfortable doctrine that philosophers might and ought to receive pecuniary assistance from the rich without any loss of dignity. The practical application of this theory may perhaps have helped to convince Shelley that Godwin was not altogether free from earthly stains, and, in fact, not so indifferent as he ought to have been to the possible advantages of a connection with the heir to a baronetcy and a good estate.

For the present, however, Shelley sat humbly at Godwin's feet. He declared that from the "Political Justice" he had learned "all that was valuable in knowledge and virtue." He mixed with the queer little clique of vegetarians and crotchets-mongers who shared his reverence for Godwin and excited the bitter contempt of Hogg. It is, therefore, not surprising that we find Shelley's doctrines to present a curiously close coincidence with Godwin's. Partly, no doubt, it was simply a coincidence. Shelley's temperament predisposed him to accept conclusions which were in the air of the time, and which were to be found more or less represented in many of his other authorities. But, at any rate, we may fairly assume not only that he, as he was eager to proclaim, learned much from Godwin, but also that his whole course of thought was guided to a great degree by this living representative of his favorite theories. He studied the "Political Justice," pondered its words of wisdom, and exam-

ined its minutest details. One trifling indication may be mentioned. Among Shelley's fragmentary essays is one upon "A System of Government by Juries"—a "singular speculation," as Mr. Rossetti naturally remarks. But the explanation is simply that Godwin's theory, worked out in the "Political Justice," sets forth government by these so-called juries as the ultimate or penultimate stage of human society. Shelley, like a faithful disciple, was writing an incipient commentary upon one of his teacher's texts. The fragmentary "Essay on Christianity," of about the same date (1815), is virtually an attempt to show that the valuable part of the Christian religion is its supposed anticipation of Godwin's characteristic tenets. But the coincidence does not consist in any minute points of external resemblance. Godwin's political writings seem to have been pretty well forgotten, though some interest in him is maintained by "Caleb Williams" and by his relationship to Shelley. Hogg is evidently anxious to sink as much as possible the intellectual obligations of the disciple to so second-rate a teacher; and later writers upon Shelley are content to speak vaguely of Godwin as a man who had some philosophic reputation in his day, and some influence upon the poet. A full exposition of Godwin's theories would display the closeness of the mental affinity. That may be found elsewhere; but a brief indication of his main tendencies will be sufficient for the present purpose.

Godwin appeared to many youthful contemporaries—as may be seen from the brilliant sketch in Hazlitt's "Spirit of the Age"—as a very incarnation of philosophy. "No work in our time," says Hazlitt, "gave such a blow to the philosophical mind of the country as the celebrated 'Inquiry concerning Political Justice.' Tom Paine was considered for the time a Tom Fool to him, Paley an old woman, Edmund Burke a flashy sophist. Truth, moral truth, it was supposed, had here taken up its abode, and these were the oracles of thought." Hazlitt is not given to measuring his words, and he was probably wishing to please the decaying old gentleman. But doubtless there is some truth in the statement. Godwin was admirably fitted to be an apostle of reason, so far as a man can be fitted for that high post by the negative qualifications of placid temper and singular frigidity of disposition. He works out the most startling and subversive conclusions with all the calmness of a mathematician manipulating a set of algebraical symbols. He lays down doctrines which shock not only the religious reverence, but the ordinary conscience of mankind, as quietly as if he were stating a proposition of Euclid. An entire absence of even a rudimentary sense of humor is,

of course, implied in this placid enunciation of paradoxes without the slightest perception of their apparent enormity. But then a sense of humor is just the quality which we do not desiderate in a revered philosopher.

It admits of more doubt whether Godwin possessed in any marked degree the positive qualification of high reasoning power. What is called "remorseless logic"—the ruthless sweeping aside of every consideration that conflicts with our deductions from certain assumptions—is as often a proof of weakness as of strength. Nothing is so easy as to be perfectly symmetrical and consistent, if you will calmly accept every paradox that flows from your principles, and call it a plain conclusion instead of a *reductio ad absurdum*. A man who is quite ready to say that black is white whenever the whiteness of black is convenient for his argument, may easily pass with some people for a great reasoner. Godwin, however, was beyond question a man of considerable power, though neither vigorous enough nor sufficiently familiar with the wider philosophical conceptions to produce results of much permanent value. Crude thinkers habitually mistake the blunders into which they, like their fathers before them, have fallen for genuine discoveries. They have once more made the old mistakes, and do not know that the mistakes have been exposed.

Godwin was familiar with the recent school of French materialists, and with the writings of Locke, Berkeley, and Hume. He worked out by their help a system which curiously combines opposite modes of thought. He was, in one sense, a thoroughgoing skeptic. Nobody could set aside more completely the whole body of theological speculation. He assumes that all the old religions are exploded superstitions. He did not argue against theism, like Shelley; and, indeed, arguments that might lead him into personal difficulty were not much to his taste. But he virtually ignores all such doctrine as undeniably effete. So far he, of course, sympathizes with the French materialists, and with them he abolishes at one blow all the traditional and prescriptive beliefs of mankind. The fact that a doctrine has been generally accepted is a presumption rather against it than in its favor. He will believe nothing, nor even temporarily accept any practical precept which is not capable of direct scientific proof. But, in the next place, Godwin did not in any sense accept the materialism of the French writers. He, like other English thinkers, had been profoundly impressed by the idealism of Berkeley—to whose remarkable influence upon his countrymen we are perhaps only beginning to do justice. But then he extends Berkeley by the aid of Hume. He abolishes not only mat-

ter but mind. It may be still convenient to use the word mind, but in fact there is nothing, so far as we know, but a chain of "ideas" which somehow link themselves together so as to produce the complex idea we generally know by that name. Of any substratum, any internal power which causes the coherence of these ideas or of the universe in general, we know and can know absolutely nothing.

When a man has got so far, he not unfrequently begins to feel himself a little bewildered. Nothing is left—to quote from a philosopher of whom neither Godwin nor Shelley apparently ever heard—but "ceaseless change." "I know of no being, not even of my own. Pictures are—they are the only things which exist, and they know of themselves after the fashion of pictures; pictures which float past without there being anything past which they float, which by means of like pictures are connected with each other; pictures without anything which is pictured in them, without significance and without aim. I myself am one of these pictures—nay, I am not even this, but merely a confused picture of the pictures. All reality is transformed into a strange dream, without a life which is dreamed of, and without a mind which dreams it: with a dream which is woven together in a dream of itself. Perception is the dream; thought is the dream of that dream."

This description of the thoroughgoing skeptical position might pass (to anticipate for a moment) for a description of the state of mind produced by some of Shelley's poetry. It is, at any rate, a state of mind from which a reasoner is generally anxious to provide some escape, lest all ground for reasoning should be cut away. How can knowledge be possible, if the mind is merely a stream of baseless impressions, cohering or separating according to radically unknowable laws? Godwin, however, goes on calmly, without any attempt to solve our difficulties, and proceeds to build up his scheme of perfectibility. Upon this shifting quicksand of utter skepticism he lays the foundations of his ideal temple of reason. For, as he argues, since a man is nothing but an aggregate of "ideas," he is capable of indefinite modification. Education or the influences of climate or race can have no ineradicable power upon this radically arbitrary combination of flitting phantasms. Anything may be the cause of anything; for cause means nothing but the temporary coherence of two sets of unsubstantial images. And hence, we may easily abolish all the traditional ties by which people have hitherto been bound together, and rearrange the whole structure of human society on principles of mathematical and infallible perfection. The force which is to weave ropes of sand, or rather to arrange

the separate independent unsubstantial atoms in a perfect mathematical sphere, rounded, complete, and eternal, is the force of reason.

Godwin is troubled by no misgiving as to the power of reason when all reality seems to have been abolished. He quietly takes for granted that reason is the sole and sufficient force by which men are or may be guided, and that it is adequate for any conceivable task. Not only can it transform society at large, but it is potentially capable of regenerating any given individual. The worst scoundrel could be made into a saint if only you could expose him to a continuous discharge of satisfactory syllogisms. Reason, as he calmly observes, is "omnipotent." Therefore, he infers, when a man's conduct is wrong, a very simple statement will not only show it to be wrong—just as it is easy to show that two sides of a triangle are greater than the third—but make him good. No perverseness, he thinks, would resist a sufficiently intelligible statement of the advantages of virtue. From this agreeable postulate, which he regards as pretty nearly self-evident, Godwin draws conclusions from some of which, great as was his courage in accepting absurdities, he afterward found it expedient to withdraw. Thus, for example, morality, according to him, means simply the right calculation of consequences—I must always act so as to produce the greatest sum of happiness. The accidental ties, the associations formed by contingent circumstances, are no more to override this principle than a proposition of Euclid is to vary when applied to different parts of space. Three angles of a triangle are as much equal to two right angles in England as in France. Similarly the happiness of an Englishman is just as valuable as the happiness of a Frenchman, and the happiness of a stranger as the happiness of my relations. Hence—so runs his logic—friendship, gratitude, and conjugal fidelity are simply mistakes. If my father is a worse man than a stranger, I should rather save the stranger's life than my father's, for I shall be contributing more to human happiness. If my wife and I are tired of each other, we had better form new connections, for it is unreasonable to sacrifice happiness to any accidental ties. Any particular rule, indeed, is so far a mistake: for to act upon such a rule is to disregard the general principles of reason. In every action and in every relation of life, I should hold myself absolutely free to act simply and solely with reference to the greatest happiness. Habits are bad, for habits imply disregard of reason, and all promises are immoral, for to keep a promise is to pay a blind obedience to the past. To punish is unreasonable; for, in pure reason, we have no more right to hate a villain than a viper or a cup of poison. The only

legitimate end of punishment is reform, and reform should be produced by argument instead of imprisonment. All coercion is clearly bad, for coercion is not argument; and, since all government implies coercion, all government is immoral. Society, in short, must be reduced to an aggregate of independent atoms, free from all conventions, from all prescriptive rights and privileges, without the slightest respect for any traditional institutions, and acting at every moment in obedience to the pure dictates of reason.

When these principles have forced their way, and the omnipotence of reason shows their triumph to be only a question of time, we shall reach the millennium. Mind will then be omnipotent over matter (though it is rather hard to say what either of those two entities may be); kings, priests, laws, and family associations will disappear; and every man will live in perfect peace and happiness in the light of reason. One difficulty, indeed, suggests itself. Why, if reason be thus omnipotent, has it done so little in the past? Whence this persistence of inequality and injustice, this enormous power of sheer obstinate unreasoning prejudice in a set of beings which are to be so completely regenerated by the power of pure reason? Monarchy, he declares summarily, is founded on imposture. How, if reason be the one force, has imposture been so successful, and, if successful for so long, why should it not be successful hereafter?

To this Godwin has no very intelligible answer, or perhaps he hardly sees that an answer is desirable. But, in truth, his whole system appears to be so grotesque when brought to one focus and distinctly stated, that we must in fairness recall two things: first, that most philosophical systems appear absurd when summarized after their extinction; and, secondly, that in bringing out in a very brief space the most salient features of such a doctrine, it is quite impossible to avoid caricature. There is enough not only of apparent philosophy in it, but of really intelligent—though strangely one-sided—reflection to enable us to understand how this deification of reason, falling in with the most advanced movements of the time, should affect Shelley's simple, impulsive, and marvelously imaginative nature. Men of much stricter logical training considered Godwin to be a great, if paradoxical, thinker, and Shelley, who had rather an affinity for abstract metaphysical ideas than a capacity for constructing them with logical wholes, was for a time entirely carried away. When after reading Godwin's quiet prosaic enunciation of the most startling paradoxes in the least impassioned language, we turn to Shelley's poetical interpretation, the two seem to be related as the stagnant pool to the rainbow-colored mist into which it has been

transmuted. Shelley's fervid enthusiasm has vaporized the slightly muddy philosophic prose, changed it into impalpable ether, and tinged it with the most brilliant, if evanescent, hue. Shelley had certainly learned from others besides Godwin, and in particular had begun those Platonic readings which afterward generated his characteristic belief in a transcendental world, the abode of the archetypal ideas of beauty, love, and wisdom. But through all his poetry we find a recurrence of the same ideas which he had originally imbibed from his first master.

The Godwinism, indeed, is strongest in the crude poetry of "Queen Mab," where many passages read like the "Political Justice" done into verse. So, for example, we have a naïf statement of the incoherent theory which has already been noticed in Godwin's treatise. After pointing to some of the miseries which afflict unfortunate mankind, and observing that they are not due to man's "evil nature," which, it seems, is merely a figment invented to excuse crimes, the question naturally suggests itself, To what, then, can all this mischief be due? Nature has made everything perfect and harmonious, except man. On man alone she has, it seems, heaped "ruin, vice, and slavery." But the indignant answer is given:

Nature! No!

Kings, priests, and statesmen blast the human flower
Even in its tender bud; their influence darts
Like subtle poison through the bloodless veins
Of desolate society.

According to this ingenious view, "kings, priests, and statesmen" are something outside of, and logically opposed to, Nature. They represent the evil principle in this strange dualism. Whence this influence arises, how George III. and Paley and Lord Eldon came to possess an existence independent of Nature, and acquired the power of turning all her good purpose to naught, is one of those questions which we can hardly refrain from asking, but which it would be obviously unkind to press. Still less would it be to the purpose to ask how this beneficent Nature is related to the purely neutral necessity, which is "the mother of the world," or how, between the two, such a monstrous birth as the "prolific fiend" Religion came into existence. The crude incoherence of the whole system is too obvious to require exposition; and yet it is simply an explicit statement of Godwin's theories put forth with inconvenient excess of candor. The absurdities slurred over by the philosopher are thrown into brilliant relief by the poet.

Shelley improved as a poet, and in a degree rarely exemplified in poetry, between "Queen Mab" and the "Prometheus"; but even in the "Prometheus" and his last writings we find a

continued reflection of Godwin's characteristic views. Everywhere as much a prophet as a poet, Shelley is always announcing, sometimes in exquisite poetry, the advent of the millennium. His conception of the millennium, if we try to examine precisely what it is, always embodies the same thought, that man is to be made perfect by the complete dissolution of all the traditional ties by which the race is at present bound together. In the passage which originally formed the conclusion to the "Prometheus," the "Spirit of the Hour" reveals the approaching consummation. The whole passage is a fine one, and it is almost a shame to quote fragments; but we may briefly observe that in the coming world everybody is to say exactly what he thinks; women are to be

. . . . gentle radiant forms,
From custom's evil taint exempt and pure;
Speaking the wisdom once they could not think,
Looking emotions once they feared to feel.

Thrones, altars, judgment-seats, and prisons are to be abolished when reason is absolute; and when

The loathsome mask has fallen, the man remains
Scepterless, free, uncircumscribed, but man
Equal, unclassed, tribeless, and nationless,
Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king
Over himself.

To be "unclassed, tribeless, and nationless," and, we may add, without marriage, is to be in the lowest depths of barbarism. It is so, at least, in the world of realities. But the description will fit that "state of nature" of which philosophers of the time delighted to talk. The best comment is to be found in Godwin. The great mistake of Rousseau, says that writer, was that while truly recognizing government to be the source of all evil, he chose to praise the state which preceded government, instead of the state which, we may hope, will succeed its abolition. When we are perfect, we shall get rid of all laws of every kind, and thus, in some sense, the ultimate goal of all progress is to attain precisely to that state of nature which Rousseau regretted as a theory of the past, and which is described in Shelley's glowing rhetoric.

The difficulty of making this view coherent is curiously reflected in the mechanism of Shelley's great poem; great it is, for the marvel of its lyrical excellence is fortunately independent of the conceptions of life and human nature which it is intended to set forth. If all the complex organization which has slowly evolved itself in the course of history, the expression of which is civilization, order, coherence, and coöperation in the different departments of life, is to be set down as

an unmitigated evil, the fruit of downright imposture, all history becomes unintelligible. Man, potentially perfectible, has always been the sport of what seems to be malignant and dark power of utterly inexplicable origin and character. Shelley, we are told, could not bear to read history. The explanation offered is that he was too much shocked by the perpetual record of misery, tyranny, and crime. A man who can see nothing else in history is obviously a very inefficient historian. Godwin tells us that he had learned from Swift's bitter misanthropy the truth that all political institutions are hopelessly corrupt. A fusion of the satirist's view, that all which is bad, with the enthusiast's view, that all which will be will be perfect, just expresses Shelley's peculiar mixture of optimism and pessimism. When we try to translate this into a philosophical view or a poetical representation of the world, the consequence is inevitably perplexing.

Thus Shelley tells us in the preface to the "Prometheus," that he could not accept the view, adopted by Æschylus, of a final reconciliation between Jupiter and his victim. He was "averse from a catastrophe so feeble as that of reconciling the champion with the oppressor of mankind. He can not be content with the intimate mixture of good and evil which is presented in the world as we know it. He must have absolute good on one side, contrasted with absolute evil on the other. But it would seem—as far as one is justified in attaching any precise meaning to poetical symbols—that the fitting catastrophe to the world's drama must be in some sense a reconciliation between Prometheus and Jupiter; or, in other words, between the reason and the blind forces by which it is opposed. The ultimate good must be not the annihilation of all the conditions of human life, but the slow conquest of nature by the adaptation of the life to its conditions. We learn to rule nature, as it is generally expressed, by learning to obey it. Any such view, however, is uncongenial to Shelley, though he might have derived it from Bacon, one of the professed objects of his veneration. The result of his own view is that the catastrophe of the drama is utterly inexplicable and mysterious. Who are Jupiter and Demogorgon? Why, when Demogorgon appears in the car of the Hours, and tells Jupiter that the time is come, and that they are both to dwell together in darkness henceforth, does Jupiter immediately give up with a cry of *Ai! Ai!* and descend (as one can not help irreverently suggesting) as through a theatrical trap-door? Dealing with such high matters, and penetrating to the very ultimate mystery of the universe, we must of course be prepared for surprising inversions. A mysterious blind destiny is at the bottom of

everything, according to Shelley, and of course it may at any moment crush the whole existing order in utter annihilation. And yet, it is impossible not to feel that here, too, we have still the same incoherence which was shown more crudely in "Queen Mab." The absolute destruction of all law, and of law not merely in the sense of human law, but of the laws in virtue of which the stars run their course and the frame of the universe is bound together, is the end to which we are to look forward. It will come when it will come; for it is impossible to join on such a catastrophe to any of the phenomenal series of events, of which alone we can obtain any kind of knowledge. The actual world, it is plain, is regarded as a hideous nightmare. The evil dream will dissolve and break up when something awakes us from our mysterious sleep; but that something, whatever it may be, must of course be outside the dream, and not a consummation worked out by the dream itself. We expect a catastrophe, not an evolution. And, finally, when the dream dissolves, when the "painted veil" called life is drawn aside, what will be left?

Some answer—and a remarkable answer—is given by Shelley. But first we may say one word in reference to a point already touched. The entire dissolution of all existing laws was part of Shelley's, as of Godwin's, programme. The amazing calmness with which the philosopher summarily disposes of marriage in a cursory paragraph or two, as (in the words of the old story) a fond thing, foolishly invented and repugnant to the plain teaching of reason, is one of the most grotesque crudities of his book. This doctrine has to be taken into account both in judging of Shelley's character and considering some of his poetical work. It is, of course, frequently noticed in extenuation or aggravation of the most serious imputation upon his character. We are told that Shelley can be entirely cleared by revelations which have not as yet been made. That is satisfactory, and would be still more satisfactory if we were sure that his apologists fully appreciated the charge. According to the story as hitherto published, we can only say that his conduct seems to indicate a flightiness and impulsiveness inconsistent with real depth of sentiment. The complaint is that he behaved ill to the first Mrs. Shelley, considered not as a wife, but as a human being, and as a human being then possessing a peculiar and special claim upon his utmost tenderness. This is only worth saying in order to suggest the answer to a casuistical problem which seems to puzzle his biographers. Is a man the better or the worse because, when he breaks a moral law, he denies it to be moral? Is he to be more or less condemned because, while committing a murder, he proceeds to assert that every-

body ought to commit murder when he chooses? Without seeking to untwist all the strands of a very pretty problem, I will simply say that, to my mind, the question must in the last resort be simply one of fact. What we have to ask is the quality implied by his indifference to the law. If a man acts wrongly from benevolent feeling, misguided by some dexterous fallacy, his error affords no presumption that he is otherwise intrinsically bad. If, on the other hand, his indifference to the law arises from malice or sensuality, it must of course lower our esteem for him in proportion, under whatever code of morality he may please to shelter his misdoings.

In Shelley's particular case we should probably be disposed to ascribe his moral deficiencies to the effect of crude but specious theory upon a singularly philanthropic but abnormally impulsive mind. No one would accuse him of any want of purity or generosity; but we might regard him as wanting in depth and intensity of sentiment. Allied to this moral weakness is his incapacity for either feeling in himself or appreciating in others the force of ordinary human passions directed to a concrete object. The only apology that can be made for his selection of the singularly loathsome motive for his drama is in the fact that in his hands the chief character becomes simply an incarnation of purely intellectual wickedness; he is a new avatar of the mysterious principle of evil which generally appears as a priest or king; he represents the hatred to good in the abstract rather than subservience to the lower passions. It is easy to understand how Shelley's temperament should lead him to undervalue the importance of the restraints which are rightly regarded as essential to social welfare, and fall in with Godwin's tranquil abolition of marriage as an uncomfortable fetter upon the perfect liberty of choice. But it is also undeniable that the defect not only makes his poetry rather unsatisfying to those coarser natures which can not support themselves on the chameleon's diet, but occasionally leads to unpleasant discords. Thus, for example, the worshipers of Shelley generally regard the "Epipsychidion" as one of his finest poems, and are inclined to warn off the profane vulgar as unfitted to appreciate its beauties. It is, perhaps, less difficult to understand than sympathize very heartily with the sentiment by which it is inspired. There are abundant precedents, both in religious and purely imaginative literature, for regarding a human passion as in some sense typifying, or identical with, the passion for ideal perfection. So far a want of sympathy may imply a deficiency in poetic sensibility. But I can not believe that the "Vita Nuova" (to which we are referred) would have been the better if Dante had been careful to explain that

there was another lady besides Beatrice for whom he had an almost equal devotion; nor do I think that it is the prosaic part of us which protests when Shelley thinks it necessary to expound his anti-matrimonial theory in the "Epipsychidion." Why should he tell us that—

I never was attached to that great sect,
Whose doctrine is that each one should select
Out of the crowd a mistress or a friend,

and so on—in short, that he despises the "modern morals" which distinctly approve of monogamy? Human love, one would say, becomes a fitting type of a loftier emotion, in so far as it implies exclusive devotion to its object. During this uncomfortable intrusion of a discordant theory, we seem to be listening less to the passionate utterance of a true poet than to the shrill tones of a conceited propagator of flimsy crotchets, proclaiming his tenets without regard to truth or propriety. Mrs. Shelley does not seem to have entered into the spirit of the composition; and we can hardly wonder if she found this little bit of argument rather a stumbling-block to her comprehension.

To return, however, from these moral deductions to the more general principles. It is scarcely necessary to insist at length upon the peculiar idealism implied in Shelley's poetry. It is, of course, the first characteristic upon which every critic must fasten. The materials with which he works are impalpable abstractions where other poets use concrete images. His poetry is like the subtle veil woven by the Witch of Atlas from "threads of fleecy mist," "long lines of light," such as are kindled by the dawn and "star-beams." When he speaks of natural scenery the solid earth seems to be dissolved, and we are in presence of nothing but the shifting phantasmagoria of cloudland, the glow of moonlight on eternal snow, or the "golden lightning of the setting sun." The only earthly scenery which recalls Shelley to a more material mind is that which one sees from a high peak at sunrise when the rising vapors tinged with prismatic colors shut out all signs of human life, and we are alone with the sky and the shadowy billows of the sea of mountains. Only in such vague regions can Shelley find fitting symbolism for those faint emotions suggested by the most abstract speculations, from which he alone is able to extract an unearthly music. To insist upon this would be waste of time. Nobody, one may say briefly, has ever expanded into an astonishing variety of interpretation the familiar text of Shakespeare—

... We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little lives
Are rounded with a sleep.

The doctrine is expressed in a passage in "Hellas," where Ahasuerus states this as the final result of European thought. The passage, like so many in Shelley, shows that he had Shakespeare in his mind without exactly copying him. The Shakespearean reference to the "cloud-capped towers" and "gorgeous palaces" is echoed in the verses which conclude with the words—

... This whole
Of suns and worlds, and men and beasts, and flowers,
With all the violent and tempestuous workings
By which they have been, are, or cease to be,
Is but a vision: *all that it inherits*
Are motes of a sick eye, bubbles and dreams,
Thought is its cradle and its grave, nor less
The future and the past are idle shadows
Of thought's eternal flight—they have no being.
Naught is but that it feels itself to be.

The italicized words point to the original in "The Tempest"; but Shelley proceeds to expound his theory more dogmatically than Prospero, and we are not quite surprised when Mahmoud is puzzled and declares that the words "stream like a tempest of dazzling mist through his brain." The words represent the most characteristic effect of Shelley as accurately as the aspect of consistent idealism to a prosaic mind.

It need not be said how frequently the thought occurs in Shelley. We might fix him to a metaphysical system if we interpreted him prosaically. When in "Prometheus" Panthea describes to Asia a mysterious dream, suddenly Asia sees another shape pass between her and the "golden dew" which gleams through its substance. "What is it?" she asks. "It is mine other dream," replies Panthea. "It disappears," exclaims Asia. "It passes now into my mind," replies Panthea. We are, that is, in a region where dreams walk as visible as the dreamers, and pass into or out of a mind which is indeed only a collection of dreams. The archaic mind regarded dreams as substantial or objective realities. In Shelley the reality is reduced to the unsubstantiality of a dream. To the ordinary thinker, the spirit is (to speak in materialist language) the receptacle of ideas. With Shelley, a little further on, we find that the relation is inverted; spirits themselves inhabit ideas; they live in the mind as in an ocean. Thought is the ultimate reality which contains spirits and ideas and dreams, if, rather, it is not simpler to say that everything is a dream.

The Faerie-land of Spenser might be classified in our inadequate phraseology as equally "ideal" with Shelley's impalpable scenery. But Spenser's allegorical figures are as visible as the actors in a masque; and, in fact, the "Faerie Queen" is a masque in words. His pages are a gallery of

pictures, and may supply innumerable subjects for the artist. To illustrate Shelley would be as impossible as to paint a strain of music, unless, indeed, some of Turner's cloud scenery may be taken as representative of his incidental descriptions.

This language frequently reminds us of metaphysical doctrines which were unknown to Shelley in their modern shape. Nobody, perhaps, is capable of thinking in this fashion in ordinary life; and Shelley, with all his singular visions and hallucinations, probably took the common-sense view of ordinary mortals in his dealings with commonplace or facts. It is surprising enough that, even for purely poetical purposes, he could continue this to the ordinary conceptions of object and subject. But his familiarity with this point of view may help to explain some of the problems as to his ultimate belief. It is plain that he was in some sense dissatisfied with the simple skepticism of Godwin. But he found no successor to guide his speculations. Coleridge once regretted that Shelley had not applied to him instead of Southey, who, in truth, was as ill qualified as a man could well be to help a young enthusiast through the mazes of metaphysical entanglement. It is idle to speculate upon the possible result. Shelley, if we may judge from a passage in his epistle to Mrs. Gisborne, had no very high opinion of Coleridge's capacity as a spiritual guide. Shelley, in fact, in spite of his so-called mysticism, was an ardent lover of clearness, and would have been disgusted by the haze in which Coleridge enwrapped his revelations to mankind. But Coleridge might possibly have introduced him to a sphere of thought in which he could have found something congenial. One parallel may be suggested which will perhaps help to illustrate this position.

Various passages have been quoted from Shelley's poetry to prove that he was a theist and a believer in immortality. His real belief, it would seem, will hardly run into any of the orthodox molds. It is understood as clearly as may be in the conclusion to "The Sensitive-Plant":

... in this life
Of error, ignorance, and strife,
Where nothing is, but all things seem,
And we see the shadows of the dream.

It is a modest creed, and yet
Pleasant if one considers it,
To own that death itself must be
Like all the rest, a mockery.

That garden sweet, that lady fair,
And all sweet shapes and odors there
In truth have never passed away;

'Tis we, 'tis ours have changed; not they.

A fuller exposition of the thought is given in

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the "Adonais"; and some of the phrases suggest the parallel to which I refer. I have already quoted from one of the popular works of Fichte, "The Vocation of Man," a vigorous description of that state of utter skepticism which seems at one point to be the final goal of his idealism, as it was that of the less elaborate form of the same doctrine which Godwin had learned from Berkeley. Godwin, as I have said, was content to leave the difficulty without solution. Fichte escaped, or thought that he escaped, by a solution which restores a meaning to much of the orthodox language. Whether his mode of escape was satisfactory or his final position intelligible, is of course another question. But it is interesting to observe how closely the language in which his final doctrine is set forth to popular readers resembles some passages in the "Adonais." I will quote a few phrases which may be sufficiently significant.

Shelley, after denouncing the unlucky "Quarterly Reviewer" who had the credit of extinguishing poor Keats, proceeds to find consolation in the thought that Keats has now become

... a portion of the eternal, which must glow
Through time and change, unquenchably the same
While thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth of shame.

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—
He hath awakened from the dream of life;
'Tis we who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And, in mad trance, strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings—we decay
Like corpses in a charnel, fear and grief
Convulse and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

So, when Fichte has achieved his deliverance from skepticism, his mind is closed for ever against embarrassment and perplexity, doubt, uncertainty, grief, repentance, and desire. "All that happens belongs to the plan of the eternal world and is good in itself." If there are beings perverse enough to resist reason, he can not be angry with them, for they are not free agents. They are what they are, and it is useless to be angry with "blind and unconscious nature." "What they actually are does not deserve my anger; what might deserve it they are not, and they would not deserve it if they were. My displeasure would strike an impalpable nonentity," an "invulnerable nothing," as Shelley puts it. They are, in short, parts of the unreal dream to which belong grief, and hope, and fear, and desire. Death is the last of evils, he goes on; for the hour of death is the hour of birth to a new, more excellent life. It is, as Shelley says, wak-

ing from a dream. And now, when we have no longer desire for earthly things, or any sense for the transitory and perishable, the universe appears clothed in a more glorious form. "The dead, heavy mass, which did but stop up space, has perished; and in its place there flows onward, with the rushing music of mighty waves, an eternal stream of life, and power, and action, which issues from the original source of all life—from thy life, O Infinite One! for all life is thy life, and only the religious eye penetrates to the realm of true beauty. In all the forms that surround me, I behold the reflection of my own being, broken up into countless diversified shapes, as the morning sun, broken in a thousand dew-drops, sparkles toward itself," a phrase which recalls Shelley's famous passage a little further on:

Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity.

The application, indeed, is there a little different; but Shelley has just the same thought of the disappearance of the "dead, heavy mass" of the world of space and time. Keats, too, is translated to the "realm of true beauty":

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely; he doth bear
The part, while the one spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling
there
All new successions to the forms they wear!
Torturing the unwilling dross that checks its flight
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear;
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees, and beasts, and men, into the heaven's
light.

There are important differences, as the metaphysician would point out, between the two conceptions, and language of a similar kind might be found in innumerable writers before and since. I only infer that the two minds are proceeding, if one may say so, upon parallel lines. Fichte, like Shelley, was accused of atheism, and his language would, like Shelley's, be regarded by mere readers as an unfair appropriation of old words to new meanings. Shelley had of course no definite metaphysical system to set beside that of the German philosopher; and had learned what system he had rather from Plato than from Kant. It may also be called significant that Fichte finds the ultimate point of support in conscience or duty; whereas, in Shelley's theory, duty seems to vanish, and the one ultimate reality to be rather love of the beautiful. But it would be pedantic to attempt the discovery of a definite system of opinion where there is really nothing but a certain intellectual tendency. One can only say that, somehow or

other, Shelley sought comfort under his general sense that everything is but the baseless fabric of a vision, and moreover a very uncomfortable vision, made up of pain, grief, and the "unrest which men miscall delight," in the belief, or, if belief is too strong a word, the imagination of a transcendental and eternal world of absolute perfection, entirely beyond the influence of "chance, and death, and mutability." Intellectual beauty, to which he addresses one of his finest poems, is the most distinct name of the power which he worships. "Thy light alone," he exclaims—

Thy light alone, like mist on mountains driven,
Or music by the night wind sent
Through strings of some still instrument,
Or moonlight on a midnight stream,
Gives peace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

In presence of such speculations, the ordinary mass of mankind will be content with declaring that the doctrine, if it can be called a doctrine, is totally unintelligible. The ideal world is upon this vein so hopelessly dis severed from the real, that it can give us no consolation. If life is a dream, the dream is the basis of all we know, and it is small comfort to proclaim its unreality. A truth existing all by itself in a transcendental vacuum entirely unrelated to all that we call fact, is a truth in which we can find very small comfort. And upon this matter, I have no desire to differ from the ordinary mass of mankind. In truth, Shelley's creed means only a vague longing, and must be passed through some more philosophical brain before it can become a fit topic for discussion.

But the fact of this unintelligibility is by itself an explanation of much of Shelley's poetical significance. When the excellent Godwin talked about perfectibility and the ultimate triumph of truth and justice, he was in no sort of hurry about it. He was a good deal annoyed when Malthus crushed his dreams, by recalling him to certain very essential conditions of earthly life. Godwin, he said in substance, had forgotten that human beings have got to find food and standing-room on a very limited planet, and to rear children to succeed them. Remove all restraints after the fashion proposed by Godwin, and they will be very soon brought to their senses by the hard pressure of starvation, misery, and vice. Godwin made a feeble ostensible reply, but, in practice, he was content to adjourn the realization of his hopes for an indefinite period. Reason, he reflected, might be omnipotent, but he could not deny that it would take a long time to put forth its power. He had the strongest possible objections to any of those rough and ready modes of forcing men to be reasonable which had culminated in the revolution. So he gave up the trade

of philosophizing, and devoted himself to historical pursuits, and the preparation of wholesome literature for the infantile mind. To Shelley, no such calm abnegation of his old aims was possible. He continued to assert passionately his belief in the creed of his early youth; but it became daily more difficult to see how it was to be applied to the actual men of existence. He might hold in his poetic raptures that the dreams were the only realities, and the reality nothing but a dream; but he, like other people, was forced to become sensible to the ordinary conditions of mundane existence.

The really exquisite strain in Shelley's poetry is precisely that which corresponds to his dissatisfaction with his master's teaching. So long as Shelley is speaking simply as a disciple of Godwin, we may admire the melodious versification, the purity and fineness of his language, and the unfailing and, in its way, unrivaled beauty of his aerial pictures. But it is impossible to find much real satisfaction in the informing sentiment. The enthusiasm rings hollow, not as suggestive of insincerity, but of deficient substance and reality. Shelley was, in one aspect, a typical though a superlative example of a race of human beings, which has, it may be, no fault except the fault of being intolerable. Had he not been a poet (rather a bold hypothesis, it must be admitted), he would have been a most insufferable bore. He had a terrible affinity for the race of crotchets, the people who believe that the world is to be saved out of hand by vegetarianism, or female suffrage, or representation of minorities, the one-sided, one-ideaed, shrill-voiced, and irrepressible revolutionists. I say nothing against these particular nostrums, and still less against their advocates. I believe that bores are often the very salt of the earth, though I confess that the undiluted salt has for me a disagreeable and acrid savor. The devotees of some of Shelley's pet theories have become much noisier than they were when the excellent Godwin ruled his little clique. It is impossible not to catch in Shelley's earlier poetry, in "Queen Mab" and in "The Revolt of Islam," the apparent echo of much inexpressibly dreary rant which has deafened us from a thousand platforms. The language may be better; the substance is much the same.

This, which to some readers is an annoyance, is to others a topic of extravagant eulogy. Not content with urging the undeniable truth that Shelley was a man of wide and generous sympathy, a detester of tyranny and a contemner of superstition, they speak of him as though he were both a leader of thought and a practical philanthropist. To make such a claim is virtually to expose him to an unfair test. It is simply ridiculous to demand for Shelley the kind of praise

which we bestow upon the apostles of great principles in active life. What are we to say upon this hypothesis to the young gentleman who is amazed because vice and misery survive the revelations of Godwin, and whose reforming ardors are quenched—so far as any practical application goes—by the surprising experience that animosities fostered by the wrongs of centuries are not to be pacified by publishing a pamphlet or two about equality, justice, and freedom, or by a month's speechification in Dublin? If these were Shelley's claims upon our admiration, we should be justified in rejecting them with simple contempt, or we should have to give the sacred name of philanthropist to any reckless, impulsive school-boy who thinks his elders fools and proclaims as a discovery the most vapid rant of his time. Admit that Shelley's zeal was as pure as you please, and that he cared less than nothing for money or vulgar comfort; but it is absurd to bestow upon him the praise properly reserved for men whose whole lives have been a continuous sacrifice for the good of their fellows. Nor can I recognize anything really elevating in those portions of Shelley's poetry which embody this shallow declamation. It is not the passionate war-cry of a combatant in a deadly grapple with the forces of evil, but the wail of a dreamer who has never troubled himself to translate the phrases into the language of fact. Measured by this—utterly inappropriate—standard, we should be apt to call Shelley a slight and feverish rebel against the inevitable, whose wrath is little more than the futile, though strangely melodious, crackling of thorns.

To judge of Shelley in this mode would be to leave out of account precisely those qualities in which his unique excellence is most strikingly manifested. Shelley speaks, it is true, as a prophet; but, when he has reached his Pisgah, it turns out that the land of promise is by no means to be found upon this solid earth of ours, or definable by degrees of latitude and longitude, but is an unsubstantial phantasmagoria in the clouds. It is vain, too, that he declares that it is the true reality, and that what we call a reality is a dream. The transcendental world is—if we may say so—not really the world of archetypal ideas, but a fabric spun from empty phrases. The more we look at it, the more clearly we recognize its origin; it is the refracted vision of Godwin's prosaic system seen through an imaginative atmosphere. But that which is really admirable is, not the vision itself, but the pathetic sentiment caused by Shelley's faint recognition of its obstinate unsubstantiality. It is with this emotion that every man must sympathize in proportion as his intellectual aspirations dominate his lower passions. Forgetting all tiresome crotchets and

vapid platitudes, we may be touched, almost in proportion to our own elevation of mind, by the unsatisfied yearning for which Shelley has found such manifold and harmonious utterance. There are moods in which every sensitive and philanthropic nature groans under the

. . . heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world.

Whatever our ideal may be, whatever the goal to which we hope to see mankind approximate, our spirits must often flag with a sense of our personal insignificance, and of the appalling dead weight of multiform impediments which crushes the vital energies of the world, like Etna lying upon the Titan. This despair of finding any embodiment for his own ideal, of bridging over the great gulf fixed between the actual world of sin, and sorrow, and stupidity, and the transcendental world of joy, love, and pure reason, represents the final outcome of Shelley's imperfect philosophy, and gives the theme of his most exquisite poetry. The doctrine symbolized in the "Alastor" by the history of the poet who has seen in vision a form of perfect beauty, and dies in despair of ever finding it upon earth (he seems, poor man! to have looked for it somewhere in the neighborhood of Afghanistan), is the clew to the history of his own intellectual life. He is happiest when he can get away from the world altogether into a vague region, having no particular relation to time or space; to the valleys haunted by the nymphs in the "Prometheus"; or the mystic island in the "Epipsychidion," where all sights and sounds are as the background of a happy dream, fitting symbols of sentiments too impalpable to be fairly grasped in language; or that "calm and blooming cove" of the lines in the Egean hills.

The lyrics which we all know more or less by

heart are but so many different modes of giving utterance to—

The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow.

He is always dwelling upon the melancholy doctrine expressed in his last poem by the phrase that God has made good and the means of good irreconcilable. The song of the skylark suggests to him that we are doomed to "look before and after," and to "pine for what is not." Our sweetest songs (how should it be otherwise?) are those which tell of saddest thought. The wild commotion in sea, sky, and earth, which heralds the approach of the southwest wind, harmonizes with his dispirited restlessness, and he has to seek refuge in the vague hope that his thoughts, cast abroad at random like the leaves and clouds, may somehow be prophetic of a magical transformation of the world. His most enduring poetry is, in one way or other, a continuous comment upon the famous saying in "Julian and Maddalo," suggested by the sight of his fellow-Utopian, whose mind has been driven into madness by an uncongenial world:

. . . Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong;
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.

Some poets suffer under evils of a more tangible kind than those which tormented Shelley; and some find a more satisfactory mode of escape from the sorrows which beset a sensitive nature. But the special beauty of Shelley's poetry is so far due to the fact that we feel it to be the voice of a pure and lofty nature, however crude may have been the form taken by some of his unreal inspiration.

LESLIE STEPHEN, in *Cornhill Magazine*.

PICKING UP THE PIECES: A COMEDY.

It is morning in Mrs. MELTON's apartment in Florence. All the furniture is gathered into the middle of the room, and covered with a sheet. Mrs. MELTON is a widow and no longer young. Lord DAWLISH, who comes to call, has also forgotten his youth.

Dawlish. Good morning, Mrs. Melton. I hope—Holloa! There is nobody here. What is all this about?

[After some consideration he proceeds to investigate the extraordinary erection with the point of his stick. After convincing himself

of its nature he lifts a side of the sheet, pulls out an easy-chair, inspects it, and finally sits on it.]

She is an extraordinary woman. I don't know why I like her. I don't know why she likes me. I suppose that she does like me. If

not, what a bore I must be! I come here every day—and stay. I suspect that I am an awful fellow to stay. I suppose I ought to go now. This furniture trophy don't look like being at home to callers. But perhaps she is out: and then I can go on sitting here. I must sit somewhere. May I smoke? I dare say: thank ye, I will. Smoke? Smoke. There is a proverb about smoke. I wonder how I came to know so many proverbs? I don't know much. "There is no smoke without fire." Yes, that's it. There is uncommon little fire in a cigarette. Little fire and much smoke. Yes, that's like this— I mean— Let me—what d'ye call it?—review my position. Here I sit. Here I sit every day. That is, smoke, I suppose—plenty of smoke. Is there any fire? That is the question. I wish people would mind their own business. It is trouble enough to mind one's own business, I should think. But yet there are people—there's that Flitterly, for instance—damned little snob. Flitterly makes it the business of his life to go about saying that I am going to be married; and all because here is a woman who is not such an intolerable bore as—as other people. Flitterly is the sort of man who says that there is no smoke without fire. What is this? That is what I want to know. Is this business of mine all smoke, all cigarette and soda, or—confound Flitterly! I wonder if I ought to pull his nose? I am afraid that that sort of thing is out of date. I don't think I could pull a nose, unless somebody showed me how. Perhaps if somebody held him steady, I might. I don't think I could do it. He has got such a ridiculous little nose! I wonder if I ought to give up coming here? I don't know where I should go to. I wonder if I am bound in honor, and all that? Perhaps that is out of date too. I sometimes think that I am out of date myself.

[After this he fishes under the sheet with his stick, and brings to light a photograph-book, which he studies as he continues to meditate.]

I wonder if she would take me if I asked her? I don't believe she would: she is a most extraordinary woman. Who is this, I wonder? I never saw this book before. I suppose that this is the sort of man women admire. He would know how to pull a nose. I dare say he has pulled lots of noses in his day. Does it for exercise. Suburban cad. A kind of little tooting lady-killer. I wonder she puts such a fellow in her book. Why, here he is again, twice as big and fiercer. Here is another—and another! Hang him, he is all over the book!

[He pitches the book under the sheet. Then Mrs. MELTON comes in wearing a large apron, and armed with duster and feather-brush.]

Mrs. M. Lord Dawlish! What are you doing here?

D. Nothing.

Mrs. M. How well you do it!

D. Thank you.

Mrs. M. But you are doing something: you are smoking.

D. Am I? I beg your pardon.

Mrs. M. And you shall do more: you shall help me. I have been up to my eyes in work since seven o'clock.

D. Seven! Why don't you make somebody else do it?

Mrs. M. Because I do it so well. I have a genius for dusting, and Italian servants have not. In this old city they have an unfeigned respect for the dust of ages.

D. Have they? How funny! But they might help you, I should think. Where are they? There was nobody to let me in. Where are your servants?

Mrs. M. Gone.

D. Gone!

Mrs. M. Gone and left me free. I packed them all off—man and maid, bag and baggage.

D. But who will look after you?

Mrs. M. I. I am fully equal to the task. But come, be useful. You shall help me to rearrange the furniture.

D. Help! I!

Mrs. M. Yes, help! You! I am not quite sure that you can't.

[As he proceeds to brush the back of a chair with a feather-brush, it occurs to him to apologize for his intrusion.]

D. I suppose I ought to apologize for coming so early. Somehow I found myself in the Palazzo—and the door of your apartments was open, and so I came in. I took the liberty of an old friend.

Mrs. M. I believe we have been acquainted for at least a month.

D. Only a month! It is not possible. It must be more than a month.

Mrs. M. Apparently our precious friendship has not made the time pass quickly.

D. No. I mean that it never does pass quickly.

Mrs. M. Work, work, work! It's work that makes the day go quick. I am busy from morning till night, and time flies with me.

D. Then you shorten your life.

Mrs. M. And keep it bright. Better one hour of life than a century of existence! Dear, dear! how did my best photograph-book get knocked down here?

D. I am afraid that that was my awkwardness. I was looking at it, and it—it went down there.

Mrs. M. Don't let it break from you again.

Here, take it, and sit down and be good. You have no genius for dusting.

D. Nobody ever called me a genius. I have been called all sorts of names; but nobody ever went so far as to call me a genius.

Mrs. M. And yet you ain't stupid. I always maintain that you are not really stupid.

D. Ain't I? Thank you. Who is this man—this fine-looking man with the frown and whiskers?

Mrs. M. He is handsome, isn't he?

D. I don't know. I am not a judge of male beauty.

Mrs. M. Men never admire each other. They are too envious and too vain.

D. Are they? And women? What are women?

Mrs. M. What are women? What are they not? Oh, for one word to comprehend the sex! Women are—yes, women are womanly.

D. That sounds true. And women are effeminate.

Mrs. M. Only females are effeminate.

D. Oh! I wonder what that means?

Mrs. M. But John is handsome. Ask any woman.

D. John!

Mrs. M. Yes, that's John—my cousin.

D. I hate cousins. They are so familiar and so personal.

Mrs. M. I like them. They are so—so—

D. Cousinly.

Mrs. M. Precisely.

D. Cousins are cousinly. Does he dye his whiskers?

Mrs. M. Dye! Never. He has too much to do. John is a great man—a man of will, a man of force, a man of iron. That's what I call a man.

D. Do you? I don't call an iron man a man.

Mrs. M. He is the first of American engineers.

D. A Yankee stoker.

Mrs. M. Dear John! He is a good fellow. He gave me that little jar by your hand.

D. Dear John is not a judge of china. I always hated that little jar. I shall break it some day.

Mrs. M. If you do, I'll never speak to you again.

D. Please do. Tell me some more about John. Has not he got a fault, not even a little one?

Mrs. M. He has the fault of all men—vanity. He knows that he is handsome.

D. I thought he dyed his whiskers.

Mrs. M. He does not dye his whiskers.

D. You seem very keen about the whiskers.

Here they are in all sizes, and from all over the world—*carte-de-visite* whiskers, cabinet whiskers, Rembrandt-effect whiskers, whiskers from Naples, from New York, from Baker Street. You must like them very much.

Mrs. M. I like the man. I like self-respect, bravery, and perseverance. I like honest work. O Lord Dawlish, what a shame it is that you don't do something!

D. Do something? I? I do do something. I—well, I go about.

Mrs. M. Oh! you go about.

D. Yes—with a dog in England; without a dog abroad.

Mrs. M. Oh! abroad without a dog. I regret that I shall never have the pleasure of receiving the cur.

D. The cur's a collie.

Mrs. M. And so you think that man fulfills his destiny by going about.

D. Somebody must go about, you know.

Mrs. M. Yes, a squirrel in a cage. What you want is work. You ought to take a line.

D. Go fishing?

Mrs. M. Be serious, and listen to me. Here you are in Florence.

D. I believe I am.

Mrs. M. You are in the midst of priceless treasures. The finest works of art are all around you.

D. I believe they are.

Mrs. M. Take a line: take up something, for instance the Greek statues.

D. Ain't I rather old to play with marbles?

Mrs. M. Not a bit. Nobody is old who isn't old on purpose. Compare, classify, and make a book, or even a pamphlet.

D. I hate pamphlets. They are always coming by the post.

Mrs. M. I suppose it's not the thing for a man in your position to turn author.

D. I don't think I ever did hear of one of our lot writing books. But that doesn't much matter. I should like to take a line, or a course, or a—I took a course of waters once at Homberg, or Kissingen, or somewhere; but they came to an end, like other things.

Mrs. M. Lord Dawlish, are you joking?

D. No.

Mrs. M. Then be serious: take up a subject; set to work; produce your pamphlet—at least a pamphlet. It might grow into a book.

D. Heaven forbid! I could not do it.

Mrs. M. Why not?

D. Writing a book is so infernally public. I should be talked about.

Mrs. M. How dreadful! The owl, who is modest withal, and shrinks from notoriety, remains at home until sunset.

D. You called me a squirrel before. Are you going through all the zoological what-d'ye-call-'em?

Mrs. M. Perhaps even I shall be talked about before long.

D. I should not wonder if you were.

Mrs. M. Yes, even I, humble individual as I am, may perhaps be talked about when I set up my studio.

D. Your what?

Mrs. M. My studio. Yes, I've quite made up my mind. There are many worse painters in Florence than myself. I mean to be a real painter, and no longer play with color.

D. And sell your pictures?

Mrs. M. For the largest possible prices.

D. Is not that an odd sort of thing for a lady?

Mrs. M. No. We have changed all that. Many women paint nowadays.

D. I have heard so.

Mrs. M. I believe that you are making jokes this morning.

D. I don't think so. I don't like jokes; they are very fatiguing. It's John's fault.

Mrs. M. What's John's fault?

D. No man likes to have another crammed down his throat—unless he is a confounded cannibal.

Mrs. M. Very well. I will refrain from cramming anybody down your throat. But I won't let you off. I feel that I have a mission.

D. Good Heavens!

Mrs. M. I have a mission to reform you.

D. Please don't do it.

Mrs. M. I must. Why don't you do your proper work? Why not go back to England and take care of your property?

D. Because my agent takes care of it so much better than I could. I inherited my place, and I can't get rid of it. But, luckily, land can't follow me about. That is why I come abroad.

Mrs. M. Without the dog.

D. He stays with the land. He likes it. He hates traveling.

Mrs. M. So would you if you traveled in a dog-box.

D. I wish you would not talk about me. I am so tired of myself.

Mrs. M. But you interest me.

D. Thank you. That is gratifying. Don't let us pursue the subject further.

Mrs. M. I must. It's my mission. I picture the pleasures of an English country life. You build cottages; you drain fields; you carry flannel to the old women.

D. No; I could not do it. I don't think I could carry flannel to an old woman.

Mrs. M. So much for duties. Then for amusement. Are you fond of shooting?

D. Pheasants are all so much alike. I gave up shooting when my sister took to it.

Mrs. M. Your sister!

D. She is a keen sportsman—awfully keen. I went out with her once. I feel them still sometimes in my back when it's cold weather.

Mrs. M. You like hunting better? In this country they shoot the fox.

D. Do they? That must be curious. I wonder if I could bring myself to try that. I almost think that—

Mrs. M. Go home and hunt.

D. I have given up hunting. Rather rough on Teddie, don't you think?

Mrs. M. Who's Teddie?

D. Don't you know Teddie?

Mrs. M. Is he the dog?

D. No; he is my brother. I thought that everybody knew Teddie. Teddie knows everybody. Teddie likes me to hunt. He is always bothering me to buy horses—with tricks. Or to go by excursion trains. Or to shoot lions in Abyssinia. He is an awfully ambitious fellow, Teddie. Don't you think we might change the subject?

Mrs. M. Not yet. I have not done my duty yet. Politics! Oh, for political influence! Oh, for power! Why, you must be—of course you are a—thingummy what's-his-name.

D. Very likely, if you say so.

Mrs. M. An hereditary legislator. Think of that. Think of your influence in the country; of the power you might wield. Go in for politics.

D. Well, you know, I—I inherited my politics with my place, and I can't get rid of them. But Teddie does them for me. He was always rather a muff, Teddie was; and so they put him into politics.

Mrs. M. Are there muffs in your family? But don't interrupt me. I must have the last word. Anything else I will give up, but the last word—never. In your position you must sway something. If you won't sway the country, sway the county; if you won't sway the county, sway a vestry, a workhouse, a something, or anything. Only do something. You would be a great deal happier, and—I don't know why I should be afraid to say—a great deal better, if you would only do something.

D. You forget that I am delicate. The doctors say I am delicate, and that is why I come abroad. I do wish you would change the subject. It is a delicate subject, you know.

Mrs. M. Again! You have only one malady—idleness.

D. No, no, no! All the doctors—

Mrs. M. Quacks!

D. As you please. But I have not the rude health of some strong-minded women.

Mrs. M. Nor I the rude manners of some weak-minded men. But I beg your pardon; I won't be rude.

D. Was I rude? I am awfully sorry. I beg your pardon. But I am so tired of myself.

Mrs. M. Then work—work and be cured. Do something—anything. A stitch in time saves nine.

D. Oh, if you come to proverbs—Look before you leap.

Mrs. M. Procrastination is the thief of time.

D. More haste less speed. If one does nothing, at least one does no harm.

Mrs. M. Nor does a stuffed poodle.

D. Another beast! I have been a squirrel and an owl. And, after all, I did not come here to talk about myself, nor poodles.

Mrs. M. Did you come to speak of the weather?

D. I wanted to speak about you.

Mrs. M. About me! Here's a turning of the tables.

D. May I?

Mrs. M. If you have energy for so lively a topic.

D. May I speak plainly, as an old friend?

Mrs. M. As a month-old friend. Speak plainly by all means. I've a passion for plain speaking.

D. It is an uncommonly disagreeable subject.

Mrs. M. Thank you. You were going to talk about me.

D. I don't mean that; of course not. It does not matter whether I talk about you or not. But there are other people here who talk about you.

Mrs. M. Talk about me! What do they say?

D. They say things I don't like; so I thought that I—

Mrs. M. Thank you, Lord Dawlish; but I can take very good care of myself.

D. Very well.

Mrs. M. Why should I care what this Anglo-Florentine society say of me? It doesn't hurt me; I don't care what they say of me; I am entirely indifferent; I am— Oh, do not stand there like a stick, but tell me what these people say about me!

D. I—I— It is so awkward for me to tell you. You know Flitterly?

Mrs. M. Flitterly! A sparrow!

D. Oh, he is a sparrow! What is to be done to the sparrow?

Mrs. M. Nothing. He is beneath punishment—beneath contempt. A little chattering, intrusive, cruel—I suppose it would not do for me to horsewhip Flitterly?

D. It would be better for me to do that. I thought of pulling his nose; it is a little one; but I might do it with time. I think I should enjoy it.

Mrs. M. It's too bad! It's too bad that a woman of my age should not be safe from these wretches—from the tongues of these malicious chatters! The cowards, to attack a woman!

D. I was afraid that you would feel it.

Mrs. M. I don't feel it. Why should I? Why should I feel it? But, good gracious! is the man going to stand there all day, and never tell me what this—what that—pha! what *he* says of me?

D. I don't like to tell you.

Mrs. M. Do you take me for a fool, Lord Dawlish?

D. No; for a woman.

Mrs. M. What does he say?

D. If you will know, you must. He says—he says that you and I are going to be married.

Mrs. M. Married! You and I! Well, at least he might have invented something less preposterous.

D. Preposterous!

Mrs. M. You and I!

D. I don't see anything preposterous in it. Why should not you and I be married? By George, I have made an offer!

Mrs. M. Are you mad? You say—

D. Oh, I don't want to hurry you! Don't speak in a hurry. Think it over—think it over. Take time.

Mrs. M. But do you mean—

D. Oh, please, don't hurry. Think it over. Any time will do.

Mrs. M. Will it?

D. I am not clever, nor interesting; but if you don't mind me, I will do anything I can. You shall have any sort of society you like: fast or slow; literary or swell; or anything. Of course there would be plenty of money, and jewels, and cooks, and all that. You can have gowns, and check-books, and pin-money, and—

Mrs. M. And find my own washing and beer. Lord Dawlish, are you offering me a situation?

D. Yes—no—I mean that I—

Mrs. M. A thousand thanks. The wages are most tempting; but I have no thought of leaving my present place.

D. I fear that I have been offensive. I beg your pardon. I had better go. Good morning, Mrs. Melton.

Mrs. M. Good-by, Lord Dawlish.

[*So he goes out; straightway her mood changes, and she wishes him back again.*]

Mrs. M. (sola). He will never come back. I can't let him go for ever. I can't afford to lose a friend who makes me laugh so much. Flitterly

may say what he likes—a goose! a sparrow! a grasshopper! I shall call him back.

[So she calls to him down the stair; then from the window; and as she calls from the window, he comes in at the door, watches her awhile, then speaks.]

D. Did you call me, Mrs. Melton?

Mrs. M. Is the man deaf? I have been screaming like a peacock; and all for your sake—all because I didn't want you to go away angry.

D. I thought it was you who were angry.

Mrs. M. No, it was you.

D. Very well.

Mrs. M. You must drop the *preposterous* subject for ever; and we will be good friends, as we were before. Sit down and be friendly.

D. Thank you. That is capital. We will be as we were before—as we were before.

Mrs. M. You are sure you can bear the disappointment?

D. Oh, yes. We will be friends, as we were. That is much better.

Mrs. M. Lord Dawlish, you are simply delicious!

D. Am I? Thank you. And I may come and sit here sometimes?

Mrs. M. In spite of Flitterly.

D. Flitterly be—!

Mrs. M. Yes, by all means.

[Then he meditates, and after due deliberation speaks.]

D. I should like to ask you something, Mrs. Melton—something personal.

Mrs. M. Ask what you like, and I will answer if I choose.

D. May I ask as a friend—only as a friend, you know—if you are quite determined never to marry again? I know that it is no business of mine; but I can't help being curious about you. I don't think I am curious about anything else. But you are such an extraordinary woman.

Mrs. M. Extraordinary because I have refused to be Lady Dawlish. It is strange, very. Oh, don't be alarmed; I have refused. But it is strange. I am a woman, and I refused rank and wealth. Wealth means gowns and cooks from Paris, a brougham and a victoria, a stepper, a tiger, and a pug: rank means walking out before other women, and the envy of all my sex. I am a woman, and I refuse these luxuries. You were mad when you offered them.

D. I don't think that I could be mad.

Mrs. M. Not another word upon the subject!

D. But won't you satisfy my curiosity?

Mrs. M. I never knew you so persistent.

D. I never was before.

Mrs. M. Such ardent curiosity, such desperate perseverance, deserve to be rewarded. I have

nothing to do for the moment, and there is one luxury which no woman can forego—the luxury of talking about herself. You needn't listen if the effort is too great: I address the chair, or the universe. You will hardly believe it of me; but I cherish a sentiment. There! Years and years ago—how many, I am woman enough not to specify—I lived with an aunt in Paris; you hate cousins, I am not in love with aunts: however, she was my only relation; there was no choice, and there I lived with her in Paris, and was finished; there was nothing to finish, for I knew nothing. Well, it was there, in Paris—I was quite a child—it was there that I one day met a boy scarcely older than myself. I am in love with him still. Quite idyllic, isn't it?

D. Very likely. In Paris? Paris.

Mrs. M. There never was any one in the world like him—so brave, so good, so boyish: he rejoiced in life, certain of pleasure and purposing noble work.

D. *(aside)*. Cousin John! Cousin John, of course. Confound Cousin John!

Mrs. M. He fell in love with me at once, almost before I had fallen in love with him. We were both so absurdly shy, so silly, and so young. I can see him blush now, and I could blush then. But I shall be sentimental in a minute: this is egregious folly; of course it is folly, and it was folly; of course it was merely childish fancy, boy-and-girl sentiment, calf-love; of course a week's absence would put an end to it; and of course I love him still. But forgive me, Lord Dawlish. Why should I bother you with this worn-out commonplace romance?

D. I like it. It interests me. Go on, if it does not bore you. It reminds me of something—of something which I had better forget.

Mrs. M. You shall hear the rest: there isn't much. He was taken away, and—I suppose forgot me. I came out in Paris, went everywhere, was vastly gay, and terribly unhappy. My aunt was youngish, and good-looking—in a way; she was dying to be rid of me, and I knew it; and so things were very uncomfortable at home, until—until I married. Oh, I told him the truth, the whole truth: I told him that the love of my life had gone by. I am glad I told him the truth.

D. An American, was he not?

Mrs. M. Yes. I was grateful to him, and proud of him. He was so good and true. But he made light of my story. He thought, like the rest, that it was a mere girlish fancy; that I should soon forget; that— There, you have my story! Touching, isn't it?

D. It is most extraordinary.

Mrs. M. What is most extraordinary?

D. Your story is like my story.

Mrs. M. It's everybody's story. It's com-

mon as the whooping-cough, and dull as the mumps. But come, give me the details of your case.

D. The details! If I can remember them.

Mrs. M. If you can remember! Who would be a man?

D. It was in Paris—

Mrs. M. In Paris?

D. It is just like your story. Suppose that we take it as told.

Mrs. M. Go on. I must hear it.

D. I was sent to Paris when I was a boy, with a bear-leader. There I saw a girl—a little bread-and-butter miss—and—and I got fond of her—awfully fond of her. She was the dearest little girl—the best little thing. She was like—like—

Mrs. M. Go on. What happened?

D. Nothing.

Mrs. M. Nothing! Nonsense! Something always happens.

D. Nothing came of it. They said boy and girl, and calf-love, and all that, like the people in your story: and they packed me off to England.

Mrs. M. Why did you go?

D. I always was a fool. They said that it would try the strength of her feelings; that, if we were both of the same mind when I had got my degree, the thing should be.

Mrs. M. And you never wrote?

D. No.

Mrs. M. Nor did he—never one line.

D. They said she wished me not to write.

Mrs. M. How likely! These men, these men! They never know what letters are to women. What was the end?

D. The usual thing. As soon as my degree was all right I made for Paris. She was gone.

Mrs. M. My poor friend! She was dead.

D. Married.

Mrs. M. Married! how could she be so—

D. It is very like your story, isn't it? Only in my story the parties were not American.

Mrs. M. American! What do you mean? I wasn't an American till I married one, and Tom—

D. Then it wasn't Cousin John?

Mrs. M. John! No, no, no! Lord Dawlish!

Lord Dawlish! what is your family name?

D. My family name? What on earth, my dear Mrs. Melton—

Mrs. M. Quick, quick! What is it?

D. Why—er—why—Dashleigh, of course.

Mrs. M. And you are Tom Dashleigh?

[*As she looks at him, the truth dawns on him.*]

D. And you are little Kitty Gray?

Mrs. M. Oh my bright boy lover, you are lost now indeed.

D. I think I have got a chill.

[*When they have sat a little while in silence, she jumps up.*]

Mrs. M. No more sentiment, no more folly! Away with sentiment for ever! The boy and girl lovers are dead long ago; and we old folk who know the world may strew flowers on their grave and be gone. Look up, old friend, look up.

D. Yet you are you, and I—I suppose that I am I.

Mrs. M. Young fools! young fools! why should we pity them, we wise old folk who know the world? Love is but—is but—

[*And she dashes into music at the piano: soon her hands begin to fail, and she stoops over them to hide her eyes; then she jumps up in tears, and moving knocks over the little jar which was Cousin John's gift. He would pick it up, but she stops him.*]

No, no: let it lie there.

D. Sha'n't I pick up the pieces?

Mrs. M. Let them lie there. One can never pick up the pieces.

D. Why not? I don't think I understand. But I can't bear to see you cry. I thought that you could not cry; that you were too clever and strong-minded to cry. Look here! You might have made something of me once. Is it too late, Mrs. Melton?

Mrs. M. The jar is broken.

D. Is it too late, Kitty?

Mrs. M. Let us pick up the pieces together.

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE HIGHER CRITICISM.*

WITHIN the last ten years, public interest has been excited to a degree quite unparalleled in England about artistic matters; we may almost talk about an English Renaissance, which, heralded by Ruskin's earlier works, was carried forward by the pre-Raphaelite movement, and the schools of poetry headed by Swinburne, Morris, and Rossetti, till it took its present shape, and became visible in Queen Anne furniture, decorative needlework, iridescent glass, Doulton pottery, and many another minor symptom of awakened interest and commercial enterprise.

From taking no interest in art whatever, the nation—at all events, the fashionable portion of it—has suddenly discovered its incapacity for performing the commonest actions of daily life without æsthetic assistance, and from the capes of its footmen to the covers of its prayer-books, society expresses its longing for the sweet simplicity of art. Happy society, to have discovered a fresh subject to arouse its languid attention! Happy art, to find itself condescendingly protected by peers and plutocrats! But still drawbacks exist in most human movements, be they never so progressive, and if we carefully examine our Renaissance, we find that it, too, is not quite so perfect as it seems—that we have to pay a price, and no small one, for our artistic whistle. To men of sober mind, and especially to those who are too slow, too bigoted, or too old-fashioned to move with the fierce current, how intensely annoying, as well as astonishing, must it be to live in the midst of a jargon which has grown up suddenly, with a rapidity unheard of outside the story of "Jack and the Beanstalk"! Fancy a respectable father of a family being regarded as a "Philistine" by his more enlightened children, or imagine what his feelings must be as he finds his house gradually undergoing an artistic reformation; sees bit by bit his old-fashioned, comfortable furniture disappear, till at last he sits in a wilderness of spindle-legged chairs and gimcrack tables, with a brass fireplace which will not warm him in front, bare, stained boards beneath his feet, and a distorted image of himself reflected from a convex mirror, as a sarcastic commentary upon his improved condition. Still there are many other consequences of our Renaissance of greater importance than the somewhat ludicrous discomfort to which many respectable rich persons have

reduced their houses. Father and mother would grow used in time to tiles and dados, to coal-scuttles from which the coals can not be extracted, and plates whose position has changed from the dinner-table to the drawing-room, to stained floors which chill them in winter, and stick to their feet in summer; to *portières* which conceal the doorway, but let in the draught, and to the many minor inconveniences of æsthetic domestic life. But what use can accustom, or what advantage recompense, the parents whose children have been infected with that most dangerous and generally fatal disease, called "the Higher Criticism"? Think a little of the feelings of a mother who takes her child to a picture-gallery, in the fond hope that she may "like to see the pictures," and then hears her whisper, in an awe-struck voice, of "the secret of Lionardo," or the sweet, sensuous existence of living harmonies of tone in the masterly music of Burne Jones's work. We know, or can guess, what would have happened to such a child, had she lived fifty years since. But now, what is to be done? We can not logically punish our children for talking this nonsense, for, strange as it may seem, there are many men and women grown, still at large in society, who talk and think, if their mental operation can be called thinking, in a manner similar to that above quoted. It is not only the men who have made money and reputation by writing in this style who are responsible for the spread of this irredeemable bosh; it is due in no small measure to the cultivated ignorance of a certain set of fashionable people, who seek to disguise the vapidity of their thoughts beneath an affected enthusiasm and a wordy obscurity.

It is not worth while to give any long description of the origin of "the Higher Criticism," though its ancestors are clearly determinable. Like many another quasi-intellectual, quasi-emotional movement, it first took definite shape at Oxford—indeed, its scholastic ancestry is still clearly evident. Partly the result, not of Ruskin's teaching, but of Ruskin's manner of word-painting, partly the outcome of the pre-Raphaelite movement, partly the result of general culture applied to the discrimination of art theories, without any previous acquaintance with art practice, and, above all, the result of that school of thinkers who proceed on a purely deductive method, scorning all facts, save such as can be evolved from their inner consciousness—to such various influences was the new style of criticism due, in its first inception. It is amusing to think what

* "The Renaissance," by W. Pater. "Studies and Essays," by A. C. Swinburne. "Essays on Art," by Comyns Carr.

must have been the Slade professor's indignation and disgust, as he had to watch, day by day at Oxford, the growth of a school whose main tenets could hardly be better described than as being the direct opposites of everything he was endeavoring to teach. He had endeavored to show that art really meant the intelligent delight in, and reproduction of, "God's work." But the coming race of critics and art-tasters shouted as their watchword, "Art for art's sake!" He had said over and over again that only by long-continued labor and patient investigation of nature could any knowledge of, or proficiency in, art be reached. But his young opponents asked in what the real merit of a work of art consisted; and answered themselves—that it was "in the effect which it produced upon them"; clearly, therefore, they had only to investigate their consciousness to discern its merit—and, to do them justice, they adhered to this tenet with touching fidelity. "Investigate nature!" they cried; we would scorn to degrade ourselves to such drudgery; we "look into our heart, and write"—and so they did. And thus, to quote words used by Ruskin on another subject, they cut themselves off "from all possible sources of healthy knowledge or natural delight; they willfully sealed up and put aside the entire volume of the world, and had nothing to read, nothing to dwell upon, but the imagination of the thoughts of their hearts, of which we are told that 'it is only evil continually.' . . . They lie bound in the dungeon of their own corruption, encompassed only by doleful phantoms, or by spectral vacancy."

It may be thought that this is perhaps a somewhat overdrawn description of that school's doctrines, but it is not so; it is not even a sufficiently strong one, for we have passed over without notice the most repulsive part of their doctrines, the utter divorce of art from morality, and the exaltation of sensuousness above intellectual or spiritual meaning. We shall have something to say of this hereafter. At present we beg our readers to keep in mind these three qualities of the higher criticism—first, its main doctrine that pure art is pure sensuousness, and, as a consequence of this, that any admixture of moral, spiritual, or intellectual meaning signifies a lower form; secondly, that this pure sensuousness is admirable and desirable in itself, apart from any use we may put it to; and, thirdly, that culture of the imagination and intellect does the best it can for us when it leaves our souls, like the leaves of the sensitive-plant, ready to quiver and droop at every passing breath of emotion.

These three doctrines are preached, indirectly, it is true, but still preached, by every member of this school, and are best exemplified in the works of Swinburne, Walter Pater, and, offspring

of the above two, Comyns Carr, whose new volume of essays has given rise to this article. Algernon Charles Swinburne, whose prose essays are the earliest as well as the best examples of this school, is a man of considerable critical insight, when he can restrain himself sufficiently to give it fair play, and is besides a consummate master of sounding, eloquent English. His criticisms of Matthew Arnold and Coleridge are sufficient to prove the first, and almost any passage of his writings would do as well as the following in proof of the second:

In the verse, as on the canvas, there is the breathless breath of over-much delight, the passion of over-running pleasure which grieves and aches on the very edge of heavenly tears—tears of perfect moan for excess of unfathomable pleasure and burden of inexpressible things, only to be borne by gods in heaven—the sweet and sovereign oppression of absolute beauty, and the nakedness of burning life—the supreme pause of soul and sense at the climax of their consummate noon and high tide of being; glad, and sad, and sacred—unsearchable, and natural, and strange.

This is a very typical passage; in it we see criticism just trembling upon that brink of nonsense, that unfathomable gulf of unmeaning sound, into which it was soon to fall. We see also what will be the cause of that fall. Very plainly, it will be the excess of words over the meaning which they are intended to convey, the predominance of sound over sense. Mark this: at the beginning of the above sentence, Swinburne has something to say, and, though he expresses it in terms of which the extravagance is clearly perceptible, yet, on the whole, he says it intelligibly and well; but he is not content with that, and he goes on with repetition after repetition, growing more incoherent with each successive phrase till the sentence ends with a burst of glorious word-music, the only drawback to which is its perfect unintelligibility. And there is still another quality observable in this quotation, which is almost invariably present in the works of the writers who have imitated Mr. Swinburne, and that is an element of sickly sweetness. There are too many "lumps of delight," and no solid food of wholesome character; an atmosphere of closed windows and much incense and half-shut eyes, unsuitable for the muddy ways and cold, gray skies of England, and productive of languorous exhaustion. This is the damning sin of this higher criticism, even at its best; it is thoroughly morbid and unhealthy, unreal and unworthy. A world whose actions were regulated by such emotions, and guided by such writers, would be a world of thorough unmanliness and sensuous indolence. Art is good, and may be noble and pure, and dilettant art and amateurs and critics

are at least tolerable when they confine themselves within reasonable limits; but this murmuring of scented nothings, this continual pampering-up of the emotions with sounding words, is neither good nor endurable, and, if continued, it will be alike destructive of our national literature and our reputation for sturdy common sense.

Let us take a quotation from Pater's "Studies in the Renaissance," not as a specimen of his more extravagant writing, but as one of this half-delirious sweetness to which we have been referring. He is speaking of Greek sculpture:

If one had to choose a single product of Hellenic art, to save in the wreck of all the rest, one would choose, from the beautiful multitude of the Panathenaic frieze, that line of youths on horses, with their level glances, their proud, patient lips, their chastened reins, their whole bodies in exquisite service. This colorless, unclassified purity of life, with its blending and interpenetration of intellectual, spiritual, and physical elements, still folded together, pregnant with the possibilities of a whole world closed within it, is the highest expression of that indifference which is beyond all that is relative or partial.

Here we have another style of rhapsody than Swinburne's—rhapsody uttered, as we may fancy, in a whisper, in some half-waking intervals of an opium-trance—rhapsody which clearly reveals no mean power of writing, and in which each word seems deliberately chosen and placed, and yet which means—well (is it an exaggeration to say?), absolutely nothing. We gain from it an impression of pleasant sound—if we do not look too closely, we can fancy that its author is a very clever fellow; but if we once dare to break the spell, and try to attach a definite meaning to the words, we grow momentarily more bewildered, and at last give it up in despair. What is a chastened rein? What is a body in "exquisite service"? What colorless, unclassified purity? What is—all the rest of it? We can't say. Can any of our readers? Can Mr. Pater himself?

We have been a long time coming to the consideration of Mr. Comyns Carr's essays, but we have prepared the way for our readers to thoroughly understand his work, whence it had its origin, and its position in the school to which we are referring. Mr. Carr may be said to be the utmost and worst development of the school to which he belongs. In him the victory of sound over sense is far more triumphant, because more habitual, than even in Swinburne and Pater; nor is even his sound of the same quality as theirs, but rings faint and hollow, as if it were some telephonic echo of those writers. In him, too, is the doctrine sensuous carried to a pitch which

transcends all former efforts. To use his own words, spoken approvingly of Keats, "Men and women perfect in the flesh, with their feet on perfect flowers, move across his fancy as in twilight." The first essay in the book is on "The Artistic Spirit in Modern English Poetry," and the gist of it may be found in Stopford Brooke's "Primer of English Literature," the essay being an expansion, possibly an unconscious one, of two sentences therein. "Not so ideal, but for that very reason closer in his grasp of nature than Shelley, in love of loveliness for its own sake, in the sense of its rightful and preëminent power, and in the singleness of the worship which he gave to beauty, Keats is especially the artist." Such, shortly put, is the essence of Mr. Carr's long essay—an old idea enough, strung out to thirty and odd pages. Full of admiration for the "solid, sensuous character" of Keats's verse, Mr. Carr writes as if the limited vision of that poet was worthy of greater praise than any wider sight, and talks about the "fleeing things" admitted by Byron and Shelley, but excluded by Keats "from the sacred realm of ideal truth."

It would be useless to weary our readers with quotations from Mr. Carr's essays in support of our assertion as to the character of the doctrine he teaches; it is, as we have said above, identical in all essential respects with that of Swinburne and Pater; but we will give one or two further examples of the difficulty with which he manages to surround his simplest criticisms, owing to the habit of considering the form and sound of the sentence rather than its sense. Thus, talking of Leonardo da Vinci's portrait-painting, Mr. Carr says: "We can not, perhaps, define the means by which he infused a certain harmony into monstrous features, nor can we tell how it is that the smile upon the lips of his women should avail to bring all the features into perfect agreement of expression, and how the system of finely balanced shadows should give even to his portraits the significance of character." Or, again, of Michael Angelo. The stillness pervading the work of Michael Angelo implies of itself a foregone season of passionate preparation, wherein all the recesses of human passion have been sounded—"the brooding stillness of Michael Angelo's faces, with all the later passions held in still suspense." It may be that in such sentences a meaning lies hidden beyond the reach of us ordinary mortals; it may be that it is true that art has no mission save that of apotheosizing sensuousness, and enveloping us in languid dreams; it may be, perhaps, even true that expression becomes more perfect as its obscurity deepens and its meaning grows less—in a word, it may be that in the time to come these apostles of the higher criticism, these priests of a fleshly

ideal, may be hailed as the true regenerators of humanity. But if it be not so, if this be but a phase through which we must pass, ere reaching a clearer and a healthier atmosphere, if, as we believe, the time will soon come when this wordy Babel will fall to the earth, and its builders be

scattered abroad, to rail-splitting and other honest and useful if uncongenial employments, in such a case we may perhaps be pardoned for having lent a hand to the destruction of the vast edifice of humbug which we have here styled "the Higher Criticism."

London Spectator.

MR. GLADSTONE ON HEROES.

I.

MR. GLADSTONE in his lecture on Dr. Hook gave an admirable definition of true moral heroism; only, unfortunately, the heroes whom human beings take up and fondle in their rather capricious and sometimes very idolatrous fancies, are but seldom moral heroes, and hardly ever heroes to us only because they are moral heroes, and so it happens that very few of the favorite heroes of mankind would be covered by his definition. He says with as much depth as truth, if he were speaking solely as a moralist, "A hero is a man who must have ends beyond himself," ends which "cast him, as it were, out of himself," and "must pursue these ends by means which are honorable, the lawful means, otherwise he may degenerate into a wild enthusiast. He must do this without distortion or disturbance of his nature as a man, because there are cases of men who are heroes in great part, but who are so excessively given to certain ideas and objects of their own, that they lose all the proportion of their nature. There are some ecclesiastical heroes who, by giving undue prominence to one idea, lost the just proportion of things, and became simply men of one idea. A man, to be a hero, must pursue ends beyond himself by legitimate means. He must pursue them as a man, not as a dreamer; he must not give to some one idea a disproportionate weight which it does not deserve, and forget everything else which belongs to the perfection and excellence of human nature. If he does all this he is a hero, even if he has not very great powers; and if he has great powers, then he is a consummate hero. Such a man, he contended, was Dr. Hook, and he certainly deserved the best title which he (Mr. Gladstone) had given him." Now, no doubt it is a part of the truest moral heroism to devote yourself to causes higher than yourself, and yet not merge wholly the large nature of man in these causes; to have zeal without being a zealot. To work for ends above

you, and yet keep yourself above them, in the sense of recognizing that there are moral and spiritual laws which may not be transgressed by men even in the service of the highest ends, is a task of moral difficulty which may well be dignified with the name of moral heroism. And yet, in the popular sense of the word, it will hardly do so to define heroes as to exclude almost all the favorite heroes of human fancy. In point of fact, men make heroes to themselves much less by any large and balanced moral judgment, than by the fascination which particular types of character have for other types of character often very different. To an ordinary boy, the only thing needful to make a hero is a great capacity for enterprise, and coolness and daring in the critical moment. Nelson, Donald, and Napoleon are the sort of figures to catch their minds and hearts, whether they had the true heroism of devoting themselves to the highest ends, and yet limiting their zeal by keeping their largest human sympathies, or not. We doubt, indeed, whether a figure like the late Dean of Chichester would ever recommend itself as that of a perfect hero to any mind, young or old. There was too little of the extraordinary in his career, too much of steady industry and unflagging simplicity, to set fire to any one's imagination. In the popular sense of the term, at least, it is the first requisite of a "hero" to fire the imagination. Of course, the imagination may be fired in a hundred different ways—by that "zigzag lightning in the brain" which makes an Alexander and a Napoleon, or even by that mere singularity of gifts or of destiny which makes a great beauty, or a great singer, or a great actor. There are plenty of young people whose heads have been turned by the narrative of the triumphs of mere beauty. There are many more whose heads have been turned by the fascination of that power which concentrates at once thousands of eyes in a fixed gaze of admiration. What is essential to the popular hero is some power to thrill. Without that, however noble

his life, however high his purposes, however great his capacity to excite true love, there is nothing of what is ordinarily meant by a hero. You may thrill, of course, by moral means, though not so easily as by physical or intellectual means. But without some means by which you can stir the blood—without something that makes many hearts beat a little quicker when a name is mentioned—that name will never really gain the heroic level. There must be some glitter in the qualities which make a hero. A wonderful dancer is a true heroine to many—the Yankees used to turn out in crowds to drag Fanny Ellsler's carriage for her, if we remember rightly; and, no doubt, to many an English lout, Weston, the pedestrian, is a great hero now; but neither to Yankees nor to English louts would the late Dr. Hook have seemed worthy of an ovation. Fidelity and nobility and power of character tend far less to make a hero than strenuous muscles, with finely coördinated nerves. You may become a hero by a single wonderful jump more easily than by a lifetime of noble effort; by being able to sing an octave higher or lower than the best singers of your time, more easily than by training a whole generation of good musicians. Hence we think the condition by which Mr. Gladstone rightly limits true moral heroism—the condition that a man must not merge himself in the ends for which he lives—is almost inconsistent with heroism in its popular sense, or, at least, excludes a great deal that is in the highest sense heroism to the popular understanding. Napoleon, whom Mr. Gladstone will not allow to be a true hero, is a hero to the popular imagination almost precisely because he broke through this condition, and broke through it quite recklessly. The "demonic element," as Goethe used to call it, is almost essential to the popular hero. But then it is just the demonic element in a man which makes light of moral limits. Why are Byron and Shelley, especially the former, so great to the popular mind, except because their lives were tinged with the romance always associated with genius when it tramples moral laws under foot? It is the wild element in genius which does most to make a hero of the man of genius, not the tame. Rajah Brooke would never have been the hero he was but for his dash into wild life, even though his purpose in making that dash was to subdue it, and bring it into something like order. In the popular hero, there must be nothing like humdrum; and yet without a very large element of humdrum, there is no true moral life, and very little true moral heroism. It is the brilliant dash at great ends without much consideration for the means, which has given half the fascination to most popular heroes' lives. Without that, the lives

would not be so dramatic as to magnetize men, for it is dramatic, not moral, life which catches the imagination. Would Mr. Carlyle have made a hero even of Dr. Johnson merely for his charitableness and his tenderness to his poor dependents, and to his cat, or for anything but for his unexampled power of stamping intellectually on feeble beings? Would he have made heroes both of Cromwell and of Frederick the Great—totally different as they were in mind, and life, and genius—but for the stormy force that was in both of them alike? Even to Mr. Carlyle, it is the whirlwind in a man which makes a hero of him, not the self-regulating power. Even in actions strictly and perfectly moral, it is not their morality which catches the imagination and makes them heroic, so much as their dramatic vividness. David's acts in accepting the challenge of the Philistine giant, and in pouring on the ground the water which had been procured at the cost of so much peril to his followers, were far more heroic in the popular sense than his devotion of himself to soothe the melancholy of Saul; but neither of them in all probability involved half the patient self-sacrifice. Heroism in its common and popular sense is, after all, only the gilding on great careers, not the essential gold. Lord Beaconsfield will, for generations to come, be a far greater hero to the popular mind of England than either the late Sir Robert Peel or the late Lord Russell—in all probability, a greater figure than either Mr. Canning or Mr. Fox; perhaps he may even be spoken of as more extraordinary than Lord Chatham and Mr. Pitt. Yet this will not be for any essential greatness in his career, but because such qualities as he had were dramatic, not to say melodramatic, the qualities which catch the fancy, and set on fire the most inflammable materials, which are almost always among the poorest materials, about the human character and heart.

London Spectator.

II.

IN discoursing the other day in the school-room at Hawarden on Dean Hook's life, Mr. Gladstone took occasion to describe him as "a hero," and was thus led to define his idea of what constitutes heroism. He began by remarking, what indeed is sufficiently obvious, that a man need not be any the less a hero because he is a Christian or a clergyman. It seems that in Dr. Latham's Dictionary a hero is defined to be "a man eminent for bravery"; but Mr. Gladstone not unnaturally thought this definition too narrow, seeing that bravery may be a merely animal quality, while on the other hand there are cer-

tainly many other kinds of excellence. On turning to Dr. Johnson's Dictionary he found a second description added to bravery, "a man of the highest class in any respect." And we may add that much the same alternative definitions are given by Richardson and Webster. But if the first definition is too narrow, Mr. Gladstone thought the second too vague, for there are surely some kinds of greatness, or what is commonly so called, which are far removed from heroism. And we are still inclined to agree with him. He instances Napoleon, who is one of Mr. Carlyle's "heroes," and who was indeed "one of the most extraordinary men ever born," and had a concentration of brain-power almost or quite unrivaled, but whose life was throughout predominantly tainted with selfishness, and could not therefore be considered truly heroic. And there can be no doubt whatever that, if Napoleon's genius was gigantic, the supreme and absolute selfishness which shaped and dominated his entire career, and which no principle, no affection, and no obligation, however sacred, was ever suffered to thwart even for a moment, was at least equally gigantic. Casabianca calmly awaiting "on the burning deck" the death which he preferred to even a possibility of disobedience to the command of his dead father, was more really "a creature of heroic blood," absurd though his conduct was, than the cruel and unscrupulous despot who made Europe tremble at his nod. There are others of Mr. Carlyle's heroes whose claim is open to challenge on similar grounds, such as Mohammed, Rousseau, Frederick the Great, and Cromwell. All of these were unquestionably in their way great men, but a great man is not necessarily a hero. A hero must, as Mr. Gladstone put it, have "ends beyond himself," and must pursue them by honorable and legitimate means. In other words, he must be high-principled and unselfish. We are not equally clear as to the lecturer's further condition that a hero must not be a man of one idea, in the sense of giving to certain cherished objects so disproportionate a weight and prominence as to forget other and equally excellent objects. A man who does this is no doubt wanting in ideal harmony and perfection, and his very earnestness may be—though it does not at all follow that it would be—productive of more harm than good. But if his mistakes are not moral but intellectual only, and spring from no root of selfishness, still more if they are rather the faults of the age than of the man, they need not detract from his claim to the praise of a hero. Let us take, for instance, two very different types of religious heroism in different ages, St. Anselm and Luther. Many will think the ideals both of the mediæval saint and of the Reformer very one-sided, and nobody could consistently sympathize with both alike.

Yet Anselm has been canonized by the public opinion of posterity no less than by the formal sentence of his Church, and few dispassionate readers of Dean Church's excellent biography of him would care to dispute the verdict. Luther is one of Mr. Carlyle's heroes, and many have been willing to accept this estimate of him who nevertheless think he gave a very "undue prominence to his own idea" of the *articulus stantis vel cadentis Ecclesie*, and thereby very completely "lost the just proportion of things" in matters ecclesiastical. Or, again, take two heroes of the late Dr. Mozley's, Strafford and Laud. Both of them were men of one idea, and both—especially Strafford—pursued their aims by some means which, to our notions at all events, appear more than questionable. Yet they were men of remarkable capacity and energy, who devoted their lives, even to death, to the unwearied pursuit of what they firmly believed to be the highest public good. It would surely be too narrow a conception of heroism which excluded such examples from its range.

But the question still remains, in what heroism properly consists. Is it synonymous with bravery? or with sanctity? or is it something different from either? There is some dispute as to the derivation of the Greek word from which our own is taken, but the definition which stands first apparently in all our English dictionaries of "a man eminent for bravery" has thus much to say for itself, that bravery is the distinctive characteristic of the earliest recorded types of heroism, like the Homeric heroes who "mowed down rows of men." Yet the name is also applied in the Odyssey to the minstrel Demodocus and the herald Mulius, as well as to the peaceful Phœnicians, so that bravery was not the sole standard of heroism even in "the heroic age." But it remains true, as a modern writer has observed, that "war, which brings with it so many demoralizing influences, has always been the great school of heroism," inasmuch as it familiarizes the mind with the performance of noble actions from pure and unselfish motives, and elicits strength of character and self-control while it teaches men how to die cheerfully "for an idea," that is for something outside themselves. Hence perhaps the same word in Latin serves for courage and for the highest moral excellence, for courage was the highest, almost the sole, measure of virtue (*virtus*) to the she-wolf's warrior brood. On the other hand a utilitarian code of morals is eminently unfavorable to heroism or self-sacrifice. But if heroism is not synonymous with bravery, is it to be identified with saintliness? Not exactly that either. But here again there is an historical explanation of the confusion. The heroes of classical antiquity had been great warriors and

patriots; the mediæval heroes were the saints. In the technical language of the schools "heroic" virtue was an indispensable requisite for canonization. Now the same man may, like St. Louis, be a mighty leader in court and camp and a saint, or, again, there may be a great patriot statesman and ruler of lofty religious aims like Charlemagne, who narrowly missed canonization, but whose private life was tainted with faults which would have made his appearance in the calendar rather strange. The fact is, that there is an antithesis between what may roughly be called the natural or pagan and the Christian standard of excellence; not that the two are irreconcilable, or are not sometimes reconciled in the same character, but that they are distinct in theory and not unfrequently separated in fact. Christianity introduced new types of virtue into the world, though it did not therefore supersede the old. It added what theologians would call the supernatural to the natural order of merit. Now the heroic ideal of classical antiquity springs mainly from a sense of the dignity of human nature; the Christian ideal of sanctity grows out of a sense of sin. And hence, as has sometimes been remarked, the latter conduces most directly to theological and ecclesiastical activity, the former to political. The one develops the distinguishing qualities of a patriot, the other of a saint. Yet the two kinds of energy may be combined in the same character, as in the nobler spirits among the Crusaders, while the concurrence of both is required for the general welfare of society. There is an unselfish grandeur, which is truly heroic, in the character and career of Hildebrand, whatever we may think of the abstract justice of his cause or of some of the methods he adopted for promoting it. His dying exclamation sounds almost like an echo of the story of Regulus.

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London Saturday Review.

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PRINCE BISMARCK ON SWELLS, SNOBS, AND COCKNEYS.

AT Versailles, on the evening of the 8th of December, 1870, Prince Bismarck consoled his impatience at the delay in the bombardment of Paris with a repast consisting, among other delicacies, of pancakes with mushrooms and pheasant with *Sauerkraut*, cooked, as the man of blood and iron loves it, in champagne. After uttering the sound observation that of Forster and Deidesheimer (wines, it is needless to say, of the Palatinate) the preference is to be given to the former, and the more questionable doctrine that *Sauerkraut*, when corrected by a little neat brandy, is far from being unwholesome, and discussing the case of a young diplomatist at Vienna who collected and bound in two elegant volumes all the bills of fare of the ambassador under whom he served—among which, we are told, are some deeply interesting combinations—the Chancellor proceeded, by transitions not recorded in the valuable work* of Herr Busch, to analyze the ideas (*Begriffe*) of Swell, Snob, and Cockney. Prince Bismarck knows England, if he does not love it, and the judgment of his acute and powerful mind upon us can not fail to be interesting, even if it be at times not greatly flattering to our vanity.

A few words suffice for the swell. The Prince began by characterizing a brother diplomatist as such. It is to be regretted that the name of the diplomatist in question is not recorded, since in such matters an example is of more value than a definition. "It is a capital word," said Prince Bismarck, "for which we have no equivalent in German." Then, correcting himself, he quoted the word *Stutzer*, or dandy, adding that the English word contains, over and above what is connoted by *Stutzer*, the notion of a prominent chest and of an air of lordly self-importance. Here, on the whole, Prince Bismarck must be admitted to have hit the mark. But the characteristics of a swell are obvious and external; those of the snob, which the Chancellor went on to discuss, are much more recon-dite, manifold, and subtle. And here his analysis is less successful. "The snob," he says, "is something quite different from the swell; and, as in the case of the swell, there is no word which gives the idea in German. The word denotes various facts and qualities, but more especially

one-sidedness, narrowness, the inability to escape from local or class prejudices, Philistinism. A snob is a kind of *Pfahlbürger*. But this is not exactly it. You must add the inability to rise out of the interests of one's family, a narrow horizon in judging of political matters, the being imprisoned in inbred ways and fancies. There are snobs of the feminine sex and of high social position. You may also speak of party snobs, of men who in great public affairs can not escape from the trammels of private right—advanced Liberal snobs." Now it may be admitted that there are female snobs and advanced Liberal snobs, though politeness forbids one to give instances of the former, and discretion of the latter; but Prince Bismarck's description is not that of a snob at all, but it is an excellent description of the Philistine. For "snob" read "Philistine" in the foregoing account, and it is all right. It is the more curious that Prince Bismarck should have failed to seize the characteristics of the snob, because the animal, though not confined to England, flourishes here in a rank abundance which can hardly have escaped his notice. Both the outward and inward marks of the type—the pushing vulgarity, the pretentious loudness, the underbred familiarity which belong to one sort of snob, as well as the qualities which characterize snobs of better birth—the social unscrupulousness, the coarseness of spirit that measures others by their worldly place, the want of inner dignity and self-respect that drives people to cling to those a peg or two above them on the ladder of society—must have been noticed by Prince Bismarck, as they are noticed constantly by other foreigners. The snob, indeed, is a natural growth in a society passing from an aristocratic into a democratic stage.

"A Cockney," then pursued the Prince, "is again something different. It is applied to Londoners in particular. There are people in London who have never come out from among their walls and lanes, their brick and mortar, who have never seen anything green, who know no other life than that of these lanes, and have always lived within hearing of Bow Bells. There are people at Berlin, too, who have never been outside of it. But Berlin is a little place by the side of London or even of Paris, where there are cockneys, too, but called by another name. In these great cities ways of looking at things are formed, which grow and spread and become fixed as

* "Bismarck in the Franco-German War," by Dr. Moritz Busch.

prejudices in the minds of the inhabitants. In such great centers of population, where people have no experience, and therefore no just conception, or no conception at all, of what lies outside, arise this narrowness and simplicity (*Einfältigkeit*). Simplicity without conceit can be put up with. But for a man to be a simpleton, unpractical, and conceited into the bargain, is more than can be borne." This may be allowed to pass. But a little later on the Chancellor comes back again to the snob. "There are snobs," he says, "in the country. Take, for instance"—turning to Prince Putbus—"a good sportsman who is satisfied that he is the first man in the world, that sport is the only thing in the world of any consequence, and that people who don't understand sporting matters amount to nothing." It is quite plain from these examples that Prince Bismarck does not know what a snob is, or, if he does, that he knows him by the wrong name.

It is very seldom that the Chancellor has a good word to say about the English. When he has, it is to point out some Teutonic virtue which they possess to a less degree than the Germans. In drawing the hackneyed contrast—containing less than half a truth—between the superficial politeness of the French and the genuine politeness of heart which he claims for his own people, he finds occasion to throw in a little diluted commendation of the English character. Perhaps his experiences on landing one Sunday at Hull gave him a twist the wrong way. "The keeping of the Sunday," said the Prince, who is himself, for a German, a strict observer of the day, to his company—"what a horrible tyranny! I remember the first time I came to England landing at Hull and whistling in the street. An Englishman, whose acquaintance I had made on board, said to me, 'Pray, sir, don't whistle.' 'Why not?' said I; 'is it against the law?' 'No, sir,' said he; 'but it is the Sabbath.' This vexed me so that I went at once and took a ticket for another steamer which was going to Edinburgh, as it did not suit me to be hindered from whistling when I pleased. But before this happened we had been in an inn, and there I got hold for the first time of something good—toasted cheese—Welsh rabbit." One can almost hear the smack of the lips with which these words were accompanied. Elsewhere, after speaking in high terms of Lord Odo Russell, he went on to say: "One thing only made me at first doubtful about him. I have always heard and found by my own experience that all Englishmen who talk French well are dubious sort of people (*bedenklich*), and he speaks French admirably. Still he can express himself well enough in German too." The Prince says little about English politics, home or foreign, but

the little that he does say is characteristic. When the Russian Government declared its intention to disregard the part of the treaty of Paris relating to the Black Sea, public opinion in England, as all remember, was greatly excited. A statement of Lord Granville's in the House of Lords that England could not for fear of future complications tolerate any one-sided solution of the question being telegraphed to the German Chancellor, he smiled, and said: "*Future* complications! Parliamentary orators! Don't believe a word of it! The accent is laid on the word 'future.' That's the way people talk when they don't mean to do anything." "The Russians," said the Prince another time, in speaking of the same matter, "ought not to have put forward their claim so modestly; they should have asked for more; and then they would have carried their point about the Black Sea without any trouble."

The toasted cheese deserved a better recompense than all this. It was an argument addressed to that part of the Chancellor's nature where his conversation shows him to be peculiarly sensitive. Nowhere, out of the "*Almanach des Gourmets*," is so much to be read about eating and drinking as in these volumes of Herr Busch. The Prince's wit, audacity, piety, and cunning sink into insignificance when compared with the range and voracity of his truly princely appetite. On the day when he delivered himself of the above utterance on the Black Sea question, he was recovering from an attack of indisposition, and his meals would presumably be lighter than usual. But beer, champagne, turtle-soup, boar's-head, and a mess of mustard and raspberry-jelly ("which was very good," says Herr Busch) formed only a part, on that day, of his repast. He could at one time dispose of eleven hard-boiled eggs at a sitting. He is fond of middle-sized trout, weighing not over half a pound, but can eat *Maräne* all day long. Carp and sand-eel, on the contrary, are not grateful to his palate. Besides his favorite drink of porter mixed with champagne, he strongly recommends another compound, said to be the invention of Field-Marshal Moltke, consisting of hot tea, sherry, and champagne. He enjoys good mutton, but is less addicted to fillets of beef or to roast beef in general. He even suggests playfully that a plump child or a fresh young girl would be anything but bad eating; and once when an unpleasant onion-like smell greeted his olfactories as he was driving near the smoking village of Bazeilles, he pronounced it to be the odor of burned Frenchmen. His bill of fare of Friday, the 23d of December, 1870, has fortunately been rescued from oblivion. We are told that it is only a sample of the rest. First came onion-soup with port wine; then a

saddle of wild-boar together with beer; upon this, Irish stew, turkey, and chestnuts, all washed down with champagne and red wine at discretion; finally dessert, in which the quality of the pears is especially noted. "The German people," says the Prince, "are resolved to have a fat Chancellor." Hampers from Berlin conspired with the native produce of France to bring about this happy

result. But though a great eater, the Chancellor can not be called a delicate or a scientific diner. In this respect he is evidently surpassed by the young diplomatist mentioned above, whose arrival on our shores with his two precious volumes will mark an epoch in the development of gastronomy in this country.

Saturday Review.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

LITERARY PROPERTY.

THE right of property in literary productions has been a vexed and vexatious question almost ever since the art of printing became at all widely employed in the duplication of books. After a hundred and seventy years of confused discussion, counting from the passage of the first English law of copyright, we have at last a treatise on the subject that really seems to clear up the fogs that have enveloped it, and to place on definite grounds the law, the logic, and the equity of literary property—this noteworthy task having been performed by Mr. Eaton S. Drone, of this city. Mr. Drone entitles his work "A Treatise on the Law of Property in Intellectual Productions in Great Britain and the United States." It is only necessary to say here that Mr. Drone's treatise is exhaustive, searching, dispassionate, and we firmly believe final. We doubt whether anything more remains to be said calculated to throw further light upon this hitherto perplexing theme.

Strangely enough, the distinct deductions to be drawn from Mr. Drone's ample statements and arguments are that copyright laws are wholly unnecessary, that the simplest and best thing to do is to abolish all the statutes "made and provided" thereto, and remand literary property to the dominion and protection of the common law. Previous to 1710 literary property was held solely as proprietary right, but justice was loosely administered, and piracy was not infrequent; Parliament, therefore, in the eighth year of Queen Anne passed an "Act for the Encouragement of Learning," which declared that an author should have the sole right of publishing his books, and prescribed penalties against piracy. The history of copyright shows that it would have been far wiser to have depended on the common law, and secured in equity such decisions from the courts as would have extended full protection over literary

property. "For half a century after the act of Anne was passed," says Mr. Drone, "the chancery courts in administering the law did not doubt that by the common law, and independently of legislation, there was property of unlimited duration in printed books." But in 1774 the House of Lords declared that the common-law right had been taken away by the statute of Anne, and that authors had no control over their published works except under that act. This has since been the law of England, and the English statute was copied by the American Congress in 1790. Thus an "Act for the Encouragement of Learning" has prescribed limitations to the enjoyment by the author of the rewards of that learning, and in withdrawing literary property from the protection of the common to that of statute law has inflicted a lasting wrong and injury upon the entire class of literary producers.

It will be news to many readers, no doubt, that literary property was ever held by the common law of property, and they will be surprised possibly to learn that it is susceptible of being so held. On this point Mr. Drone is clear and convincing, and he shows that this position has been held by some of the most eminent jurists England has produced. It is the complete validity of the argument here that leads us to say that laws of copyright are distinctly unnecessary. "Literary property is subject," says Mr. Drone, "to all the fundamental rules governing the acquisition, possession, and transmission of property. It is acquired by labor, succession, gift, purchase; transmitted by sale, donation, bequest; lost by abandonment. It may be injured, stolen, borrowed and lent, mortgaged and pawned. It may be the subject of contract, bargain, trade, fraud." The only feature in which it differs from other property is that it is not corporeal, and this fact is at the root of all the confusion and special legislation that have arisen in regard to it. It was and is asserted that nothing

can be subject of ownership which is not corporeal, on the assumption that materiality is necessary to identification, that only which is capable of identity being subject to exclusive ownership. To exclude intellectual productions from ownership on this ground is really too absurd for argument. There is absolutely nothing in the world more susceptible of identity. In many material things there may be resemblances too close for identification, whereas in literature the writings of every man are distinctly recognizable to the most casual observation. It has also been affirmed that under the common law the purchaser of a book has absolute control over his purchase, to use as he may list. But it is evident by the terms of purchase what it is that he has secured by the transaction, it being evident on the face that the price of one or two dollars for a book can not give the purchaser any proprietorship in the right of multiplying copies, which may be worth many thousand times the sum paid for the volume. It is a long-established principle of law that property can be acquired only by valid consideration, and hence in case of any dispute as to what the purchaser of a book has acquired, the price given clearly settles the fact. It is really clear that the common law is wholly competent to deal with intellectual property, to extend to it every protection vouchsafed to other kinds of property, and hence our cumbersome statutes may as well be swept from the books altogether.

If this can not be done, let the law be so amended as to give literary property the full and ample protection which it extends to all other possessions. As the statute stands now, exclusive ownership is guaranteed for twenty-eight years upon compliance with certain conditions, and upon renewal of registry fourteen years longer to the author or his family, other possessors being debarred from this renewal. Forty-two years may seem a long time—accepting the full term—for the enjoyment of copyright, and with many books this period is ample; but there are instances where it is wholly insufficient, and is the cause of great wrong and injury to the owner of the property, whoever he may be. It often happens that a publication does not attain its fullness of fame until long after its first issue, and this result is often reached only after watchful nursing and a large expenditure of money. This is peculiarly apt to be the case with text-books. We may imagine some book on science which has taken a score of years to work its slow way into recognition, and which, just as it reaches its height of appreciation, becomes, by the limitations established by the law, open property for everybody. Washington Irving's books still yield a revenue to the heirs of that illustrious author, but

this is only because of the forbearance or courtesy of publishers, many of those famous books having lapsed the time prescribed by law, and being at this moment free for any one to reproduce. But this forbearance is not always exercised, and the history of a copyright case that occurs to us bears citing as a practical example of how the law as it stands works. An eminent author some thirty years ago was impelled to sell the copyright of all his books, but, as the first limitation of twenty-eight years was with some books nearly at an end, it was difficult to find a purchaser. This was accomplished at last, but on condition, it is so asserted, that the renewal of fourteen years should be made by the author or his family in behoof of the purchasers. Large sums were then invested by the publishers in new plates, engravings, etc.; a handsome and costly edition was issued, and heavy expenditures were made in advertising in order to extend and strengthen the popularity of the books. But changes occurred in the publishing firm; a separation between the partners ensued; and some years later the widow of the leading partner found herself in possession of this copyright property as the sole remnant of a large investment made in the business. Had the capital that had gone into this property been invested in lands or houses or stocks, the ownership and the benefits arising therefrom would have been perpetual, but being literary property its tenure was limited and its future wholly uncertain. True enough, as soon as the copyright expired another edition was sprung upon the market, and as a consequence a legitimate income from what was a costly and legitimate investment is nearly destroyed. The law, which professes to protect every citizen in his property, extends no protection in this case against a most wrongful invasion of natural rights. The value of the copyright in this case had been greatly enhanced by the labor and expenditure of the owner, but other persons are permitted to step in and reap the benefit thereof. Could anything be more grossly unjust? What would be thought of a statute that excluded the heirs of a man from the benefits of a forest he had planted? What would be said of a law which declared that our sons and daughters may not gather the fruit from an orchard that we had planted or purchased, and that at a given period its products might become the property of any one who chose to enter and take possession? This is identically what the law of copyright does in regard to literary property.

Many arguments are uttered to show that literary productions are essentially different from other property. They are necessarily fallacious, and all of them are effectually disposed of by Mr. Drone. The

elementary principle of property is that it should be the product of labor, and this distinguishing feature literature possesses completely, as much so as any other kind of property in the world. But literature contains ideas, and ideas, we are told, should be as free as air. "Ideas," says one writer, "when given to the world, are as light, free to all"; another deploras a law which would give an interminable monopoly of ideas to holders of copyrights. This is all wide of the mark. Ideas never are and never can be copyrighted, or protected either by statute or common law. Literary property consists always solely in the *form* in which those ideas are expressed—in the arrangement of words and sentences by which they are uttered. Buckle's idea of averages, Herbert Spencer's theory of evolution, Darwin's speculation upon the origin of species, each became the property of the world as soon as it was uttered. Any one may take Poe's idea of a raven sitting on a bust and uttering doleful refrains, and make a poem thereon without infringement of copyright; he would be guilty simply of plagiarism, which is an offense unknown to the law. It is not, therefore, ideas that copyright or common law is called upon to protect, thereby limiting their use and full enjoyment, but solely the literature in which they are embodied, the distinct and definite form in which they are expounded; and that this protection should be as full, as extended, and as complete as that which other property enjoys is so obvious on the face of it, that it remains a wonder how any other theory or practice ever came into vogue.

REPUBLICS AND ARISTOCRACIES.

It is but a few months since Mr. Francis Parkman uttered his trenchant indictment against universal suffrage, and already evidence has greatly multiplied tending to show how mistaken is the judgment which denounces our republican system as a failure. The most significant item of this evidence within ourselves is the resumption of specie payments. It has been a favorite theory with those persons who distrust representative government that it would be impossible to return to a sound financial policy, because an ultimate power is lodged in the people which is competent to prevent it, and this power would be exerted without fail in favor of those measures that tend to inflation and a temporary speculative prosperity. It was believed, moreover, that popular clamor would not only insist upon "cheap money" in abundance, but that the people

would refuse to tax themselves for the payment of the public debt. It is true there were many persons who advocated repudiation, and promulgated wild theories in regard to money, and some of these people are not yet silenced; but we are entitled to point to the ultimate action of the state as the sure sign of the power and permanent tendencies of our Government. The cry for repudiation in times of distress is no new thing in history, and is far from being the invention of a democratic proletariat. During the great agricultural distress in England in 1821 and the following year, land-owners and tenant-farmers, according to Spencer Walpole in his recent history, "stung into action by distress, suddenly assumed the character of political agitators," the most violent of them declaring that "if taxation could be reduced in no other way faith must be broken with the public creditors, and the national debt repudiated." These agitators were not without their leaders. In Parliament Sir Francis Burdett boldly demanded a readjustment of the public burdens. "The public creditor," he argued, "might be entitled to his due, but he could not be entitled to more than his due. The man who had lent his money when bank-paper was a legal tender had no right to expect that he should be paid in gold." Burdett's proposal involved the partial repudiation of the debt. Other members were in favor of the same thing, but for the sake of decency desired "to cover the policy of repudiation with a thin veil which hardly concealed its nakedness from any one," this being a plan for depreciating the currency. When the debt was contracted corn sold for eighty shillings a quarter; it was urged that the currency should be depreciated till the price rose again to eighty shillings; "and corn and not gold should be made the standard of value." Obviously our money agitators were not even original in their madness, and it seems that they did not borrow their notions from revolutionary France or from democratic demagogues anywhere, but from English agriculturists, a class who are noted the world over for their conservative habits of thought. But this is only one instance of how those persons who in charging every agitation of the hour upon the weakness of republican institutions fail to heed similar disorders in other countries. There is but one right method of considering the action of any given form or theory of government, and that is by comparing it carefully with other forms of government when under the pressure of similar conditions. To declaim against the evils of universal suffrage, and all the time to shut the eyes to kindred evils elsewhere, is to evince the passions of a partisan and the prejudices of a bigot.

People who become despondent about our future should be prescribed liberal doses of history. If they distrust the intelligence and justice of the masses, let them investigate what sort of intelligence and justice has been evinced by aristocratic rulers in the past. If they admire the order and probity that mark affairs in England of to-day, let them go back a few pages in history and see how every reform that has advanced the English nation to its present high place originated with the people, and was the direct result of pressure from below. The evidence of this assertion is patent in the history of the Reform Bill, of the Irish Establishment, of the Penal Laws, of the rotten-borough system. There are persons who believe that government should be exclusively in the hands of the upper classes; they demand an administration of affairs by the "culture and conservative traditions of the community." And yet a glance at Taine's "Ancien Régime" will show them that this class often perpetrated more wrong and worked more mischief in a single day than popular suffrage has been guilty of in the entire length of its-career.

If we disdain the example and the evidence of the past, there remain abundant facts in the contemporary condition of despotic and aristocratic governments to justify hope and confidence in republics. Mr. Parkman's fierce assault upon universal suffrage appeared last summer; the mid-winter number of the magazine ("The North American Review") which contained his paper printed an article entitled "The Empire of the Discontented," by a Russian Nihilist, in which the disorders and dangers that pertain to despotic Russia are set forth with startling force. It affirms that the present state of Russia is most deplorable; it quotes from a Russian newspaper the assertion that "the moral standard of society has sunk so low that the faculty of distinguishing right from wrong or honor from baseness is utterly lost"; and that in almost every official "one is led to suspect a rascal and a thief"; and further that the Czarism alone is the true cause of all the misery Russia has endured for centuries and is now enduring. The writer enters into a detailed account of the condition of things there, but, discouraging as the picture is which he draws, he does not think it hopeless. "It would be so," he says, "if the corruption and demoralization of the upper classes and of the Government pervaded the whole body of the nation, and did not arouse any indignation nor any active opposition on the part of the honest element of the people." He goes on to declare "the downfall of autocracy the necessary condition of all further progress of the Russian people." This is all in

fine contrast to Mr. Parkman's trumpet-blast. It is true that he is a Nihilist and speaks perhaps with a prejudiced tongue, but is this not also true of Mr. Parkman? What we see is a Russian declaring that the elevation of the people to power is the only salvation for his country, and an American affirming that power in the hands of the people is a perpetual threat and danger.

Nearly at the moment when this Russian utterance was made, a writer in the London "Spectator" was confirming the general tenor of the argument in an article entitled "The Unrest of the World," which appeared in the latter part of December last. "The note of the civilized world at this Christmas-time," it began by saying, "is unmistakably unrest. But two great countries may be pronounced fairly happy, and they are both republics." The United States and France are the nations to which the writer here alludes. After indicating the favorable and hopeful condition of affairs in those countries, it declares that "it is the orderly, conservative monarchies that are discontented." It affirms that "the great German nation, at the top of the world, with its irresistible strength so recently demonstrated, is not happy at all," a degree of unrest being perceptible "which is unlike the German character, and which suggests that a great majority of the people is longing for some change"; in Russia all is unrest also, "the Government alarmed, and striking wild blows at classes like the students"; of England we are told "it was never perhaps less restful or less happy." In Italy "the monarchy can scarcely keep the middle classes and the people from flying at each other's throats"; in Constantinople "revolution follows revolution and ministry ministry, until we seem to be reading chronicles eight hundred years old," while in what was European Turkey "there is either an order enforced by foreign soldiery or utter anarchy and confusion. Outside the Austrian camps no life is safe in Bosnia, Thessaly, Epirus, or Macedonia, while in Bulgaria and Thrace order is preserved mainly by the presence of the Russian army." In short, we are assured that "Europe outside France is tossing in a feverish doze."

One more witness remains to be cited. The February number of "The Nineteenth Century" has the conclusion of an article bearing the title of "Liberty in Germany." It is a history of the struggle for liberty in that great country, of the processes by which the chains of despotism have been forged and riveted upon the people, and gives a survey of those existing elements that must eventually come to a distinctive outbreak. "The history of liberty in Germany," says the writer in the closing paragraph,

"so far as we have followed it, has been a very checkered one—chiefly a chronicle of failures," but, he goes on to say, "let no one think that the future of the story, distant though it may be, is not most surely forthcoming. What Borne wrote forty years ago has not yet been fulfilled, but it remains a world truth—'the French Revolution will presently be translated into every country in Europe.'"

With people in turbulent discontent and governments in alarm, with debts increasing, wars impending, and a far-extending commercial and industrial distress, with the certainty that revolution is imminent, and a knowledge that socialistic and communistic doctrines are undermining society and threatening the downfall of all established institutions—with these innumerable evidences of the wisdom with which Europe is governed by the trained and educated upper classes, it is wholly gratuitous for us to take alarm at the few wild theories and minor ebullitions that have marked our period of monetary distress. If any dangers did at one time beset us, they are past now; and, as we emerge into a new era of prosperity, we bear witness to the fact that a republic may not only survive a terrible intestine war, but undergo a tremendous financial convulsion with a steadiness not excelled by any other people in like circumstances. Perhaps, in view of these facts, certain Americans will eventually come to understand the real nature of the institutions of America, and learn to study them with wisdom and judgment, if not with patriotism.

IMPRESSIONISM IN ART.

THE young artists from Munich who are playing such fantastic tricks with the brush are as confident of the validity of their notions as a suitor who has just won his case in the court of last appeal is of the justice of his claim. Unfortunately for these gentlemen, they have really not yet won a decision in their favor from any recognized tribunal, their theories not yet having been subjected to clear or definite analysis, or their performances brought to the test of philosophical criticism. They are supported so far by nothing but their own somewhat arrogant assertions and the impulsive sympathies of a class always ready to welcome every strange idol that may be set up before them—the very class that thirty years ago fell prostrate before the false god known as pre-Raphaelitism. It is time now to inquire what it is that these new enthusiasts assert, and the true nature of this "impressionism," which is now amazing and perplexing so many worthy people. It is as well

perhaps to explain, for the benefit of some of our readers, what is meant by an "impression" picture. It is an attempt to fix upon the canvas the instantaneous impression of a scene—to catch a changing mood of feeling, a fleeting touch of color, a vanishing light, a sudden insight or grasp; in other words, to take a landscape, as it were, on the wing. The pictures that result from this attempt are vague and undefined, with sometimes not more than hints of form, and bear little resemblance to any actual scene or place. They may have charm of color and sometimes do, but this is the sole reason for their being that can ordinarily be discovered.

A picture produced in this way must obviously be wholly incomprehensible to every one not in possession of the key to its meaning and motive. But is such a picture really comprehensible even to those who have the key? Is the philosophy of this new theory sound, and its foundations upon the rock of reason and truth? These are questions that should now be asked, and we venture here to set down a point or two that will go, we think, toward making up an answer. Let us say in passing that impressionist painting is by no means the only theory identified with the Munich students, but it is the only one we can now consider. When the pre-Raphaelites were on the full tide of favor nearly three decades ago, it was shown that their theory of "all things in nature being equal" was false in its application to art, because to him who looks upon a scene all things are not equal. The pre-Raphaelites painted with minute fidelity every detail of each object: a rose-bud in a woman's hair competed for attention with the woman's face; a leaf upon a vine was treated as fully and as intrusively as the most important fact in the picture. These painters committed the mistake of excluding all thought of the spectator and his limitations; they forgot that we do not see nature as it is, but always as it stands related to us, and that in this relation there is not equality but prominence in some things and subordination in others. The impressionists at the other extreme of art are now committing a similar error. They forget that it is impossible to fix transitory impressions, because the instant they are fixed they cease to be transitory, and as things fixed they fail to produce upon the minds of others the sensations which they awakened in the breast of the painter. There is nothing in the picture thus painted that to the spectator is or can be vanishing, fleeting, instantaneous—nothing that suggests a momentary vision, that communicates a feeling of vague beauty—there is before one a struggle with conditions, for a picture that produces nothing in his mind but a

struggle to understand it. Art has its absolute limitations, and we venture to believe that the operations of the mind render it impossible to transfer a fleeting impression received by one mentality to another mentality without an entire transformation of the character of that impression. In every instance of an impression picture, the spectator has to take the word of the artist for the fidelity of the transcript, for he has no means at hand by which he can verify or test it, by which he can ascertain its significance, or through which he can come to enjoy it.

But this is not all. We venture further to doubt whether it is possible for any mind to get of objects impressions such as are depicted—if that word can be used—by these new-comers into art. These artists, we greatly suspect, coax themselves to believe that they see nature under the strange guises in which they report it to us. We distrust the accuracy of their reports because certain phenomena of the mind seem to us to prove, or at least to indicate, that they can not be accurate. In the complex action of the mind, it is impossible, even in an instantaneous impression of an object, to obliterate the host of associations and the sum of experiences which have been gathered there. We know, for instance, the human features so well that the most rapid glance at a face that one can conceive of is sure to bring before us all the parts—the eyes, the cheeks, the nose, the mouth, all are sure to distinctly appear, if not in actual vision at least by associations that are inseparable from the vision. The flash of lightning that reveals to us a figure reveals it to our mental impressions complete. Each of us knows a tree so well, carries in his mind its color, its construction, its play of light and shade, that the eye, sweeping over a forest in the swiftest manner conceivable, will inevitably have just as instantaneously an impression of the forms of the trees, their spread of bough, their recesses of shadow, their leaves gleaming and quivering in the light, as it has of the fact that there are trees there at all. To think of a tree is to think of something defined, of something possessing known characteristics; and under no circumstances, we really believe, would it be possible for the human vision to catch a glimpse of trees so swiftly as to make them seem anything less, or anything different, or anything more, than just what they are. It may be said that we do not, in fact, see the complete tree under such circumstances, but only think that we do. But this makes no difference, for it is with what

seems that art has solely to do. It is not dealing with the science of optics, but with appearances; and the theory of impressionism in dealing with impressions is concerned not with facts but with the things that appear to be facts. The impressionist can indeed be true to his philosophy solely by reproducing impressions, and, as we have shown, the impression of things which we receive under such circumstances can by no chance be such as these painters ask us to believe to be veritable.

At the exhibition of "The Society of American Artists," which opened in this city early in March, and where can be seen many exemplifications of the latest notions in art, there is a landscape by Mr. Inness, called "A Cloudy Day," which, without being strictly an impressional picture, is allied to that class, or is at least a landscape seen under abnormal circumstances of light, a transcript of a scene as it appeared to the artist, as he affirms. Now, Mr. Inness has an acknowledged place in the front rank of our landscape-painters. He is eminently capable, and he enjoys the reputation of high intelligence. But it is nevertheless impossible not to believe that Mr. Inness was here under an illusion—that he persuaded himself that he saw the picture as he has painted it. Trees assuredly do not become transformed, under any conceivable glamour of light, or possible swiftness of vision, into round masses of wool-like substance, without contour of spreading branches, or articulation of limb, or broken lights and shadows. The painting in this particular is unthinkable. The sweeping mass of cloud is masterly, the burst of light that illuminates sundry objects is truth itself, but the groups of trees are incomprehensible. The picture here exemplifies a theory that can never permanently stand; for, even supposing it possible that artists have a gift of seeing nature under exceptional and strange aspects, an art that relates experience and reports impressions which the rest of the world have never known or seen, would be as meaningless to that world as color is to the blind. Under such a rule art would consist of a series of phantasies representing all the grotesque and wild vagaries of diseased imaginations, all the affectation, posturing, and extravagant antics of self-conscious and conscienceless pretenders, such as sane people could not comprehend and rightfully would not tolerate, instead of a trustworthy but supreme and exalted reflection of the life that we know and the things that we see.

Books of the Day.

IT is decidedly to the disadvantage of Dr. Smiles's "Life of Robert Dick" * that his previous work, the "Life of a Scotch Naturalist," is still so fresh and so vivid in the remembrance of the public. Thomas Edward, the naturalist, and Robert Dick, geologist and botanist, were singularly alike, not only in respect of personal character but in the main features of their careers. Both were self-made men in the best sense of the term; both devoted themselves to the pursuit and acquisition of knowledge with the ardor, the persistence, and the singleness of purpose with which other men seek riches, or fame, or social position; and both, while fettered by the cruel necessities of the most grinding daily toil, rendered very real and genuine services to science. Viewed merely from the personal side, Dick is perhaps the more interesting figure of the two. His studies and investigations took a much wider range, and the breadth and variety of his culture were not less remarkable than the tireless energy with which he pursued his chosen branches of scientific inquiry. But neither rocks, nor the curious fossil organisms which they contain, nor even plants and flowers, can compete in popular interest with what Goldsmith calls "the world of Animated Nature"; the employments, adventures, and discoveries of the naturalist will always arouse a more sympathetic curiosity than those of the geologist or botanist; and the "Life of Robert Dick" lacks that romantic picturesqueness which lent such an indescribable piquancy and charm to the similar life of Thomas Edward.

Yet the life of "the learned baker of Thurso" is profoundly interesting in itself, and is narrated with all Dr. Smiles's customary skill and vivacity. In great part it is composed of letters written by himself, and it thus possesses not only many of the attractions of autobiography, but constitutes the only authentic self-expression on the part of a man who was too modest, or too indifferent to fame, to make any record even of his discoveries, much less of his thoughts, theories, and speculations. But for the few and fragmentary letters here collected and preserved, the present generation would have known nothing of one of the most remarkable men composing it, save from the brief and casual references of the few whom accident or kindred pursuits brought into contact with him. Sir Roderick Murchison on more than one occasion paid a cordial tribute to his character and services; but it is strange and not a little discreditable that in the "Life of Hugh Miller"—the man who profited far more than Dick himself, or than all other persons combined, by Dick's

geological researches—there is not the slightest mention of Dick's name.

Robert Dick was born in 1811 at the village of Tullibody in Clackmannanshire, Scotland. His father was an officer of excise, and appears to have been in at least comfortable circumstances; but he had the misfortune to lose his mother in early youth, and a harsh step-mother embittered his childhood to a degree that affected his whole future life. Long afterward he said to a friend in reference to these early struggles: "All my naturally buoyant, youthful spirits were broken. To this day I feel the effects. I can not shake them off. It is this that still makes me shrink from the world." At the age of thirteen he was apprenticed to a baker in Tullibody. Previously he had received such education as the parish school could afford, and had learned reading, writing, arithmetic, and a little Latin. He was an extremely apt scholar, and exhibited in particular a great talent for languages; but when his home became intolerable under his step-mother's stern rule, he took to wandering among the hills and up the mountain-sides, and there imbibed that love of nature which was the one passion and solace of his after-life. He collected specimens of the various stones to be found in the neighborhood, wondered at their differences, and tried to find out the reason of them. He also made a small collection of plants, and, having contrived to borrow some volumes of the old "Edinburgh Encyclopædia," managed to acquire from them an elementary knowledge of botany, which henceforth never lost its charm for him. His apprenticeship to the baker lasted for three years and a half, during which he got no wages—only his meals and his bed—while his regular hours of work were from three o'clock in the morning until seven and eight and sometimes nine o'clock at night. When his apprenticeship was over he followed the employment of journeyman baker for three years, wandering from Tullibody to Leith, Glasgow, and Greenock, but without making much progress toward independence or even comfort. At length, when he was twenty years old, his father, who had been assigned to duty there, wrote, "Come to Thurso, and set up a baker's shop here." Acting upon this suggestion, Robert arrived at Thurso in the summer of 1830 and took a shop in Wilson's Lane, where until his death, thirty-six years afterward, he pursued his avocation as baker, never marrying, employing no apprentice or assistant, doing his work to the last with his own hands, and never but on a single occasion during that long period allowing his devotion to science to interfere with the steady, regular, and careful performance of his business duties. His studies, his reading, his scientific researches, were all carried on solely in his scanty leisure hours, and mostly at night; for his trade, exacting as it was,

* Robert Dick, Baker of Thurso. Geologist and Botanist. By Samuel Smiles, LL. D. With a Portrait and numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1860, pp. 436.

never more than yielded him a bare support—never enabled him to indulge himself in any way, save in the one item of the purchase of books, of which he accumulated what was under the circumstances a surprisingly large and most creditable collection.

Thurso is within sight of Orkney, the Ultima Thule of the Romans. It is the northernmost town of Great Britain. John o' Groats—the Land's End of Scotland—lies just to the east. It is situated on Thurso Bay at the mouth of Thurso River, and on either side, fronting the sea, are magnificent cliffs, upon which, in stormy weather, the long Atlantic waves break with a noise like thunder. The county of Caithness, of which Thurso is one of the chief towns, and which was the scene of Dick's labors, is the bleakest and most desolate in the Three Kingdoms. "During the equinoctial gales," says Dr. Smiles, "the wind sweeps across the country with great fury. It is scarcely possible to hold one's feet. Cattle are blown down and trees are blown away. The thatched roofs of the cottages are held down by strong straw ropes with heavy stones hanging at their ends; otherwise the roofs would be blown away, as well as the cottages themselves. It is scarcely possible to grow a tree in the northern part of the county. Hedges are almost unknown. Instead of hedges, the fields are separated from each other by Caithness flags set on end. To one accustomed to the beautiful woods and hedgerows of the south, the cheerlessness of Caithness scenery may well be imagined. Robert Chambers said of the county, 'The appearance of Caithness is frightful, and productive of melancholy feelings.' 'It is only a great morass,' says another writer; 'the climate is unfavorable; the stormy winds are always blowing across it; mists suddenly come on, and the air is always damp.'"

Prior to Robert Dick's researches, Caithness was supposed to be as barren from a scientific as from a commercial or agricultural point of view; yet within the limits of this bleak, desolate, storm-swept region Dick made a botanical collection, which Sir Roderick Murchison declared to be one of the best and completest in Great Britain, discovered plants which had hitherto been excluded from the lists of the British flora, and disinterred from their ancient rock-beds such a quantity and variety of fossil organisms as caused a revision or reversal of nearly every one of the then current theories regarding the geological formation of northern Scotland. To Hugh Miller in particular he furnished a large part of the data upon which that brilliant writer based the later editions of his "Old Red Sandstone" and his "Footprints of the Creator," and many of the most striking fossils figured in the former work were furnished by Dick from the vast deposits of Old Red Sandstone which are found in the neighborhood of Thurso. Dick also collected and classified the conchology and entomology of the district, and long before his death he was more familiar with every detail of the geology, geography, flora and fauna, and physical phenomena of the entire county of Caithness than most men are with their front-door steps. A striking proof of the scope and precision of his in-

formation was afforded to Sir Roderick Murchison when the latter called upon him to make some inquiries regarding defects in the existing maps of Caithness. Dick, who was at work when the baronet was introduced, spread some flour on his board and made a map in relief of the county, showing not only every peculiarity of its surface, but the area and relative position of its geological formations, the dip of its strata, the dislocations and fractures, the water-sheds and drainage, and the position of the various fossiliferous beds which, as he once said, make the land "a vast graveyard."

All this knowledge, it must be borne in mind, was acquired not from books or from journeys in a "gig"—Dick had a great contempt for scientists who travel around and survey the country from a gig—but from actual scrutiny and inspection made during long walks of thirty, forty, fifty, and even sixty miles, taken mostly at night. Even when over fifty years of age Dick thought nothing of a walk of twenty miles and back merely to see whether a pet fern was thriving; and he would spend night after night on the bleak cliffs and desolate moors simply to verify some fact which he had seen stated, or about which some question had been asked him by Hugh Miller or some other of his correspondents. Passages like the following are so numerous in his letters that at length they cease to excite surprise: "In this, my last grand boulder-clay expedition of the year, I have accomplished a feat in pursuit of rotten shells which perhaps not many men would willingly have undertaken. *I have walked more than fifty miles without once sitting down.* Then next morning at five o'clock I rose to my daily work as if nothing unusual had happened." On another expedition to the top of Morven he walked sixty-four miles in twenty-four hours, "with little halt," as he says. For what? Why, to see what the hill was like and to gather plants! No labor or fatigue was too great if it promised in the faintest degree to aid in the solution of any problem or the verification of any fact which had presented itself to his attention. During the last year of his life, when disease had unfitted him for such arduous enterprises, almost the only privation which really fretted him was his inability to visit his beloved but too distant haunts.

With all his knowledge, Dick never made a parade of what he knew. On the contrary, he was the most modest and retiring of men. He shrank from publicity of any kind, and could never be induced either to claim or to record the discoveries and researches which would easily have made him famous. Of no man could it be said more truly than of him that he sought knowledge for its own sake and not for any return which it could make him in the shape of wealth, or reputation, or power. His life was one of almost complete isolation and solitude. His fellow townsmen regarded him first as "dour," then as "daft," and finally as "a wee thocht wrang." Later, when his name began to be uttered with respect by the great luminaries of science, the more appreciative sought him out; but he would never suffer the slightest approach to lionizing, and to the

end, save for a very few chosen friends, of whom Hugh Miller and Charles Peach, A. L. S., were the chief, pursued his laborious, self-abnegating career. Nor did all the late recognition of his worth prevent his last days from being embittered by the most grinding and humiliating poverty. While he was on his death-bed, preparations were made for applying to the Queen for a pension in recognition of his services to science. "But it was too late. Before the Queen's mercy could be appealed to, a pension was no longer needed. Dick's spirit had left its frail tenement of clay."

Robert Dick was reduced in his last days to a condition but slightly removed from pauperism; yet when it was announced that his illness would prove fatal, the very people who had been willing to let him starve suddenly awoke to the fact that a great though comparatively unknown man was about to pass away, and at his death "there was an almost universal sob throughout the town." The mayor, with the cordial approval of the citizens, organized a public funeral; and he who during life had blushed at the whisper of his name from afar was conducted to the cemetery with drums and trumpets, with a parade of the military and trade societies, and all the pomp of a civic procession. Nor was this all. A costly and conspicuous monument was erected over his grave; and Thurso may be fairly said to have done everything in its power to indicate its recognition of the fact that a great man had lived and died in its midst.

No doubt all this is as it should be. Even so late a recognition is better (not for Dick, but for the world which he served) than none at all. But, after all, the most appropriate and durable memorial of Robert Dick is Dr. Smiles's simple but touching record of his laborious, stainless, unselfish, and noble life.

To say that the author of "The English Reformation" is the same as the author of "The Life and Words of Christ" will be sufficient of itself to commend the work to a very large and cultivated circle of readers. Few recent contributions to religious literature have met with a more cordial acceptance than the last-mentioned work; and "The English Reformation" exhibits the same qualities of comprehensive research, sound judgment, picturesque treatment, and vigorous style. The story of the Reformation has been frequently told by both ecclesiastical and political historians as an independent event or episode, and in connection with the other great events in the annals of mankind. But the subject is one of perennial interest, and recent investigations and the publication of State Papers from the Rolls Office have furnished the historian with new points of view and much fresh illustrative material. Of all this new material, and of considerations to which modern German research has given

* The English Reformation: How it came about, and why we should uphold it. By Cunningham Geikie, D. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 512.

a special importance, Dr. Geikie has availed himself to the full; and his account of the Reformation in England is at once the freshest, fullest, and most readable that has yet appeared. No important point has escaped his attention; but he has avoided making his narrative a mere chronicle or aggregation of facts, and, without losing sight of principles, directs attention largely to the human instruments and agencies by which the march of events was guided and controlled. Particularly good are his portraits of the great leaders on either side in the struggle which culminated in the Reformation—of Wycliffe and Erasmus, of Wolsey, Thomas Cromwell, Henry VIII., Bloody Mary, Queen Elizabeth, Cranmer, Gardiner, Bonner, Latimer, and the rest. In all these cases the living men are brought before us, with their virtues and frailties, their passions and prejudices, their animosities, bigotries, superstitions, and ruthlessness. Now and then, too, a highly significant and picturesque fact is brought to light and emphasized; as, for instance, that at a time when the entire population of England and Wales was only four millions, when the wealth which commerce brings was nearly unknown, and when nearly half the property of the kingdom was in the hands of the Church, and consequently exempt from taxation of any kind, Wolsey's income from his religious and secular offices, from fees, bribes, perquisites, etc., amounted annually to more than twelve million dollars of our money (the purchasing power of money being now, as he states, only a twelfth of what it was in the time of Henry VIII.).

Full as it is, however, as a narrative of events, the object of the work is quite as much controversial as historical, and is intended to draw from the past weapons with which to fight the battles of the present. Dr. Geikie's principal aims in writing it were evidently—first, to discredit utterly Romanism and the Papist pretensions; and, secondly, to arrest, and if possible defeat, those Romanizing tendencies in the Church of England which he sees in the so-called "Ritualism" of the day. "Unfortunately," he says in the preface to the American edition, "it is not Rome alone from which Protestantism, as the embodiment of liberty, has to guard. The Episcopal Communion, smitten for the time by an epidemic of priestism, has latterly seen numbers of its clergy betraying its principles and seeking the favor of that Church against whose errors their own is a standing protest. This melancholy spectacle has been witnessed both in England and America, and demands the vigorous watchfulness of all to whom spiritual liberty is sacred. There may be no fear of 'Ritualism,' as this phenomenon is called, assailing political liberty as Romanism does, but it is as deadly as its prototype in its relations to individual freedom and intelligence. Its fundamental principle is the intrusion of the priest between the soul and God, and the insistence on his official acts as necessary to salvation. But, wherever an order is permitted to assume supernatural claims, it prostrates at its feet all who accept them. We dare not oppose one who can open or shut the gates of heaven—can bind or loose

the load of our sins. Such a conception of religion is the very antithesis of Protestantism. The one has no priests but Christ; the other sees his authority delegated to a caste of Brahmins; the one trusts for salvation to faith in its Lord, proved by a holy life; the other proclaims that salvation is secured by the sacraments duly ministered by a rightly consecrated priest. . . . All priestly castes have in every age claimed a divine descent, and Ritualism follows the example." In another place he says, "At this day the most dangerous perversion of our religion is that known as sacerdotalism, or the grafting of priestly pretensions on the simple spiritual teaching of the New Testament."

In fact, but for his hostility to this new form of priestcraft, as he considers it, it is probable that Dr. Geikie's history of the English Reformation would not have been written; yet this has not impaired his impartiality as an historian, nor tempted him to wrench facts into an agreement with the fancied necessities of his argument. The only bias that is perceptible in his book is one that is shared by most other Protestant writers in treating of events and persons connected in any way with the Reformation—that, namely, of regarding the corruption of the Church and the ecclesiastical orders not as an effect or concomitant of the general corruption of the times, but as the efficient and active cause of it. In Dr. Geikie's eyes, the world was perverted and led astray by Romanism, and he can not bring himself to admit that the degraded type of Christianity then prevalent was but a peculiarly conspicuous sign of that wellnigh universal degradation which characterized the Dark Ages.

If the rapidity with which the successive volumes of "English Men of Letters" follow each other be taken as an index of the popular favor which is being extended to them, then the series must be very successful indeed. Only last month we were called upon to notice Mr. Symonds's "Shelley," and now two additional volumes claim our attention. Of these Professor Huxley's "Hume" is the more remarkable if not the more interesting. In it the biographical element, which was expected to form the leading feature of the series, is so frankly and decidedly subordinated that the book may be fairly described as an exposition of Hume's philosophy prefaced by the briefest possible outline of his life. The two short chapters devoted to the biographical section give a fairly accurate idea of the personality and character of the man, and the second and much longer division of the work contains a wonderfully lucid, luminous, and effective summary of Hume's philosophical doctrines; but to our mind the treatise as a whole is gravely defective in that it gives no adequate notion of the variety and relative importance of Hume's work in the several departments of literature, and indeed fails to show why he should have a place

among English men of letters at all. No doubt Hume's philosophical work was the most valuable which he did, and constitutes his best title to remembrance, but it is a well-known fact that he did most of it while still a very young man, and deliberately turned from it to work which seemed better calculated to gratify that desire for literary fame which, as he himself said, was the ruling passion of his life. Of the purely literary work which constitutes Hume's sole title to a place in a series devoted to men of letters, Professor Huxley makes only the barest mention, and, though evidently quite competent to the task of weighing and measuring it, says nothing as to its quality, nature, or characteristics. It must be confessed that in a book which *ex hypothesi* is designed to meet the requirements of readers whose leisure is too scanty to enable them to consult the ampler biographies, and who must largely depend upon it for their ideas of Hume's life and work, this is a very serious defect.

The truth seems to be that Professor Huxley has thought out for himself a system of psychology which agrees in the main with Hume's, and which could be conveniently expounded by using Hume as a text, and this is the true *raison d'être* of his work, and not any intention of supplying the wants of those who wish to know something of Hume the man as an introduction or supplement to a knowledge of his writings. Even in the chapters professedly devoted to Hume's philosophy he does not by any means confine himself to an exposition, analysis, summary, or explanation of it; but amends, modifies, expands, interprets, and illustrates, until it is greatly to be feared that Hume himself would hardly recognize his own doctrines in their present shape. Speaking accurately, indeed, the book is less an exposition of Hume than a statement, partly in Hume's language and partly in Professor Huxley's, of what the latter regards as the elementary principles of a sound psychology. And as such it possesses an interest and value which otherwise it could hardly have. Hume's influence upon the progress of thought has been great, and his skill as a metaphysician is unquestioned; but the limitations and defects of his theories are now clearly perceived, and, if Professor Huxley has succeeded in revivifying them, it has only been by such elisions and additions as amount practically to a reconstruction. And most readers will go to the book rather to find out what is Professor Huxley's version of the science of psychology than to learn what is Hume's.

Aside from its importance as a contribution to science, the book possesses a peculiar interest as in a sense the joint production of two writers whose keenness of insight and subtilty of reasoning are only equaled by their mastery of style. Hume's measured and fluent and graceful periods have been too long admired to stand in need of further praise, and custom can not stale the pleasure with which one reads Professor Huxley's clear, simple, forcible, and flexible language. In no previous work has his power and felicity of style been exhibited to greater advantage than in this monograph on Hume, nor can

* Hume. By Professor Huxley. (English Men of Letters. Edited by John Morley.) New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 206.

the reader find a better example of that trenchant force of logic which seems to work with the precision, the facility, and the remorselessness of perfected machinery. The reasoning is not of the kind which can be easily followed by those who must read as they run, and this is another reason why the book is out of place in the series in which it appears; but the lucidity and luminousness of the argument constitutes an attraction which is quite independent of one's acquiescence or otherwise in the conclusions to which the argument leads.

THE other addition to "English Men of Letters" to which we referred at the beginning of the previous notice, is "Goldsmith,"* by William Black. This, though, of course, inferior in value to Professor Huxley's little treatise, fulfills much more nearly the avowed objects of the series, and is, on the whole, a very satisfactory outline and summary of Goldsmith's life and writings. It is fairly complete as a record of the successive stages and incidents of Goldsmith's career; it gathers together and relates with a certain freshness of phrase the most characteristic and amusing of the anecdotes which the industry of previous biographers had brought to light; and it is written in that graceful, easy, animated, and picturesque style for which Mr. Black is distinguished. Almost the only fault that can be found with it is that Mr. Black has been throughout too keenly conscious of what Mr. Forster had previously written; and, as he does not always agree with Mr. Forster, this has given his work a controversial air which, besides detracting from the straightforwardness of the narrative, has the additional disadvantage of presupposing on the part of the reader a knowledge of Mr. Forster's biography, which in many cases probably the reader will not possess.

A very good motto for Mr. Black's work would be, *audiat et altera pars*—let us hear the other side. He dissents very strongly from the assumption, which may be said to form the key-note of Mr. Forster's narrative, that Goldsmith was so ill treated by the world that the record of his life and sufferings is necessarily an arraignment and condemnation of the existing constitution of society. In his introductory chapter he invites attention to the fact that, though Goldsmith was perpetually harassed by pecuniary difficulties, and died owing two thousand pounds, he had been, on the whole, liberally paid for his work, even judged by the standards of to-day; and that during the last seven years of his life, according to Macaulay's calculation, he had been earning an annual income equivalent to eight hundred pounds of English currency. And, recurring to the subject at a later stage of the narrative, Mr. Black sums up the whole question in the following paragraph:

When Goldsmith was writing [the Chinese letters] in the "Public Ledger"—with "pleasure and

instruction for others," Mr. Forster says, "though at the cost of suffering to himself"—he was receiving for them alone what would be equivalent in our day to two hundred pounds a year. No man can affirm that two hundred pounds a year is not amply sufficient for all the material wants of life. Of course, there are fine things in the world that that amount of annual wage can not purchase. It is a fine thing to sit on the deck of a yacht on a summer's day and watch the far islands shining over the blue; it is a fine thing to drive four-in-hand to Ascot—if you can do it; it is a fine thing to cower breathless behind a rock and find a splendid stag coming slowly within safe range. But these things are not necessary to human happiness: it is possible to do without them and yet not "suffer." Even if Goldsmith had given half of his substance away to the poor, there was enough left to cover all the necessary wants of a human being; and if he chose so to order his affairs as to incur the suffering of debt, why that was his own business, about which nothing further need be said. It is to be suspected, indeed, that he did not care to practice those excellent maxims of prudence and frugality which he frequently preached; but the world is not much concerned about that now. If Goldsmith had received ten times as much money as the booksellers gave him, he would still have died in debt. And it is just possible that we may exaggerate Goldsmith's sensitiveness on this score. He had a lifelong familiarity with duns and borrowing; and seemed very contented when the exigency of the hour was tided over. An angry landlady is unpleasant, and an arrest is awkward; but in comes an opportune guinea, and the bottle of madeira is opened forthwith.—(p. 55.)

This is a thoroughly sensible and rational view, and the clearness and emphasis with which Mr. Black points it out constitutes his contribution to the data upon which the world must form its final estimate of Goldsmith. De Quincey had previously discredited the idea of any special or peculiar hardship in the lot of the authors of the Johnson-Goldsmith period; but Mr. Black is the first to apply the tests of fact and cool common sense to the long-accepted version of the world's ingratitude to Goldsmith in particular, and to demonstrate that "if ever any man was author of his own misfortunes, Goldsmith may fairly have the charge brought against him." Nor does this imply any lack on Mr. Black's part of sympathy with or zeal for his subject. Not even Irving has drawn a kindlier or more appreciative portrait of "the writer whom the whole world loves," and Mr. Black exemplifies anew the oft-demonstrated truth that a perception of defects only spurs the just man to a more cordial recognition of merits. His feeling toward Goldsmith is that of Dr. Johnson, who said of him shortly after his death: "He had raised money and squandered it, by every artifice of acquisition and folly of expense. But let not his frailties be remembered: he was a very great man."

A MORE charming superstructure of story was probably never erected on a slenderer basis than that adopted by Mr. Howells in "The Lady of the Aroostook."* An unsophisticated young lady from

* Goldsmith. By William Black. (English Men of Letters. Edited by John Morley.) New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 152.

* The Lady of the Aroostook. By W. D. Howells. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 16mo, pp. 326.

a remote and secluded Massachusetts hamlet is assigned to the care of a ship-captain at Boston for transmission to a relative in Venice, who has determined to give her a chance to see something of the world and to cultivate a "divine voice," of which she happens to be possessed. It turns out that she is the only woman on board, the other passengers being three young gentlemen, two of whom are going abroad for pleasure, while the third is sent by his friends in the hope of repressing for a time his *mania a potu*. The voyage occupies six weeks, and is of the ordinary kind, the only picturesque episode being the fall of one of the young gentlemen overboard and his courageous rescue by the one upon whom the interest of the reader becomes gradually concentrated. To develop a story within these narrow limits would appear to resemble the feat of dancing in a bushel-basket, as the proverb has it, but the reader is never conscious of any inadequacy of material or insufficiency of room. The ship, indeed, proves in the case of the Aroostook to be literally and truly what it has often been figuratively called—a miniature world; and seldom has the fact been more effectively illustrated than the real drama of human life is to be sought, not in external events or the lapse of time, but in the inter-play and counter-play of the feelings.

The story is an altogether pleasing one—piquant in its beginning, satisfactory in its ending, and delightful all the way through. One feature of it in particular deserves to be cordially recognized on behalf of the novel-reading public, and that is that Mr. Howells has revived in it the tradition of a beautiful and charming heroine, part of whose charm lies confessedly and avowedly (though, of course, unconsciously to herself) in her beauty. Since "Jane Eyre" the aim of novelists has been rather to make their heroines "interesting" than to endow them with physical attractions, and indeed somewhat to discredit and belittle the latter; but Mr. Howells has had the sense and courage to utilize the constantly demonstrated fact that personal attractions do and must play a large part in all relations between the sexes. Seldom has the sentiment and perception of womanly beauty been more keenly aroused by mere description—and that a very meager and indirect description—of it than in the case of "The Lady of the Aroostook." Before the voyage is over the reader is as entirely in love with her as the worthy Stamford himself, and the misadventure at the end, with its threatened consequences, will be apt to tug at his heart as though his own happiness were at stake. Yet, to avoid misconception, we must hasten to add that the charm of the heroine is not due merely and solely to her beauty; as should always be the case, it is her character and mental qualities that deepen into affection the admiration which her beauty has first aroused.

One other feature of the story that should not be overlooked is the testimony which it bears to the changed attitude of American literature toward Europeans and their standards of life and conduct. Hitherto, Americans have been as it were summoned

to the bar of European opinion and judged out of hand, the verdict usually being one of somewhat scornful and jeering condemnation. Mr. James's subtle irony and Mr. Howells's more direct and poignant satire are unmistakable indications that the social assize will now be held on this side of the Atlantic, and that the American point of view will be efficiently presented.

THOUGH it was one of the first written among the more elaborate works in its special field, Sir John Lubbock's "Prehistoric Times" * still ranks among the standard and authoritative treatises upon the primitive condition of mankind. By means of repeated revision it has been kept abreast of our rapidly expanding knowledge of the subject of which it treats, and for this reason the new (fourth) edition differs very markedly from the first. The size of the volume has been increased to the extent of about one hundred pages, great numbers of new facts have been added, and several of the chapters have been entirely rewritten. The results of quite recent investigations and inquiries have been incorporated with the text; and there is no better compend or summary of what is known about man's character and circumstances prior to his advent upon the stage of written history. One reason for the steady and growing popularity of the work, aside from its comprehensiveness and thoroughness, is that, while written with scientific exactitude and caution, its style is simple, lucid, and free from superfluous technical terms.

... The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop's "Addresses and Speeches on Various Occasions from 1869 to 1879" † is the third of a series of similar volumes of which the first appeared in 1852 and the second in 1867. Taken together they constitute a remarkable record of intellectual activity, and it is surprising, in view of the variety and diversity of topics discussed, that so high a level of quality and interest is maintained. Among the contents of the present volume are "Massachusetts and its Early History," "George Peabody," "The Peabody Education Fund," "A Glance at the Changes of Twenty-five Years," "The Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims," "A Centennial Oration," "The Great Boston Fire," and about a hundred others, including memorial addresses on John P. Kennedy, Daniel Webster, Motley, Thiers, and Bryant. In character these range from impromptu post-prandial speeches to carefully elaborated orations; but all, as we have said, exhibit a surprising uniformity of merit. They possess few of the conscious graces or embellishments of rhet-

* Prehistoric Times, as illustrated by Ancient Remains and the Manners and Customs of Modern Savages. By Sir John Lubbock, M. P., D. C. L. Fourth edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, pp. 655.

† Addresses and Speeches on Various Occasions from 1869 to 1879. By Robert C. Winthrop. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 8vo, pp. 584.

ric, but they are apposite, discriminating, pleasing in expression, and show that the speaker really had something to say about the subjects and people that he undertook to discuss.

.... A book which traverses a portion of the field covered by Dr. Geikie's "English Reformation," reviewed on a preceding page, is "A History of the Church of England from the Accession of Henry VIII. to the Silencing of Convocation in the Eighteenth Century," by G. G. Perry, M. A.* Mr. Perry touches scarcely at all upon the political aspect of the events which first created the Church of England and then gradually modified its character; but all events which have an ecclesiastical or religious significance he treats with much minuteness of detail, reproducing in the "Notes and Illustrations" appended to each chapter many valuable and curious historical documents. The specialty of the work in comparison with previous histories with a similar purpose is that it includes the Stuart times, "when the Church was so sorely tried by evil influences from various quarters." Appended to the history of the Church of England proper is a tolerably full sketch, by J. A. Spencer, S. T. D., of the history of the Church of England in America, and its successor, the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.

.... A handy little volume, which ought to prove highly useful to many persons at the present time, is "Bibelots and Curios: A Manual for Collectors, with a Glossary of Technical Terms."† It treats of pottery, porcelain, glassware, stained glass, enamels, metal-work, arms, clocks, watches, musical instruments, fans, lacquer-work, and furniture; and its object, as defined by the author, is to give information not found or sufficiently explained in any previous publication. The author's knowledge, as he further declares, has not been acquired from the study of works already published, but from an intimate and practical knowledge of the various crafts of which he treats; and the information which he gives, though couched in the briefest possible phrase, is specific, practical, and to the point. The Glossary of Technical Terms includes both the French and English names, and would of itself render Mr. Voss's little manual a valuable addition to the handbooks of a collector.

* A History of the Church of England from the Accession of Henry VIII. to the Silencing of Convocation in the Eighteenth Century. By G. G. Perry, M. A. With an Appendix containing a Sketch of the History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, by J. A. Spencer, S. T. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 690.

† Bibelots and Curios: A Manual for Collectors, with a Glossary of Technical Terms. By Frédéric Voss. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, pp. 116.

.... In the second volume of his "Young Folks' Heroes of History" * Mr. Towle has selected a subject which fully equals in romantic interest his account of the voyages and adventures of Vasco da Gama, but which has the disadvantage of being much more hackneyed. In all the annals of history there is probably no more picturesque episode than that of the conquest of Peru by the Spaniards; and, more conspicuously even than in the case of Cortes in Mexico, Pizarro was the leading and master spirit of that conquest. The story has been often told, however, and by two at least of the most fascinating writers that have written in the English language, so that Mr. Towle in giving another version of it has ventured upon much more difficult ground than in his previous volume. In view of this fact, it will be admitted that he has acquitted himself well. His narrative is animated and picturesque, his treatment of the moral questions involved is sensible and straightforward, his portrait of Pizarro is lifelike, and his book will be certain to instruct and delight the young folks for whom it is designed. The volume contains several woodcuts, which possibly adorn but can hardly be said to illustrate it.

.... The extent to which the professional teachers of religion are being awakened to the graver issues which modern science has imported into speculative questions is exemplified by the Rev. Charles Shakspeare's "St. Paul at Athens,"† which consists of nine sermons treating of spiritual Christianity in relation to some aspects of modern thought. The sermons were delivered to a highly cultivated audience, and are addressed to that constantly widening circle of educated people "who have by no means thrown off their reverence for religion, but who are harassed by the schism between their intellectual attitude and their devotional feelings." What Canon Farrar in his preface calls "the prevalent tendency of Agnosticism" is the point chiefly discussed, and Mr. Shakspeare's fundamental thesis is that "the very existence of the spiritual faculty in man, so persistent and so vigorous, is ground of faith in a supersensuous reality corresponding to this faculty and creating it." The sermons are eloquent without being rhetorical, and aim to accomplish their object by thoughtful argument, and not, and as is too often the case with such sermons, by angry denunciations.

* Young Folks' Heroes of History. Pizarro: His Adventures and Conquests. By George M. Towle. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo, pp. 327.

† St. Paul at Athens: Spiritual Christianity in Relation to Some Aspects of Modern Thought. Nine Sermons. By Charles Shakspeare, B. A. With a Preface by Rev. Canon Farrar, D. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 16mo, pp. 167.